BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. LXXVI. MAY, 1823. Vol. XIII.

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EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, No. 17, PRINCE'S STREET, EDINBURGH;
AND T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON;

To whom Communications (post paid) may be addressed.

SOLD ALSO BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

JAMES BALLANTYNE & CO. PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.

ON THE 10TH OF JUNE
WILL BE PUBLISHED, IN THREE VOLS. POST 8VO.

PRICE £1, 11s. 6d.

REGINALD DALTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

VALERIUS, AND ADAM BLAIR.

BLACKWOOD'S
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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FRENCH POETS OF THE PRESENT DAY.*

There has been no more beautiful theory broached concerning final ends, than that which represents poetry as the link between philosophy and life, as the medium through which abstract and moral principle is conveyed to the multitude. And it is a strong corroborating proof of the theory, that wherever poetry has ceased to be this medium, or has been prevented from fulfilling this end, the consequence has always been its extinction, or at least its decline. The first and plainest case is, that when the two extremes themselves meet, the medium is no longer necessary; or, in other words, when an age or people betakes itself generally to first principles, to moral or metaphysical disquisitions, poetry, whose end was to unite them, is superseded. The age of Grecian philosophy closed that of their tragic poets; the scholastic learning of the middle ages put an end to the Troubadours; and in our island, from the time of James the First, until some thirty years since, abstract philosophy of one species or another had, at least, shared public attention with the Muses.—That the French Revolution alienated us somewhat from the close pursuit of abstract reasoning, is no wonder; and to it, perhaps, we are thus indebted for the number and excellence of our living poets. The second case, in which poetry, if not altogether superseded, is at least restrained and checked in its free course, is when all reason, and even the active powers of the mind itself, are paralyzed by overstrained religious sentiments. And although despotic religions are in general imaginative, and therefore, one should think, most fit foundations for a poetical superstructure; yet the simple dogmas of such a faith, are in themselves more sublime and more exciting to the mind, than any illustrations of them possibly can be. A poetical illustration of moral principle elevates and ennobles it; but religious principle does not admit of this;—an essay may rise above its motto, but a sermon, even a poetical one, is ever less sublime than its text. The third case, by which poetry is superseded, is the destruction of that on which it depends—moral principle itself; and the substitution in its place (for the world must have at least the semblance of a

* Meditations Poetiques, par M. Alphonse De la Martine.—Paris, 1823.

Messeniennes, par Casimir De la Vigne.—Paris, 1822.—Nouvelles Messeniennes.—Paris, 1823.

Chansons, par M. J. P. De Beranger.—Paris, 1821. (This work is now proscribed; and although Didot printed ten thousand copies, not one is to be had for any price. Nor is there any hope of a secret edition, the government having complete hold of the press, by the right they have established, of depriving the printer of his *brevet*, without bringing any process, or assigning any cause.)

creed) of that barren *persiflage* and mockery, self-styled philosophy, whose principles are negations, and whose arguments are sneers.

Now we think, that the inferiority, or perhaps nonnullity, of the French in poetry, is pretty well accounted for in the assertion, that from the extinction of the Troubadours, France has without intermission, to the present day, suffered under one or more of the above disqualifications for poetical exertion.

Until the period of the Reformation, England and France, it need not be repeated, slept under the ten-fold night of ignorance and superstition. Chaucer and Montaigne may have doubted in both countries, but there was nothing like a moral basis attempted on which a poetry might be raised. In Italy, to be sure, a poetry did spring up, in the very focus, it may be urged, of superstition. But it is needless to answer, or quote Robertson's well-known volume to prove, that the countries nearest the papal seat, were those freest from the intellectual yoke, with which it weighed upon more distant nations. Besides, the enravelled politics of Italy, the personal rights of Pope and Emperor, and the international ones of so many petty princes and republics, gave a necessity to the existence of some sort of moral and political principle. Never, in any age or country, was the call for a philosopher so imperative as at that time in Italy; every thing was prepared, every want demanded him;—and there cannot be a stronger proof of the debasement of the Northern stock in those Southern climes, than that not one genius arose to answer the demand. When we learn, that afterwards, the war between Spain and the United Provinces, certainly unintricate in the mutual rights of the two people, gave birth to the moral philosophy of modern times; and when we observe how much more favourable for such a creation was the state of Italy for many successive centuries previous, and which nevertheless produced nothing in that line save *Machiavel*, we must at once attribute this intellectual torpor to the influence either of climate or religion,—to that so vaunted sun, beneath whose ray the human mind seems incapacitated from thinking, *ferre laborem cogitandi*—or to that religion, which, like the nightmare, cannot exercise its rule but under the protection of darkness.

This political state of Italy, however, if it did not produce a great moralist, excited at least much thought and discussion on the subject amongst the people. Human crimes as well as human virtues, were multiplied amongst the Italians from their numerous subdivisions; political actors were crowded on the stage, and their merits and demerits formed a perplexing theme to the moral bigots, who had for all crimes but

> "the zealot's ready hell."

It was this moral effervescence, that gave birth, mediately, to the *Commedia* of Dante. It subsided, and the next age, that of Petrarch, seduced by the early revival of ancient learning, shrunk from the bolder paths of original thought to the abstract and visionary philosophy of Plato. In both cases the poetry sprung from the philosophy.

England and France, in the meantime, less happily situated than Italy for calling forth their mental powers, slept both in hopeless gloom, till the Reformation burst forth, and opened for them a vista to intellectual enjoyment and perfection. England grasped the proffered boon, and with mind and soul entered upon the path that was open to her. Her sages reasoned, her divines taught, her people heard, and vowed to perish or support the truth. What was the consequence to literature?—The age of Elizabeth!

The conduct or the fate of France was different;—her people, to be sure, in numbers adopted the creed of the Reformers, but they wanted either the union, or the zeal, or the courage, with which we islanders conquered our religious rights. Among the nobles of France, also, religion seems to have been but a mere party pretext, and the mock-conversion of her greatest monarch and hero, Henry the Fourth, is but another proof, that even in her very *ideal* of heroic character, sound and stedfast principle is wanting.

"Il faut bien se garder de croire," says Lacretelle, "que les ouvrages de controverse fussent alors lus et recherchés en France, comme ils l'étaient en Allemagne et en Angleterre. Pas un noble, à l'exception de Coligni et de Castlenau, n'avait ni le loisir, ni le gout de s'en occuper. Ailleurs le protestantisme était le plus exalté des sentimens; en France, c'était un mode. S'il y prit des forces dangereuses, il les dut à l'esprit chevaleresque de plu-

sieurs guerriers qui voulaient venger des opprimés."—*Histoire des Guerres de Religion.*—T. 1. p. 326. Thus, the Reformation in England produced Shakespeare's Drama and Milton's Paradise Lost,—in France, it gave birth to the Psalms of Marot.

The reign of Louis the Thirteenth produced Corneille, the noblest poetical genius that ever was neutralized by an unpoetical nation and age. That of Louis the Fourteenth produced Racine, who, like Pope, is an example how much feeling, and even a degree of passion, may be united with a mind of little poetical power or imagination. In Corneille's time, no attempt had been made to elevate a moral philosophy; the crowd obeyed the priesthood, the court Machiavel; and the poet was obliged to seek a basis for his poetry in a faded spirit of chivalry, as much out of date as the Spanish romances from which he borrowed it. Racine had been a student of the Port Royal, and it cannot be denied that Pascal was a philosopher; but the Jansenists, with more learning and logic, were not more liberal than their antagonists, and indeed were nothing better than a rival conclave. Racine, however he honoured them, could make but little use of their philosophy in his verses; he was therefore compelled to follow Corneille, making his ladies distressed princesses, and his heroes *preux chevaliers*. He, no doubt, drew the heroism of religion in the Athalie, but it was that of the Old Testament (akin, by the by, to Jansenism), supported by Fatalism, and the *Pagan* machinery of ancient times.

It is difficult to determine whether bigotry or incredulity is most unfavourable to poetic spirit; they have both, whenever they have appeared, proved equally destructive of it. And they are two extremes, one of which, at least in an unthinking nation, can scarcely be contracted but by the other, and which, in consequence, must infallibly produce one another. Hence, establish one firmly, and the alternate rule of both may be long foreseen. The Reformation never made any impression in France. There were some who fought, but none who reasoned for it, and the bigoted prelates easily put down the sects that founded their dissent in rational belief. Moderation and half measures were found ineffectual to shake off the yoke of the Catholic creed, and absolute scepticism was, in consequence, brought to beat but too successfully against it. The man who made the first regular attack of this kind was Bayle; and his blows were followed up by Voltaire and his friends, to the destruction not only of all religious, but of all moral principle. Thus, within a short space, was poetry extinguished in the nation by two opposite extremes. Yet, as the Revolution, from one extreme to another, could not be instantaneously produced, there was an interval, when religion, though shaken, had still its defenders; who, from the fierceness of the opposition, were compelled to descend to reason for assistance; and when the enemies of religion had not yet proceeded to overturn morals along with it. In this brief interval, this breathing time between blind bigotry and blinder unbelief, sprung up some noble bursts of Rousseau's prose and Voltaire's tragedy, like the scant herbage that springs up in the crevices of pavement, of pleasing and perishable verdure. But ridicule, the power they brought against religion, was one which could not be arrested there. When a jest is once thought the test of truth, nothing grave or noble can longer exist. And the physical argument of a sneer, once directed successfully against any principle, ceases not its influence while there remains in force a single generous feeling:—enthusiasm, virtue, poetry, fall down alike before it, and the selfish fool, who can but curl his lip, is an overmatch for the hero and the philosopher.

We might add, that the close attention to metaphysical discussion, during the reign of Louis the Sixteenth, was another enemy to poetry; but where one cause is sufficient, it is needless to assign two. The philosophy, if it can be so called, that preceded the Revolution, blasted all hopes of poetry, and withered the very roots of poetic feeling. But the scenes of the Revolution itself would have been quite sufficient to frighten away the Muses of an Augustan age. In one of the gay farces of that time, for which the French never lose their taste or genius, Momus is made to pay a visit to Paris —he arrives at the time of the famous federation;—"*Cela est beau,*" says Momus, "*mais cela n'amuse guère.*" The Muses might have made a similar observation. The few that ever

lingered in France, then forsook her blood-tainted air, and the name of French poetry was confined to the paraphrases of Ducis, the feeble imitations of Delille, the Jacobin plays of Chenier, and the ravings of Le Brun.

But France is now regenerated—not her growth of manhood, for they, philosophers, statesmen, and critics, have still the old sour leven, either of the Revolution or the old regime—but her youth: and since the rise of modern Europe, there never have been human phenomena so worthy the attention of the philosopher, as those offered by the rising race of Frenchmen. Reared without ever having heard of religion but as an object of ridicule, or of morals but as synonymous with interest—taught nothing but, perhaps, a little Latin—undirected by professors, unchecked by school or university—seeing their bar enslaved, the church destroyed or contemned—all those, whose propensities led them to think and read, were quite abandoned to their own choice of study. They chose, of course, the latest and most tempting writers in their language—Rousseau, Voltaire, De Staël, &c.; and these, united to what they might glean from the Latin, from their Ciceros and Tacituses, but ill reconciled them to a military despotism. Napoleon was overthrown, France was humiliated but still respected, and from her national sovereigns she received a free constitution. Parties were immediately formed on both, on all sides of political questions. The voice of her orators was heard from the tribune, of her writers from the press. And in this general political agitation, the minds of the French youth became all interested and absorbed. In England, there are a thousand circumstances, situations, and pursuits, which distract our youth from politics, and leave a great portion of it quite indifferent to public affairs, till they have reached full manhood. But of these causes—colleges, ancient learning, research, poetry, fashion, dissipation, &c. &c.—of these avocations none exist in France; and the moment the country possessed a free government, men, women, and children, instantly became politicians. Political theory was all the vogue—for the basis of this, the young philosopher was driven to morals; but there, however he might satisfy himself, he soon perceived that there was no moral principle or code strong enough, or noble enough, to hold, to inform, and put a spirit into the people—above all, they studied our Revolution, and compared it with their own, and came to the necessary conclusion, that the re-establishment of religious principle was the first and only step to the national pre-eminence, which, they think, with geographical justice, to be due to France. And from the conviction of the expediency of religion, a warm belief in religion cannot be far distant. But they would not fix upon the Catholic religion for their creed, nor the Jesuits for preachers. The writer of this knows somewhat of the French youth of the present day, and would venture to prophesy the time as not far distant, when France will abjure, openly, the creed of Rome, and abjure a religion whose principles and institutions have the inevitable effect of disuniting, at least in a *civilized* country, the uninformed and the instructed, and of occasioning that mutual opposition and reaction between them, by which the disgusting bigotry of the one produces and almost excuses the Deism of the other.

Nor is this foreign to poetic criticism; especially to a review of the poets distinguished in France since the Restoration. A poet never altogether led the sentiments of his nation, we think, in opposition to some critics. That the age produces the poet, we think a proposition truer than its opposite; or, in the language of political economy, the age produces a demand, which is answered by a spirit of genius corresponding. Raised by the great excitements of riches, glory, greatness, and super-eminent and far-spread intellect—in short, by the excitement of a very advanced civilization, above the possibility of enjoying illustrations of dull morality, the age has produced a Byron. He is anti-moral—that he is anti-religious we deny; the thing's impossible. His logic may be against religion, but his poetry is for it; and passionate infidelity, like that of Childe Harold, and the *Vicaire Savoyard*, has more of the spirit of religion in it than prosaic orthodoxy. But let this pass; we would merely assert, that no poet is in opposition to his age. He is its son, its index, and "shews the body of the time, its form and pressure."

In this respect the French have, at present, no great national poet. Three poets they have, the sentiments of each of whom are no doubt echoed in the congenial minds of their followers, but the sentiments of any are either not extended, or not deep enough, to procure the poet the name of national. La Martine is Byronic and religious, and depends more on imitation of us than on national feeling. De la Vigne is a political squib-writer, though of the serious kind; and Beranger, besides being also a squib-writer, or, in other words, founding his poetry on passing and ephemeral feelings, preaches merely the philosophy of Chansons, Epicureanism, and Anacreonism, like Tom Moore inculcating such precepts as *Time flies, Trowl the Bowl*, and *Ladies, make the most of your time*, &c., that have long since lost the grace of novelty—words that never have any serious influence (in spite of Moore's censors) after the air that accompanied them has died away.

Alphonse La Martine, like his English prototype, was a gay young gentleman, a complete *roué* (*on dit.*) But reformed rakes now-a-days, it seems, make the best poets as well as the best husbands. Like another *Childe*, he visited Italy, and was resident, we believe, in some diplomatic situation at Naples, when his Byronic muse procured for him the hand of one of our fair countrywomen, with a large fortune. He has published one volume of Poetical Meditations, which has run through we know not how many editions, and which has given their author the name of the first poet in France;—another volume of his Meditations is said to be in the press.

La Martine is the Ultra poet; in other words, he is loyal and religious, and treats with some contempt, the majesty of the people;

" Secouant ses antiques rênes,
Mais par d'autres tyrans flatté,
Tout meurtri du poids de ses chaînes,
L'entends-tu crier—*Liberté?*
Dans ses sacrilegés caprices,
Le vois-tu donnant à ses vices
Les noms de toutes les vertus;
Traîner Socrate aux gémonies,
Pour faire, en des temples impies,
L'apothéose d'Anitus?"

The Author of the *Meditations Poetiques* marks completely, the difference in moral and intellectual civilization between this country and France. He is a poet that would have been popular amongst us some hundred years since perhaps, whom now we could not tolerate or read, but who exactly suits the taste and wants of the French people. He writes pretty morality, not so deep perhaps, or so systematic, as that of the Essay on Man; but with more feeling. He adds the melancholy of Byron, to the morality of Young; and he is what Byron might have been, had not the shrewd noble perceived, that to be moral he must be dull, for there was little but immorality left unexhausted. Without enlarging more, the mere titles of these Meditations will give the reader a sufficient idea of the poet's tone and style. There is *Solitude—Man, to Lord Byron—Immorality—The Evening—Providence—Enthusiasm—The Lake—Prayer—Faith—Genius*, &c. &c.—And we assure our British readers, that the Meditations are by no means so dull as their title would seem to promise. As a sample of La Martine's poetry, we should perhaps give part of his poetical Epistle to Lord Byron, whom he addresses,

" Courage! enfant déchu d'une race divine;"

We do not know how his Lordship will relish this familiar slap on the back, with the accompanying, "*Courage, my fallen angel!*" But all the periodicals, high and low, will soon have extracted the best part of this epistle: "*Le Lac*," and "*Le Desespoir*," are the Meditations most favourites with French readers—the latter somewhat faulty and uneven.

LE DESESPOIR.

" Lorsque du Créateur la parole féconde,
Dans une heure fatale, eut enfanté le monde
Des germes du chaos,
De son œuvre imparfaite il détourna sa face,
Et d'un pied dédaigneux le lançant dans l'espace,
Rentra dans son repos.

" Va, dit-il, je te livre à ta propre misère;
Trop indigne à mes yeux d'amour ou de colère,
Tu n'es rien devant moi,
Roule au gré du hasard dans les déserts du vide;
Qu'à jamais loin de moi le destin soit ton guide,
Et le malheur ton roi.

"Il dit: Comme un vautour qui plonge sur sa proie,
Le malheur, à ces mots, pousse en signe de joie,
Un long gémissement;
Et pressant l'univers dans sa serre cruelle,
Embrasse pour jamais de sa rage éternelle
L'eternel aliment," &c.

But we must not fill our pages with French lingo; at any rate we shall wait for Mr La Martine's new volume, to treat of him more at length, and as he merits. He is a poet of much promise—he has a philosophic basis which his rivals want, and which will enable him to raise a freer and nobler superstructure in a future exertion.

Casimir De La Vigne is another young poet, the hopes of the opposite or liberal party. He has written some half dozen comedies, and some half dozen tragedies, all of which have more or less failed. His comedies we have never read: the French think nothing of them, although indeed there is a new one of his in actual rehearsal at the *Theatre Francais*. The first of his tragedies was called the *Vêpres Siciliennes*, and is quite unworthy of notice. The second, the *Parria*, is founded on the beautiful episode in St Pierre's "Chaumière Indienne."* It contains some lyric beauty, but no dramatic, as the *classic* partizans say. But his most popular work consists of the "*Messeniennes*," or elegies. In the first volume or number of these, he laments his country in elegiac stanzas, on the battle of Waterloo, the stripping of the Louvre, the occupation of Paris, &c. The name of Messenia, (taken from Barthelemy,) thus applied to France, gave some offence, as it of course gave the more honourable place of Lacedemon to the rival country. To remedy this, he wrote the "Secondes Messeniennes," in which he laments Greece and the cause of liberty in general. His first elegy, that on the battle of Waterloo, is perhaps his best. It contains some necessary falsehoods, and much soreness, as may be expected; but, considering it was written in July 1815, we may smile at being made to regard the so-oft-beaten French—

"Sans peur pour la première fois;"

and at the awkward record of Cambronne's flight and survival, after the meck-heroic boast of "La Garde meurt, et ne se rend pas." The close of this *Messenienne* is fine and spirited:

"Des soldats de la Germanie
J'ai vu les coursiers vagabonds
Dans nos jardins pompeux errer sur les gazons,
Parmi ces demi-dieux qu'enfanta le génie.
J'ai vu des bataillons, des tentes, et des chars,
Et l'appareil d'un camp, dans le temple des arts.
Faut-il, muets temoins, dévorer tant d'outrages?
Faut-il que les Français, l'olivier dans la main,
Reste insensible et froid comme ces dieux d'airain
Dont ils insultent l'images?
Nous devons tous nos maux à ces divisions
Que nourrit notre intolérance.
Il est temps d'immoler au bonheur de la France
Cet orgueil ombrageux de nos opinions.
Etouffons le flambeau des guerres intestines.
Soldats, le ciel prononce, il relève les lis:
Adoptez les couleurs du héros de Bovines,
En donnant une larme aux drapeaux d' Austerlitz.

"France, réveille-toi! qu'un courroux unanime
Enfante des guerriers autour du souverain!
Devisés, désarmés, le vainquer nous opprime:
Présentons-lui la paix, les armes à la main.

"Et vous, peuples si fiers du trépas de nos braves,
Vous, les témoins de notre deuil,
Ne croyez pas, dans votre orgueil,
Que, pour être vaincus, les Français soient esclaves.
Gardez-vous d'irriter nos vengeurs à venir;
Peut-être que le ciel, lassé de nous punir,
Seconderait notre courage;
Et qu'un autre Germanicus
Irait demander compte aux Germains d'un autre âge
De la défaite de Varus."

The second Elegy is the Stripping of the Louvre—another sore subject. For one or two succeeding *Messeniennes*, De La Vigne takes his revenge of those who gave him too many subjects for elegy, by singing the conquests

* If the Edinburgh Reviewer of Mr Jouy's "Sylla" had looked a little further into Montesquieu's works than the *Esprit des Loix*, he would have found in the *Dialogues*, that Mr Jouy has taken from the one between *Sylla and Eucrate*, not only the idea, but even the entire poetry of his play.

and execution of Joan of Arc. We need not say that these, however ill written, have been most popular in France; but what opinion or hope shall we have of the genius of a poet, who fails in tragedy, in comedy, in all legitimate attempts at verse, and only succeeds when his own pen, as well as the ears of his readers, are kept alive by the petty and exciting passions of national envy and momentary spite. We have always a great distrust of the muse that cannot raise its wing but on the breath of political and party feeling. It shews a need of factitious inspiration—a want of that pure well of feeling, from which alone a continued stream of poetry can flow.

The poet makes a kind of *amende* afterwards to England, in a curious poem on the Vaccine, in which he compliments Dr Jenner and his nation; but we cannot think of quoting a poetical description of the small-pox, however sanctioned by the refined and classic taste of French versifiers:

"La tumeur en croissant de pourpre se revêt,
S'arrondit à la base, et se creuse au sommet," &c.

The seventh *Messenienne* is ingeniously conceived. It is called "*Parthenope et l'Etrangère*," and is a keen satire on the mock defenders of liberty. Liberty demands of Parthenope an asylum at Naples. She is received, fêted, and applauded, by the Neapolitans, who swear, under the laurel of Virgil, to vanquish the German invaders.

"Ils s'écrièrent tous d'une commune voix:
'Assis sous ton laurier que nous courons défendre,
Virgile, prend ta lyre et chante nos exploits;
Jamais un oppresseur ne foulera ta cendre.'
Ils partirent alors ces peuples belliqueux,
Et trente jours plus tard, oppresseur et tranquille,
Le Germain triomphant s'enivrait avec eux
Au pied du laurier de Virgile."

We arrive at De Beranger—Mr J. P. de Beranger, who, in spite of the *de*, is, as he boasts, but a vulgar-born mortal.

"Eh quoi, j'apprend que l'on critique
Le *de* qui precede mon nom,
Etes vous de noblesse antique?
Moi, noble? Oh, vraiment, Messieurs, non.
Non, d'aucune chevalerie
Je n'ai le brevet sur velin.
Je ne sais qu'aimer ma patrie,
Je suis vilain et tres-vilain.
Je suis vilain, vilain.

"Laissez moi donc sous ma bannière,
Vous, Messieurs qui le nez au vent,
Noble par votre bouttonnière,
Incensez tout soleil levant.
J'honore une race commune,
Car sensible, quoique malin,
Je n'ai flatté que l'infortune,*
Je suis vilain et tres-vilain.
Je suis vilain, vilain."

Beranger sings a *chanson*, yet unpublished, (having been written only last August for his birth-day fête,) which gives a very frank account of his various fortunes and professions. His grandfather, it seems, was a tailor, whom a fairy visits on the birth of his grandchild, the future poet.

"Le bon viellard lui dit, l'ame inquiète:
'A cet enfant quel destin est promis?'
Elle repond, "Vois le sous ma baguette,
Garçon d'auberge, imprimeur, et commis.'"

He lost his situation as clerk in some public office, owing to his principles, upon which La Fitte, the banker, offered him a very lucrative one in his bank. The poet, however, refused the offer, and stated his reasons for refusal in a chanson much admired. Casimir De la Vigne, we see from this very day's *Moniteur*, has lost his situation as Librarian to the Chancery Library, for his supposed principles. The Ultras, now they have got into power, shew their enemies no quarter—all the Liberal professors and lecturers are silenced and dismissed; among the rest, Cousins, who is literally adored by the young Parisian students, and whose translation of Plato is all the rage at Paris. The *Constitutionnel* recommends it to young ladies as light reading. The only lecturer of any talent allowed still to hold forth, is Vallemain, a man of talent, *mais un lâche*,

* It is much to the honour of Beranger, that his muse never stooped to adulate Buonaparte, and did not begin to celebrate him till after his fall.

as every mouth will answer upon inquiry. Carlo Botta too, the historian, whose history of Italy from 1789 to 1815, the world of literature expects with anxiety, has lost his professorship.

For Beranger's fame in his own country we may account, by observing, that he is eminently French in all his qualities, both merits and defects. He is lively, spirited, unsurpassed in the gaiety of convivial songs, or the point of political ones; but he has no depth for serious poetry—he has little feeling, no imagination. He is a French Anacreon, of unredeemed sensuality, not an Irish one, like Tom Moore, who, with all his praise of wine and women, mingles an intellectual enjoyment with his ideas of the physical, that is far too refined not only for a French Anacreon, but even for the jolly old Grecian himself. Moore too, whatever he writes, is a gentleman, a perfect gentleman, and a man of taste —Beranger is a brute—What shall we say to such disgusting and abominable nonsense as the following?—

"N' attendez plus, partez mon âme,
Doux rayon de l' astre éternel!
Mais passez des bras d'une femme
Au sein d'un Dieu tout paternel."

At home, we should show a poet like this no quarter, but we have no fear of Englishmen taking their cue or creed from a Frenchman. And really poetry is a gem so rare among these folks, that we must not be over scrupulous in taking and admiring what we can get.

Very few of Beranger's songs are published. But two volumes were printed, and these soon caused their own suppression, and the imprisonment of their author. Thousands of his unpublished and lately written pieces are handed round the liberal saloons, of which he may be called the bard, though certainly not "the poet of the people." He has been compared to Moore, which is doing much injustice to the national poet of Ireland. His proper counterpart with us is old Captain Morris: the spirit, wit, and indecency of both writers are pretty much upon a par, and might have been tolerable at cider-cellar hours, when that famed potation-shop was in its days of glory. But indeed such effusions are spoiled by being printed —they are more fit for a rake's memory, than for a decent white page. We single out for quotation and conclusion, that song, considered among his best, which is the most obnoxious of the printed edition, and the chief one on which Marchangy, the French Attorney-General, founded and carried his action:

LE VIEUX DRAPEAU.

"De mes vieux compagnons de gloire,
Je viens de me voir entouré.
Nos souvenirs m'ont enivré;
Le vin m'a rendu le mémoire.
Fier de mes exploits et des leurs,
J' ai mon drapeau dans ma chaumière.
Quand secourai-je la poussière
Qui ternit ses nobles couleurs?

"Il est caché sous l'humble paille
Où je dors pauvre et mutilé;
Lui qui, sûr de vaincre, a volé
Vingt ans de bataille en bataille!
Chargé de lauriers et de fleurs,
Il brilla sur l'Europe entière.
Quand secourai-je la poussière
Qui ternit ses nobles couleurs?

"Ce drapeau payait à la France
Tout le sang qu'il nous a coûté.
Sur le sein de la liberté,
Nos fils jouaient avec sa lance.
Qu'il prouve encore aux oppresseurs
Combien la gloire est roturière.
Quand secourai-je la poussière
Qui ternit ses nobles couleurs?

"Son aigle est resté dans la poudre,
Fatigué de lointains exploits:
Rendons lui le coq des Gaulois,
Il sut aussi lancer la foudre.
La France, oubliant ses douleurs,
Le rebiénira libre et fière.
Quand secourai-je la poussière
Qui ternit ses nobles couleurs?

"Las d'errer avec la victoire,
Des lois il deviendra l'appui.
Chaque soldat fut, grâce à lui,
Citoyen au bord de la Loire.
Seul il peut voiler nos malheurs,
Déployons le sur la frontière!
Quand secourai-je la poussière
Qui ternit ses nobles couleurs?

"Mais il est là près de mes armes;
Un instant, osons l'entrevoir.
Viens, mon drapeau! viens, mon espoir!
C'est à toi d'essuyer mes larmes.
D'un guerrier qui verse des pleurs,
Le ciel entendra la prière.
Oui, je secourai la poussière
Qui ternit tes nobles couleurs."

BANDANA ON THE ABANDONMENT OF THE PITT SYSTEM.

LETTER III.

To Christopher North, Esq.

SIR,—There is a very industrious endeavouring at present, among a certain party, to persuade the public that ministers are receding from some of the most decided principles upon which the British Government has acted, ever since the first accession of Mr Pitt to office. Give me leave to examine this allegation.

It supposes two things; viz. That the Pitt system, as it is called, was something new and different from the previous habit of the Government; and that it has been recently discovered by the ministerial party to have been erroneous. The Whigs take credit to themselves for having always seen its errors; and are mighty vaunty at the alleged change. I shall therefore divide what I mean to say on the subject into two parts; and in the end I may administer a little birch to the Whigs, for their impudence in making—but that is their custom—an unfounded allegation.

In the first place, then, I do contend that there was nothing new introduced by Mr Pitt into the system according to which the country had been long governed; but at the close of the American war, new circumstances came into operation, and the effect of them did induce a change, which must have taken place, had the minister of the day been the Great Mogul. It is flattering to statesmen to be thought the movers of the world; they are, however, but the cogs of the wheels; the machinery works and winds itself among the people; and ministers are more or less enlightened, just in proportion as they discern the tendencies of public opinion, and square themselves accordingly.

That Mr Pitt, in his measures, was supported by a large majority of the nation, will not be denied. In so far, therefore, he is entitled to be considered as having formed a pretty correct estimate of public opinion; but although this will be readily granted, it may nevertheless be said, and it is so said, that his measures were not wisely conceived with relation to the developement of circumstances. It is chiefly with respect to them that I propose to conduct my inquiry.

Prior to the American war, the administration of public affairs was considered as the natural inheritance, property, and office of the higher classes. The people looked up to the nobility and the great families as the appointed guardians of the state. But the causes of that war, and the questions which it elicited, had made them doubtful in many cases of the disinterestedness of their officers; and it must be admitted, that many enormous abuses had from time to time been committed by different administrations; in so much, that at the period of which I am speaking, the necessity of A REFORM somewhere was very generally felt and required. Then, as now, a change in the constitution of the House of Commons was deemed the most effective remedy, and Mr Pitt, like many others in his green years, thought so too; but, on acquiring office, he saw that Parliament, as it stood, was adequate to the accomplishment of all that the state of things demanded, and he strenuously endeavoured to manifest this, by introducing a series of measures which had for their object to increase and simplify the checks on official disbursements, and to improve the collection of the revenue. In so far, therefore, if there be any thing new in following public opinion, and in applying an efficient remedy to public evils, undoubtedly it may be said, that the principles with which Mr Pitt conducted his administration, in its earlier stages, were peculiar to himself. The true question, however, is, whether the abuses in the public expenditure, and in the collection of the revenue, were the evils that required reformation; and, if they were, whether Mr Pitt acted well or wisely in trying to accomplish this reformation through the means of the ancient and existing frame of things, rather than by following out his juvenile scheme of changing the constitution of the House of Commons. I think he did act wisely—he may not perhaps have carried his system of checks far enough, but he did sufficient to show

that the House of Commons, as it is constituted, is so far under the influence of, and in obedience to, the voice of the country, that it is capable of instituting all reformations which may be requisite in what relates to the Exchequer, and to the departments connected with it. Moreover, I also think that abuses in these departments were the main grievances then complained of.

Now, sir, I should like to know if there has of late been anything admitted by any of his Majesty's ministers, of the slightest tendency to show that they do not think the House of Commons, as at present constituted, adequate to apply a remedy to all existing abuses. If there have been no such admission—and there has been none—how can it be said that they are receding from the principles of the Pitt system? It is true, that just after Mr Pitt had brought his system into action, a great revolution arose in the theoretic dogmas of politics, and that out of the events which occurred in France, circumstances were evolved which obliged Mr Pitt to set himself against any change whatever in the frame of government, and, above all, in the constitution of Parliament. He considered the evils with which the dissolution of society in France at that time menaced the world, to be so overwhelming, that he was afraid to remove any, even the oldest abuses, lest he should open some vent that would give entrance to anarchy. But when the chaos subsided, will it be said, that had Mr Pitt survived the storm, he would not have resumed the improvements in those departments with which he commenced his official career? The storm has subsided, and his successors are just doing what he would have done—reducing the establishments, and improving the methods of managing the revenue. In what relates to the reduction, I think as I have told you in a former letter, they have proceeded too fast—but that is mere matter of opinion. How then can it be said, that in adapting their measures to the changes which have taken place in the circumstances of the country and of the world, they recede from any principle of the Pitt system?—a system that may be fairly described as one which professes to govern the country according to the wants and tendencies of the time.

But, say those who are now so busily representing the practical wisdom of that system as departed from, there is a greater disposition in the cabinet at present to attend to public opinion, than there was during Mr Pitt's administration. This is not the case. The grand characteristic of the Pitt system is deference to public opinion; but it happened during the greater part of Mr Pitt's time, and till the latter years of the war, that the nation was very much divided in opinion upon several great doctrinal questions, and that the Pitt party, siding with the majority, was necessarily at variance with the minority. Now the country is more unanimous, and the Pitt system is accordingly more in unison with the general voice—and ministers, in consequence, are necessarily more popular, not by any change in themselves, but by the change which has taken place in the circumstances of the world.

I am, however, aware, that many of those who are now so loquacious about the abandonment of the Pitt system, dwell chiefly on two things, very different from those to which I have adverted. They mean the change upon the sinking fund; and that change in policy by which the Government addresses itself more to the popular sentiment than it did during the confusion of the war of the French Revolution. I shall be brief in my remarks on the former; but I may not be the less conclusive.

Do those who talk of the change in the sinking fund intend us to believe that ministers have abandoned the principle of reducing the national debt? If they do not, what is it they mean? Is it not the fact, that there has been a raging clamour for a reduction of taxation, and of the national establishments; and that in deference to public opinion on these points, ministers have adopted the principle of a definite sinking fund, instead of a general appropriation of surplus? that is to say, they have now considered the sinking fund as a portion, if I may use the expression, of the national expenditure; and seem to have agreed that it shall be regulated accordingly; viz. that means shall be found in the revenue to supply it to the extent of five millions annually. What principle of difference does this modification imply, to justify either

the allegation of change, or the assertion, that in making the modification, a doubt is conveyed of the wisdom of the Pitt system?—a system which commenced its career with the simplification of the public accounts; and when in fact all the alteration which has been made is but the introduction of a greater degree of simplicity—for the benefit of my friends the country gentlemen.

"Well, then," it may be said to me, "not to insist upon the matter of the sinking fund—What do you say for that change in policy?" "Why, very little; just nothing more than WHERE IS IT? In what does it consist?"

That moral earthquake, the French Revolution, had thrown down and shaken many of the bulwarks and most venerable structures of society. During the falling and alarm of that time, while the channels of the waters were changed—while kingdoms were in panic, and the whole air filled with obscurity, and as it were with a whirlwind—preservation was with the Pitt system the order of the day. It was no time then to think of calling in carpenters to cobble locks and hinges within, when a storm was raging without, that rendered it very doubtful if the edifice would be able to weather the concussion—and because, in a period of calamity, the Pitt party, disregarding the new-fledged doctrines of the hour, reverted to the tried principles by which society had, from the beginning, been held together, and had gradually risen from Barbarity to Science; shall it be said that it did not consult the interests of the people, when in the plainest verity it has left but the choice of two things, either to yield up ALL a prey to individuals, who had no authority save only the delegation of a temporary frenzy, or to endeavour to maintain those institutions and classes, to which in their sober senses mankind have in all ages ever shewed themselves sufficiently disposed to do homage?—But, "oh," say the changelings, "now you are contradicting yourself, and telling us, that in the most momentous period the Pitt party suspended its deference for public opinion,—which deference you have just told us was one of the grand features of the system."—I am doing no such thing.—I have told you that the public were divided in opinion during the war of the French Revolution, and that the Pitt system naturally sided with the majority. But it was some time before the sense of the majority could be obtained; and government in the meanwhile was obliged to act from itself. In doing so, it chose to adhere to the ancient doctrines and sentiments of the world; and in so doing it acted wisely, for all those who were the building-worshippers of that Babel—"that stupendous monument of human wisdom," as Mr Fox called the French Revolution, have recanted their political heresies. Those who were, as Mr Burke said, "beyond Aurora and the Ganges," have returned home;—the Pitt system was always in Britain.

"Then what will you make of this new respect for the internal rights of nations? How will your opinion of the Pitt system harmonize with this reverence for the Spanish Constitutionalists, and those remonstrances both to France and the Holy Alliance, which have won such universal applause—nothing of the kind ever took place under the Pitt system.—With it, monarchies were all in all."

My answer is shortly, that it is nothing new; that it is an old British principle, and never was departed from. It is the parent of our own liberties; and we have remonstrated with France and the Holy Alliance, because they are now setting up a doctrine as dangerous to the peace of the world and the freedom of nations, as any of the monstrosities of opinion broached by the jacobins of Paris. In a word, it is perfectly evident that mankind will not be chained down from improving their political condition, and that any attempt to do so will provoke war—revolutionary wars. The doctrine of divine right cost Charles the First his head, and his family the throne of these kingdoms; and this newfangled fantasy of legitimacy among the Holy Allies, if persevered in, will do as much for them. But could the British cabinet, seeing the inevitable tendency of the chartering theories of Louis the Eighteenth, and the meddling propensities of the Russian policy, with its Prussian and Austrian subalterns, do less than remonstrate? To have done more, would have involved other considerations, which I shall not touch on at present. But the Pitt system of pre-

servation required that they should do no less; for the pretensions of France and of the Holy Allies are as new and as unsound as any of the revolutionary dogmas of the National Convention.

"But," add the changelings, "suppose we allow you so much, what have you to say in defence of the Pitt system for so resisting public opinion with respect to Parliamentary Reform? How does that coincide with that deference of which you have said so much?"

Ah you Whigs! have I caught you at last? Then all this stuff of yours about the abandonment is mere cajolery, in the hope that you may seduce ministers to yield themselves to some of your tricks—by which the demagogues among you may get into power and office.—Your soft speaking, and your sweet words, and your liberality—does it then come all but to that? However, not to birch your bottoms too sharply, I would say, in the first place, that the defence of the Pitt system, and the abandonment of the principles of that system, are two very different things; and with the former I have nothing to do—all I contend for is, that in no one thing has there yet been the slightest intimation on the part of ministers to make the people doubt the wisdom of that system, by which the country gained so much glory, and rose to such pre-eminent wealth and prosperity. Nor, until it is confessed by them, that they do not think Parliament, as it is constituted, adequate to supply a remedy to all existing abuses, can it for an instant be said, that they have permitted even the slightest occultation of the principles of *their* system. The truth is, that an improvement in the constitution of Parliament is now much less necessary than it was when Mr Pitt came first into office. For, although there has been since, a prodigious acquisition of wealth—and although there does exist a mass of unrepresented property in the kingdom, as great, if not greater, than the represented, it yet happens that the vents of public opinion have been in an equal degree multiplied. The uses of a representation consist in enabling the executive to know what the people want; and a single newspaper is worth, in this point of view, all the members for the Aberdeen and Fife districts of boroughs—with those of Westminster, Southwark and Winchelsea to boot—insomuch, that there never was a period in the history of any nation, when the means of knowing public opinion were so extensive and efficient as they are in this country at this time. And the practical effect of these means is, that they partially tend to lessen the value of oral representations in Parliament. But, Mr North, there is no end to this subject, and its very importance becomes a reason why I should not proceed further with it at present.

BANDANA.

Glasgow, May 2, 1823.

THE TERTULLA.

(A SPANISH CONVERSAZIONE.)

"Religion, Love, the ceaseless themes bestow;
What can we argue, but from what we know?"

SCENE—*A Drawing-room in Donna Marilla's House. Windows opening on a terrace—Servants attending with refreshments—An inner apartment with a hazard-table—Gentlemen and Ladies come in; chairs are placed in front of the windows.*

PERSONS.

DON FELIX.	DONNA MARILLA.
DON SANCHO.	DONNA ELVIRA.
DON JULIAN.	
THE COLONEL.	
LUIZ PEREZ.	
FRA. DOMINGO.	

DONNA MARILLA.

Is it true, Senor Don Felix, that there has been no mark of Christianity found on the French whom you took at Salamanca?

DON FELIX.

Perfectly true—not the slightest, Senora.

DONNA MARILLA.

Heavens! is it possible to live in such impiety? Not even a rosary?

DON FELIX.

Not even a rosary!

DONNA ELVIRA.

Ah, miserable wretches!

DON FELIX.

Pardon me, Senora,—not at all miserable. They were the merriest fellows I ever saw in my life.

DONNA MARILLA.

Yes, that is national. Yet, I cannot imagine any being of common understanding living without, at least, a rosary. He must be in fear of breaking his neck every moment.

DON SANCHO.

The *Padre Zeloso*, however, who had his pockets stuffed with agnuses, and his breast covered with crosses, was killed this morning by a fall from his window.

FRA. DOMINGO.

Sancti Sanctorum. Fiant pedes luctuosi. By a fall from his window!

DON SANCHO.

Yes, he was at his country house. You know there are but few balconies in these villages; but the poor *padre* forgot this fact, and so, stepping to the window to see some procession, his foot slipped, and he was killed upon the spot.

DONNA MARILLA.

Well, poor fellow, he went straight to heaven.

FRA. DOMINGO.

What a terrible thing!

DON FELIX.

How! to go straight to heaven, father!

FRA. DOMINGO.

No, but to die without confession.

DONNA ELVIRA.

The poor man!—Let us say a "*De profundis*" for him.—Fra. Domingo, you must begin.

FRA. DOMINGO.

"*De profundis clamavi*," &c.—(*He chaunts.*)

ALL.

Fiant aures tuæ, &c.

DON FELIX, (*Aside to Donna Marilla.*)

Those eyes which make the torment of my life, will they never make its happiness?

FRA. DOMINGO.

Si iniquitates observaveris," &c.

DONNA MARILLA.

(*Aside to Don Felix.*) Hush, hush—you are quite silly.

FRA. DOMINGO.

Sustinuit anima mea, &c.

DON FELIX.

(*Aside to Donna Marilla.*) I am no longer master of my reason. If you do not give me hope, I shall commit some extravagance.

DONNA MARILLA.

(*Aside to Don Felix.*) You are abominably persevering. I must hear no more of this. Place yourself beside me at coffee.

LUIZ PEREZ.

Well, Heaven keep his soul! for his convent don't wish it back. It was the most uncharitable in the body of any monk in Spain.

DON FELIX.

And his daughter—what is become of her?

DONNA ELVIRA.

Was he a father, then, before he was a monk?

DON FELIX.

No, no, after. You know the monks sometimes acknowledge their children.

DONNA MARILLA.

Really one hears of nothing but death. Donna Clara's little girl died this morning.

DONNA ELVIRA.

Poor little thing! what a pretty corpse it will make, dressed as a *Hermana de la Conception*, in a coffin lined with pink, and festooned with ribbons, silver fringe, and lace.

LUIZ PEREZ.

I have ordered a new suit for the funeral, as I intend to pay my respects to the family after it is over.

DON SANCHO.

Then I presume, Senor, there is to be a handsome entertainment.

DONNA MARILLA.

Of course, Senor Perez has ascertained that already.—(*An English Officer comes in.*)—Ah, Colonel, we thought that you were lost.

COLONEL.

So have I thought myself, since I had the pleasure of seeing you.

FRA. DOMINGO.

Apropos. Is it true, Senor Colonel, that the French have taken another town from us?

COLONEL.

I very much fear that intelligence is true.

DONNA MARILLA.

It is quite provoking to see these people, who have no religion at all, always getting the better of us, who have so much.

FRA. DOMINGO.

It is a scourge by which we are punished, as the Egyptians were by frogs, famine, and locusts.

DON SANCHO.

Yes, but these plagues were peculiar to Egypt,—now, all nations suffer. War inundates the world as water did formerly.

COLONEL.

True, Senor, war is every where, even when we might least expect to find it. For my part, I feel that the most cruel warfare in Spain, is that waged by the eyes of the Spanish ladies.

DON FELIX.

Brilliantly thought, Colonel. I envy you for the sentiment. It is worthy of a sonnet, Senor Perez.

DONNA MARILLA.

It is charming—Go, Luiz Perez, take a turn on the Terrace, and bring me back a sonnet in your best style.

LUIZ PEREZ.

It shall be done—I am only too happy to have your commands—I shall return in a moment. (*He goes.*)

DONNA ELVIRA.

Well, I must confess this Luiz is gallant—he never refuses his improvisaship to his admiring friends.

COLONEL.

He is a poet then—

DONNA MARILLA.

So he fancies. Yes, he repeats extempore in a minute, what it has cost him a day to compose.

DON FELIX.

How malicious, Senora! You are too severe upon poor Perez. However, every one has his faults, and his is only that his best friends are always those from whom he gets the best dinners.

DONNA ELVIRA.

Fie, Don Felix! I really expected to hear you defend the absent. I will

certainly admit, that Luiz's attachments are less to persons than to tables. Such indeed is his spirit of impartiality, that he would satirize any one for any other, who entertained him handsomely.

DON SANCHO.

Worse and worse, Senora—I cannot bring myself to credit such things. For my part, I make it a rule never to believe what I hear, and always to doubt what I see.

COLONEL.

But why is so contemptible a character admitted into such charming society?

DONNA MARILLA.

I absolutely do not know; for no one likes him.

DONNA ELVIRA.

Every one hates him. But custom, custom—He is——Heavens here he is!

(LUIZ PEREZ *enters.*)

DON FELIX.

Ah, Perez! I was right when I said you would not be long about it. I was just defending your rapidity.

DON SANCHO.

It was well, Senor, that you did not come before; your panegyric would have been incomplete.

DONNA MARILLA.

Yourself be my poet laureat. I long to hear the sonnet.

DONNA ELVIRA.

If you could have but heard all the charming things that have been said of you!

LUIZ PEREZ.

Ladies, shall I have the honour of an audience? (*He recites.*)

"The warfare of the cruellest kind,
Is that of lovely woman's eyes;
Had Heaven but made our beauties blind,
The world were saved a world of sighs."

ALL.

Bravo—charming—*viva* Senor Perez!

DONNA ELVIRA.

Well, What more?

LUIZ PEREZ.

That is all. Is it not enough?

DON FELIX.

Quite enough—(*Aside.*)—Luiz, you are the very Prince of Improvisatori—absolutely a poetic miracle.

DONNA MARILLA.

Apropos of miracles. Pray, is it true that there was one yesterday at the shrine of St Agnes?

LUIZ PEREZ.

Most undoubted. In singing the words, "*Refugium peccatorum,*" in the Litany, the Saint bowed her head. The Cardinal has written to the Nuncio about it.

DONNA MARILLA.

I wish I had been there to see it.

DON FELIX.

But then you could not have been at St Isadore to see me.—(*Aside.*)—Colonel, what say you to our miracle?

COLONEL.

The subject is new to me. I am disposed on such an occasion to listen to superior authority. Ask Fra. Domingo about it.

FRA. DOMINGO.

You do not believe in modern miracles, then, Colonel?

COLONEL.

I do not perfectly comprehend them, father. It is not my *trade.* I think, however, it ought to be directed to some object palpably above the power of man.

DON SANCHO.

For instance, a general female reformation.

LUIZ PEREZ.

Yes, certainly! that miracle last month in the hospital—raising the dead.

DONNA MARILLA.

(*Screams.*)—Raising!—Ah! don't talk of it.

DONNA ELVIRA.

(*Aside to the Colonel.*) She's thinking of her husband.

COLONEL.

Come, ladies, I know you think us English infidels in these matters; yet, if you command it, I will believe that the Saint has bowed her head, or any thing else you please.

FRA. DOMINGO.

And also that the reverend father for whom we have received letters of canonization for next week is a saint.

DON SANCHO.

Is that the Dominican of Toledo, who lived twenty years alone in his cell?

DONNA MARILLA.

In solitude—absolute solitude? Impossible!—

DONNA ELVIRA.

Without speaking a word?—Impossible!

COLONEL.

Pity that ears and tongue were thrown away upon him.

LUIZ PEREZ.

I shall never be a saint in that style.

DON FELIX.

(*Aside to Donna Elvira.*)—Yet he might, and he would be infinitely the better for it.

DONNA MARILLA.

He could not be at all the worse—(*Aside.*)—My dear Luiz Perez, you must take the Colonel to the friar's funeral to-morrow.—You have not seen a grand one yet, Colonel. A hundred coaches, five or six hundred friars, two thousand flambeaux. It will be altogether remarkably gay.

COLONEL.

Donna Laura does not come to-night, I see.

DONNA MARILLA.

Ha, Senor Colonel, is it so? Well, that is just what Don Francisco surmised: she stays at home to keep him company.

DON FELIX.

I wish I could fall in love, then, to spite that jealous old fellow.

DONNA MARILLA.

And why not?

DON FELIX.

Guess—(*Aside to Donna Marilla.*).

(*Enter* DON JULIAN.)

DONNA ELVIRA.

Ah! Senor, I hope you rested well last night.

DON JULIAN.

Never worse, Senora.

DONNA MARILLA. (*Aside.*)

One does not sleep the better for losing a thousand crowns.

DONNA ELVIRA.

Well, next Thursday we must contrive to have play over before midnight, I lost my supper by the party. The truth was, that we had no fasting fare prepared.

THE COLONEL.

You would not eat meat on a Friday morning, then?

DONNA ELVIRA.

Santa Marina Joseph, eat meat on a Friday! The saints preserve us!—I should think it a less sin to be unfaithful to my husband.

DONNA MARILLA.

There can be no comparison.

FRA. DOMINGO.

It is an impiety. A crime against the Calendar.

COLONEL.

Pray, Senora, convert me by explaining your fascinating system.

DONNA ELVIRA.

How can any living being doubt it? For instance, if I were to forget my duty to my husband, from which the Saints preserve me! do you not comprehend that it must be against my will? Yes, my actual will; smile as you please; and of course, I should be pardonable. But when I eat meat on a fast-day, I sin deliberately. I know it. I see it. I taste it. I brave the saints and the thunders of the Church. Are you not convinced at last, Colonel?

COLONEL.

Most perfectly. The reasoning is irresistible, (and I hope to profit by my conviction. Senora,) *Aside.*

DONNA ELVIRA.

Hush!—You must make no such speeches to me, (*Aside.*)—But are not your fair countrywomen of the same opinion in those matters, Colonel?

COLONEL.

Not quite, I fear; they want your brilliancy of imagination. Their cloudy skies, their——

FRA. DOMINGO.

The English are undoubtedly a fine people; but were they not Heretics, they would be a still finer.

DON FELIX.

Nay, by all accounts, reverend father, that would be impossible, at least so far as the ladies are concerned.

DONNA MARILLA.

What, is Don Felix become an admirer of fair hair and blue eyes?

DON JULIAN.

(*Aside to Donna Elvira.*) At least I am.

DON FELIX.

Yes, Senora, I do admire fair hair and blue eyes, (But still more highly dark hair and black eyes,) (*Aside to Donna Marilla.*)

DONNA ELVIRA.

Ah, Colonel, I wish that I had been born in your happy land, your land of freedom.

COLONEL.

It would be much honoured. But really I see no want of freedom here.

DON SANCHO.

Well said, Colonel. Yet, if poor Donna Laura's opinion were asked now.

DONNA ELVIRA.

No, Senor, as to Donna Laura, she has had no right to complain of fetters, I am sure.

DON FELIX.

I thought, that some one said, Don Francisco is at last——

DONNA ELVIRA.

Yes! that Don Francisco is at last able to see what every one else saw long ago.

DONNA MARILLA.

Nay, nay, no scandal—

DONNA ELVIRA.

The scandal is in your implication, Senora!

DON FELIX.

(*Aside to the Colonel.*) Jealous, by Mars! Happy man!

DONNA MARILLA.

What wicked whisper is that, Senor Colonel?

COLONEL.

Don Felix has been good enough to remind me of an engagement, which I had forgotten in the pleasure of your society.

DON SANCHO.

Donna Laura would not be flattered if she heard that from you, Colonel.

COLONEL.

Nay, by the general account, she is not likely to hear any thing from me soon.

DONNA MARILLA.

I should not be too sure of that. Tyranny tempts to stratagem.

DON FELIX.

And there never was a woman who could not outwit her husband.—Is not that true, Donna Elvira?

DONNA ELVIRA.

Or her lover either, Don Felix.—So you will go, Colonel? Well, it would be cruel to prevent you, it is a charming night for a serenade.

DONNA MARILLA.

Too much moonlight. Give us the serenade here.

COLONEL.

I infinitely regret, Senora——

DONNA ELVIRA.

Yes, yes, I know it all. You English will not condescend to make yourselves agreeable.

DON SANCHO.

Quite matrimonial.

DONNA MARILLA.

Come, come, enough of symphony. Indulge us, Don Felix, with the seguidilla you sang last night.

DONNA ELVIRA.

Where, Senora?

DONNA MARILLA.

Poh, no matter where; any where; not here, I assure you. But, my dear Fra. Domingo.—Heavens, what has become of my Confessor?

DON SANCHO.

Withdrawn—he is remarkably domestic—gone to his family in silence. He knows secrecy enhances virtue.

DON FELIX.

Fair ladies—a sudden hoarseness—want of practice—the night air—

DONNA MARILLA.

Yes, yes, we know all that ought to be said on the subject, but begin.

(DON FELIX *sings to the guitar.*)

O, lady! wilt thou think of me,
All in the lone and lovely hour,
When evening's sun is on the sea,
When evening's breath is in thy bower?

Sweet lady, will that diamond eye
Be darken'd with a tender tear,
For one, who loving, lost as I,
Will be in spirit hovering here?

Yet 'tis a dream; this beating heart
Must love, though all its love be vain.
Come winds and waves. At once I part
From all I prize, from thee and Spain.

DONNA MARILLA.

Charming, charming, (You must give me that song.)—*Aside.*

DONNA ELVIRA.

How well Don Felix expresses fictitious woe!

DON FELIX.

From sympathy, Senora.

DON SANCHO.

No, no, Don Felix has no cause for despair, so far as I see.

COLONEL.

You know Don Sancho always doubts what he sees.

DONNA MARILLA.

Don Sancho, as an atonement, you must sing the new patriotic song.

DON SANCHO.

Yes, if you are determined on inflicting so severe a penalty on the whole company, for the mere purpose of punishing an individual. Besides, Senora, patriotism is nearly too old for a graceful topic,—it has almost grown beyond fashion. We have been patriots at least six months.

(*He sings to the guitar.*)

Spain, awake! thy hour is come,
Shall it lead thee to the tomb?
Rushing from the Pyrenees,
Thousand banners taunt the breeze.
Yet a bolder, bloodier band
Left their corpses in the land.
Monarch, hear upon thy throne,
Hear before thou art undone,
Spain is fearless, though alone,
Heaven shall nerve her heart and hand!

She shall triumph; by the gore
Of the Roman and the Moor!
By the Roncesvalles plain;
(France, remember Charlemagne!)
By her blood on field and wave,
By her dead, her living brave!
Crime may prosper, virtue weep—
But Revenge is swift and deep;
When the Spaniard starts from sleep.
Spain shall never live a slave.

Here was smote Napoleon,—
Like a shade his strength was gone;
Clouds of shame, and fear, and flight,
Plunged his Sun in sudden night.
Till was purged Earth's sullen stain;
Till the den, the distant main,
Heard the groans of Mankind's foe.
Now the Man of blood is low.
Spain, but strike one glorious blow;
Thou shalt never wear the chain!

ALL.

Bravo—Bravissimo—(*The Colonel stealing away.*)

DONNA MARILLA.

(*Aside to the Colonel.*) Go, go—I see you are dying to be gone.

DON ELVIRA.

Now, Senor Colonel, you shall stay to hear another song.—Give me the guitar. How, gone—absolutely gone! I hope Don Francisco is at home, that's all.

DONNA MARILLA.

(*Aside to Don Felix.*) Charming!—more jealousy; she really makes herself quite remarkable.

DON FELIX.

(*Aside to Donna Marilla.*) Ah, you have no pity for the weaknesses of passion. You feel none of them.

DONNA MARILLA.

(*Aside to Don Felix.*) Go, I am sure you don't think so.—Go—hypocrite.

DON FELIX *takes the guitar and sings.*

You bid me not see you again,—
How cruel a mandate is this.
Oh, why loves that heart to give pain,
Which Nature has formed to give bliss!

Yet send me not, Lady, away;
For the sentence I could not survive,—
You smile, and that smile bids me stay,—
You blush, and that blush bids me live.

DONNA MARILLA.

No, the smile only allows you to return at some other time, for you must go now; I see the game is over in the next room. Here is Don Julian looking infinitely lost.—How has fortune treated you to-night, Senor? How has the play ended?

DON JULIAN, *entering.*

As no jest for some of us, Senora. I, at least, never find Fortune capricious. Is Luiz Perez gone?

DONNA MARILLA.

Oh, long ago. He knows that there was to be no supper.

DON SANCHO.

His feelings are an unfailing guide on those occasions. However, I fear it grows late: we should for once do well to follow his example.

DON FELIX.

(*Aside to Donna Marilla.*) My feelings would prompt a different course.

DONNA MARILLA.

(*Aside to Don Felix.*) Yet, nevertheless, you must pursue the same.—Do you not all go to the Consecration to-morrow?

DON JULIAN.

Certainly, if you will be there.

DONNA MARILLA.

Oh, doubtless. I expected that from your gallantry; but all Madrid will be there. They say that the new archbishop is the handsomest man in all Spain.

DON FELIX.

For a priest, if you please.

DONNA MARILLA.

No, if you please.

DONNA ELVIRA.

Farewell, Senora.—Senor, my servants are in waiting, I shall not trouble you for an escort.—I hope from my soul, Don Francisco may. (*Aside.*) *She goes out.*

ALL. (*laughing.*)

Poor Donna Elvira! Ha, ha, ha!

DONNA MARILLA.

I have a great mind to know whether she has not gone to inform the old gentleman. She is certainly abominably jealous.

DON FELIX.

For the best of reasons; she is abominably in love. Now I could be jealous too—but—hush.

DONNA MARILLA.

Well, Senors, I see that we must take our leave. Come on the terrace.—If we must part, let us part in serenade. Like the swans, let us die in song. Begin, Don Julian.

DON JULIAN—*Sings.*

Sweet lady, farewell—till morning beams,
In peace be thy slumbers, of love be thy dreams.

DON SANCHO.

Sweet lady, farewell—by those glances of light,
This hour is my sunshine—the morning my night.

DON FELIX.

Sweet lady, farewell—but thus at thy feet
I lay a true heart. (Love, to-morrow we meet.)—*Aside.*

DONNA MARILLA.

To all, fond farewell.—See the stars grow pale,
(To-morrow we meet at the church without fail!)—*Aside.*

ALL.

The East has grown purple, the edge of the moon
Is touching the waves;—we are gone, we are gone.

[*Don Felix kneels, and kisses Donna Marilla's hand, then retires; Donna Marilla waves her hand, and leans from the balustrades gazing after him.*]

END OF THE TERTULLA.

A PROFESSIONAL VISIT TO ALI PACHA IN THE AUTUMN OF 1809; SHEWING, AMONG OTHER PLEASANT MATTERS, HOW DOCTORS MAY DIFFER.

(*Concluded.*)

THIS was the Greek on whom my colleague had been quartered by the Pacha's order. The ghost of the valiant Hector, the stoutest of all the Trojan Knights, armed *cap à pié*, would not have terrified him more, than did the apparition of his quondam inmate in a harmless guise. To feel this, the economy of a Greek house is to be consulted. There, the lordly master, in his tranquil indolence, remote from the clatter of female tongues, and the annoyance of the squalling brats, his offspring, whiffs and wiles away his vacant hours; or, if perchance he has an evening companion, a party of Mandoli,* or of draughts, or perhaps a simple game of cards, quietly prosecuted, and untempered by the roseate juice, is the highest object of his recreation. What, then, must have been the sensations of Signor Alexis, when he again beheld the *medico Inglese*, whose orgies had molested him by day, and broken his rest by night? If the Pacha had visited him with another peremptory mandate in my colleague's behalf, it is much to be doubted whether he would not, like Monsieur Tonson, have been scared from his home.

We alighted, and were shewn to an apartment, where having taken some refreshments, we were conducted by his Secretary to the Colonel's dwelling on the other side of the quadrangular court. I was not a little hurt at our reception, which appeared to me to be every thing but cordial. During our brief stay, the Colonel, absorbed in thought, hung his head, and confined himself, in a languid tone of address, to a few common-place inquiries respecting Malta, without the customary welcome to strangers, who were come to place themselves under his protection in a foreign land. What can this mean?—The mystery was cleared up next morning, when I was invited to breakfast, and learned, for the first time, the extent of my companion's aberrations during his former stay at Jannina. "I shall not," said the Colonel meekly, "write against him; but I am surprised at his impudence in returning." It was no wonder that it had gone near to deprive him of the power of speech. The riddance, however, of this dead weight on the Colonel's feelings was near at hand, as his Secretary was to set off in a day or two for Prevesa, and might tack my eccentric companion as a rider to his suite.

In waiting the Pacha's commands, I accompanied the Secretary and my colleague to an elevated spot in an outskirt of the town, where, from the cemetery of one of the principal mosques, we were gratified by a panoramic view of the surrounding scenery, more sublimely picturesque than any I had ever witnessed. On our way thither we were assailed by a sooty and circumcised African, a slave in bigotry as in condition, who, having placed himself expressly in our rear, pelted us with stones, and made us sensible of his dexterity by several smart and clever hits, for which he was amply repaid by a Greek, who collared him, and gave him a sound drubbing.

On the following morning, August 24th, the Colonel invited me to accompany him to the Pacha's summer palace. We entered a spacious octagonal apartment, richly ornamented, having in its centre a basin, round which small cannon were planted. In an alcove looking into the garden, was seated the Pacha, without one solitary attendant, and without any symbol by which his exalted rank could be distinguished. After the requisite intro-

* A game of chance, in which almonds are dropped into a series of cups. This pastime has some affinity, in its result, to the curious problem of fifteen Christians, and fifteen Turks, with which the reader must be familiar.

duction, his Highness entered on the conversation, as it regarded me, by observing, that the principal complaint under which he laboured was old age. On his representing himself to be not more than fifty-three,* I requested the Colonel to say from me, that such a period of life was not considered by us as bringing with it the infirmities of age. He inquired into my time of life, and being told that it bordered on his own, said that he did not entertain any doubt of my being useful to him. He made me feel his pulse, and seemed pleased when I declared it to be good, and indicative of a vigorous temperament. My hand, he said, was warmer than his own, which I accounted for by the fatigues of my journey, and by the ride I had just taken. More passed; and throughout he displayed much acuteness, blended with pleasantry.—He told the story of a physician whom he had consulted some years before, and who said that in medicine there were only three things worth knowing, namely—that bark would cure fevers; mercury a certain disease; and that when the patient is in extreme danger, every thing should be left to nature. Coffee and pipes were presented to us, and we took our leave.

During this interview, the Colonel was covered, which was spirited and right. As the Turk, he observed, does not remove his turban, so ought not the Frank, in his intercourse with him, to remove his hat. He left this, however, to my discretion; and I chose, not so much with the view of shewing off, in contrast with his Highness's hoary chin, my newly-blacked head, as because it is my rule to be polite in all places, to take off mine.

From my observation, I reckon the stature of Ali Pacha to have been about five feet six, or six and a half, beneath what painters call the middle size. He was muscular and plump, with limbs straight and well-formed, but not elegantly defined. His hands and fingers were so; and he was not deficient of the bull-neck, so common among the Turks, which in a manner displays itself in folds. His piercing eye, kindled for the occasion, darted at intervals its vivid flashes; but for this, his ordinary features might as well have belonged to a sleek, good-humoured fellow of commensurate capacity. His nose had an inkling of the Ethiopian cast, which might have led a more critical observer than myself, to suspect that there was a mixture of blood in his family a few generations back.

In the evening the Colonel was visited by Doctors Frank and Zacularius, who were somewhat curious about the new arrivals. In returning these visits, I accompanied him the following evening; but I must first speak of what occurred in the afternoon. About three o'clock, his Highness the Pacha, as this was to be the visit of ceremony, did me the particular honour to send me his own ambling nag, superbly caparisoned, to convey me to the Palace of Lithariche. The figure I made, those may have read who were running the same course, while my princely steed, with a silver-stick messenger (chaoux) on each side, cantered up the ascent. All I know is, that I reached the great entrance court of the Palace without accident.

I had to pass through a long line of courtly attendants, richly attired in the Albanian costume, and, having entered the audience-chamber, was seated next the Pacha, while his Prime Minister† was on his knees at some distance. His audience being ended, he retired; and on the interpreter making his appearance, all those in waiting were dismissed. To be more secret, his Highness led us to the further extremity of the room. Here let me pause. . . .

That which would be ill beseeming under any confidence, would still less become my professional character, were I to particularize what passed during this and my subsequent visits, to harrow my best feelings, and to kindle in my breast the mingled emotions of horror, indignation, and surprise!—Of surprise, that one, bearing on his proud front the stamp and image of his Maker, and intellectually gifted in no ordinary

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* His Memoirs, lately published, state that he was born in 1750, in which case he must have under-rated his age by about six years.

† A virtuous man, of a high, independent spirit. In allusion to the Pacha's indiscriminate cohabitation with his wives and concubines, this minister often pointed out to him his error, and endeavoured to convince him, not merely by precept, but by his own example, that true domestic happiness is founded on the society of a single female of congenial habits. He himself had *but one wife*, and by her he had a fine boy. In *their* beloved intercourse he placed his sole delight.

degree, should have degraded himself beneath the level of the vilest of the reptiles whose gross instinctive propensities have engaged physiological inquiry, and have afforded an example of the passions which reason ought to have controlled, unblushingly directed to objects repugnant in their nature! I speak not of the garden scene—of the modern Antinous, environed by his ever-watchful guardians. Neither is it my wish, lovely Zelika! to dwell on thy cruel lot, doomed, like Tantalus, to the most mortifying endurances. Though still of tender age, thou wert for six tedious years the degraded, but not the subdued victim of this satyr in human shape! But if, as well as the more prominent and energetic traits, those of the privacy of exalted characters, belong to posterity, whether as a lesson or as a guide, then ought it to be recorded that

In the gratification of his depraved appetites, Ali Pacha, of all known modern sensualists the most sensual, exceeded whatever the most impure imagination can conceive, whether it may have drawn its sullied stores from scenes of high-varnished debauchery, or from the obscurely tinted perspective of the low haunts of infamy and vice!

And this would I fain have inscribed, in characters of bronze, as the concluding sentence of his epitaph, on the tomb of that renowned Chieftain, THE LATE PRINCE OF EPIRUS.

It has been said above, that Dr Frank was with Buonaparte in Egypt. He was also in Syria with his army, during the memorable siege of St Jean d'Acre, when many of the French officers and *savans* became attached to the young Syrian girls in that vicinity. The Doctor's lady was numbered among these; and, unlike the aping of an Englishman I met with in Paris, whose extra-superlative *politesse* greatly amused the *badauds*, (Parisian Cockneys,) she acted the vivacious Frenchwoman to the life. What a contrast between her and the lady of Doctor Zacularius! We had not been long seated in his apartment, on the cushions from which it was the etiquette not to rise on the presentation of the females of the household, when the signal was given for refreshments. First entered the doctor's mother, in the Thessalian costume, her zone displaying on its front two richly embossed ornaments of gold. She was followed by the wife, bearing in her left hand a salver with coffee and sweetmeats. I am not good at such descriptions, but I will do my best under the influence of the soul-inspiring theme. Gracefully approaching, like another Hebe, to present these with timid look she laid her right hand on her bosom. Could Raphael have seen her at that moment—he who outrivalled his competitors in depicting the mild and heaven-fraught beauties of the Virgin—he would not have selected the gardener's wife as the model of his matchless *Madonna*;* or, if the canvas on which she is so exquisitely pourtrayed had been before him, he might have been tempted to *paint out* her lovely features, to introduce those of the wife of Doctor Zacularius, whose fine hair, in bewitching disarray, flowed loosely on a garment of vestal simplicity.—The ceremony being ended, the ladies withdrew.

On the day following, as had been concerted, my colleague set out for Prevesa. I made one of the escort as far as the outskirt of the town, where I shook him cordially by the hand at parting—mindful, nevertheless, of an old adage, which any one who happens not to be better engaged may chance to recollect. Adieu, dear Doctor—*dottore di mio cuore*, a long adieu.

About this time the Colonel was visited by Selim Aga, a very singular character, whose original name was Bailey, the son of a provincial banker, I think, residing in Berkshire. He had offended his father by engaging in a disadvantageous match; and to break off this connexion, had been sent on his travels. At Constantinople he was hospitably entertained by Sir Robert Ainslie, the British Ambassador. One morning he presented himself to the party assembled at his Excellency's house to dinner, to say that he had turned Turk, and had just undergone the operation of circumcision. It was of course intimated to him, that his presence there would be no longer countenanced. He relented a few

* Styled *la Jardiniere*—a charming picture, which, with so many others, found its way to Paris by a stolen march.

months after, but his solicitations at the embassy were fruitless; and he had to push his fortunes as a civil engineer. On the present occasion he was returning, with a handsome retinue, to the Turkish capital, from the Pacha's native village, where he had been to construct a bridge. I learned afterwards with concern, that the privations to which he was subjected on his route, during the Ramazan, [Turkish lent,] cost him his life. His figure was tall and elegant; his countenance expressive; and he spoke well. He had a Mahomedan wife at Constantinople, and had paid one visit to his English wife, who had borne him a fine boy, in his Turkish garb.

As whatever concerned the Pacha's case, appeared to me to be of moment at the time, I kept a sort of register of what passed during the professional visits I was summoned to pay him. The most delicate pencilling I could bestow on any of the particulars would be as disgusting to the reader as his Highness's disclosures and suggestions were revolting to me; but what passed among his principal officers and secretaries, when I had to wait his commands, was not devoid of interest. For instance, they would in succession, with the most rigid scrutiny, examine my uniform buttons, the gilt lion on the hilt of my dirk, &c. making signs to me how rich I must be, as they were of the purest gold; together with divers other such fooleries.* But I must leave them, to speak of the genuine hospitality of the Colonel, and of the unremitting attentions he bestowed on me, who was become his guest. In our evening rides over the plain of Jannina, skirted by the lake, I was gratified by several agreeable and highly picturesque views. This plain, in length about five leagues, occupies a very elevated site, as is manifested by the appearance of the mountains which define its breadth. Their summits, although not greatly elevated in relation to the plain, are oftentimes covered by clouds which sweep along them. From the sight to these clouds, the angle or line is but small.—The plain abounded with vineyards, and with neat villages, having stone-cottages; while the houses of Jannina, as well in the upper as in the lower town, were chiefly built of mud-bricks, with foundations of stones. In these evening excursions we were harassed by the shepherds' dogs, a ferocious race of animals, who no sooner perceive a horseman, or a party of horsemen, than they leave the flocks to assail both the horse and the rider. It was pleasant to see Captain Dimo, the Colonel's confidential Turkish guard, gallop in front, discharging his pistols at intervals: but for this, we should certainly have been dismounted, if not lacerated by their merciless bites.

Having represented to the Pacha my wish to return immediately to Prevesa, to the end that I might take advantage of the expected sailing of the transport which was to convey the Colonel's secretary to Malta, I went to the palace, on the morning of the 12th of September, to take leave. After much conversation with the Colonel, on the subject of politics, his Highness again inquired, whether I had any particular remedy?—*hic hiatus ingens in codice*,—to which I replied, not any; but that, if he would follow the rules and restrictions I had prescribed, I had not any doubt of their beneficial effects. As it was rainy, I again recommended Madeira wine, on which the Colonel, the Interpreter, and myself, proceeded, at the Pacha's request, to taste the rich wines which came to him from time to time in presents. A few sour *heel-taps* we found, but not one drop of wine that was drinkable, either by Christian, Jew, or Turk; so well did his Highness's faithful servants obey a precept, which, if not the strictest, may be accounted one of the strongest in the Koran.

In returning, the Colonel communicated to me the Pacha's wish, that I should remain with him, attached to his person, in lieu of Doctor Frank, whom he would in that case dismiss. The latter, it appeared, a Frenchman in habits, though not by birth, had formed some intrigues against his Highness's interests, during a late visit to Corfu, and had otherwise given him

* It was not a jest, but, on the other hand, a matter of very serious import, to the unfortunate lieutenant of an English frigate, who, in bathing near Durazzo, a port of Albania, on the eastern shore of the Gulph of Venice, was shot by the mountaineers. The sole motive of these miscreants was to possess themselves of the buttons of his uniform coat, imagining them to be of gold.

strong grounds of offence. This I declined, alleging the peremptory orders and instructions I had received at Malta. The Colonel praised my discretion; but I had still other motives for my refusal, which I kept to myself.*

A dreadful thunder-storm, on the following morning, accompanied by incessant rain, prevented my setting out for Prevesa; but on the 14th, in taking the early repast my ever kind and hospitable host had provided for me, while the horses were in waiting, Signor Colovo entered with the Pacha's letters for Malta. Having delivered these, he drew from under his vestment a shawl, which his Highness begged me to accept as a token of his friendship and esteem. I hesitated to receive it, observing to the Colonel, that the compliment was due, not to me, but to Sir Alexander Ball, by whom I had been sent. He desired me, however, to put it carefully into my small trunk, which I did; and on my arrival at Malta, on opening that trunk, a foul, threadbare, and in some places almost tattered shawl, presented itself to my astonished view. His highness knew that I could not have visited him without incurring some expense—and that not a trifling one. He could never have destined this for me, in return for my attendance on him. No—I was reluctantly forced to draw this hardly-to-be-contested inference, that *it had been changed on its way from his palace.—Proh! Græca fides.*

At eleven o'clock, I set off with four horses, for the guide, or Tartar, bearing the Pacha's firman, the driver, myself, and the luggage. At two in the afternoon we reached the caravansary at the head of the plain. We were then carried by the rascally guide, who was resolved, in virtue of his firman, to plunder the unfortunate Greeks, out of the direct route, to a village on the left, which we did not reach till sunset. The way had been rugged; but I was compensated in some measure by the fine views of the plains on either side; and in one of these the village stood. The Greek Papa (priest) was summoned; and a violent contest ensued between him and the guide, as to what the villagers should furnish us licensed travellers. The repast, which consisted of a sheep roasted whole, with a large provision of wine, bread, &c., was not ready till past ten o'clock, when I had become so sulky as to refuse the partaking of it. I had already wrapped myself in my cloak, my bedding not being at hand, and, covered with a few hurdles, the only expedient I could find to shelter myself against the piercing cold, had deposited my weary limbs in a corner of the out-house, or barn, in which we were lodged. In the meantime, the guide and his riotous companions feasted till past midnight. We proceeded in the morning, soon after day-break, and at nine o'clock reached the "Five Wells," having thus lost by our devious course at least five hours, without reckoning what particularly concerned me, the purchased comforts I might have found at the caravansary. But it was the policy, as will be seen, of the subtle Tartar, to keep my hand out of my pocket, while he made the Greeks the paymasters-general of the expedition.

Having crossed the mountains, instead of proceeding directly to Arta, which made a difference of about six miles, he led us round the marshes to the extremity of the bridge leading to the town. Here we halted; and I was given to understand, by the most expressive signs, that, this being a convenient dinner hour, we should visit the Greek monastery at the entrance, and see what good things the monks might in their bounty afford us. I was

* I did not then suspect, however, that I should have such a call as was made on me at Malta, nearly three years after, in the summer of 1812. I fell in with the Albanian Consul, who told me that an old friend of mine was staying at his house, and was very anxious to see me. This was no other than Signor Colovo, the Pacha's prime interpreter, pimp, and confidential secretary. Having first touched, in my interview with him, on his present indisposition, he asked me whether I could procure for him—no doubt for his master's use—a subtile poison of unfailing efficacy, which could be administered without suspicion. As the Signor spoke French with a very bad accent, I pretended not to understand him, and made him repeat his question half a dozen times, when I told him at length, that in some countries, in Italy, for example, what he was in quest of might be found; but that the English doctors, however they might kill sometimes, never did it intentionally, and were therefore not provided with the secret. He had, he said, lately visited most of the ports of Sicily, and had inquired after it without success.

resolved, however, to proceed direct to Salahora in his despite; and he, to punish me for my refractory behaviour, refused me the bread and wine I solicited at the village we next came to. Since I had left Jannina, save a small slice of the driver's loaf, and a cup of water, I had taken no refreshment. On reaching another village, a new contention arose between him and a Greek peasant, who appeared to me to intimate that he cared as little for the Pacha as for the holder of his firman. The latter was resolved, however, to fill his corn-sacks, and he succeeded to his wish. While this was passing, the driver, in recruiting his saddle-bags, drew from one of them two bottles of excellent wine, which the gallant Colonel had provided for me without my knowledge. Seated on the grass, with the driver's brown loaf in one hand, and his cup in the other, I made a voluptuous feast, which brought me, at sunset, in good condition to Salahora.

Early in the morning of the 16th, I embarked on the gulf, and reached Prevesa just in time, for the Secretary was then making his last packages to join the Belle Poole frigate, waiting off the port. My first care was to engage my old friend Signor Biencardi, the interpreter, to help me to scold the scoundrel of a Tartar. I stormed, raved, and gesticulated, pretending, although in high humour, to be in a most outrageous passion; while my mouth-piece entered into the necessary explanations, to the no small diversion of the bystanding Greeks. I not only denied the miscreant a certificate of good conduct, but took from him the firman he was to shew on his return, and sent him off in its stead with a flea, which I am persuaded buzzed in his ear all the way to Jannina.

At nine o'clock we embarked in the Pacha's boat, and reached the frigate at sunset. From her we were transferred on the 19th, to his Majesty's brig, the Redwing, bound to Malta. She was commanded by an old messmate of mine, who kept her in the highest order; and this gave rise to a curious incident at Syracuse, where we touched on our way. One of the individuals who make themselves useful in the case of arrivals, came alongside, and finding that we were neither from a suspected port, nor had touched at one, undertook to procure us immediate pratique. He did so by engaging the pratique-master, whom he accompanied on his visit, to step on board, and inspect the best-ordered vessel in his Britannic Majesty's service. The good old man complied readily with the invitation, and could not therefore refuse us pratique, without putting himself in quarantine.

On the 28th, the brig came to anchor in the harbour of Malta, and I joined the flag-ship, the Trident, after an absence of nine weeks and four days, as agreeably, if not as profitably spent, as I could well have wished.

Remarks on Mr Barry Cornwall's New Poems.*

"——derived
From bearded Magi in the Chaldee lands."
Flood of Thessaly, p. 43.

We are exceedingly sorry to say that this is a very dull volume, and that we fear its effect will be, to destroy altogether the remains of that very amiable reputation which the author gained by his first production, and which every succeeding effort of his pen has been very sensibly diminishing. The "Dramatic Scenes" were really pretty things—they were close imitations—but they pretended to nothing more, and they were executed with lightness, on the whole, and with grace. There were a vast number of blemishes, to be sure—sillynesses and affectations beyond all bounds—but these *were* indications of true feeling, and the public were in a good humour, and every one hoped so much improvement, that nobody was willing to say any thing harsh or severe, lest he should wound a spirit that seemed to be a delicate one, and discourage an ambition that seemed to be moderate and gentle.

What has been the result? Mr Procter has published three or four books since—every one more ambitious than the other, and every one feebler than the other. His romance of Marcian Colonna was totally uninteresting, and

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* The Flood of Thessaly, The Girl of Provence, and other Poems. By Barry Cornwall. 8vo. London, Colburn and Co. 1823.

fell still-born from the press.—*The* Mirandola was puffed by all the tongues and all the pens of all the Cockneys, and in the course of a few weeks took its quiet place on the same shelf with the Tobins, the Hayneses, and the Shields—an utter failure indeed, in spite of all Mr Elliot's chatter about "the appalling apparition." We believe there was another volume subsequent to this; but, if so, we have forgotten every thing about it, even its name: and we venture to prophesy that the present affair will be as totally *hors de combat* ere another month or two be over.

We give Mr Procter's books a month or two of law, because we are perfectly well aware that he has allied himself with the glorious army of the Gentlemen Of The Press, in such a way, that we shall be sure to see him quoted and lauded in daily, weekly, and monthly columns, for about that time. We think, to speak moderately, that there are not many newspapers in existence to which he himself does not occasionally contribute. We have detected him over and over again in works so obscure, that our chief wonder was and is, what inducement he could have to dirty his fingers with them. But 'tis all very well. He is paid so far as butter goes, most gloriously. Every line of his gets him a paragraph, every paragraph a page. He is trumpeted long before he appears in mysterious hints:—"The literary circles begin to be impatient for Barry Cornwall's new," &c. "It is whispered that Barry Cornwall's forthcoming," &c. and then out comes it, and the crack bits are kept, ready set up, we almost think, in the same types, and sent about from one printing-office to another, until the public eye is quite sickened with their repetition. But what is the end of it all?—Does any body read Barry Cornwall?—Does any body remember any three consecutive lines of his?—Did any mortal ever even dream of quoting him?—No.—

The truth of the whole matter is, that Barry Cornwall is not a vigorous-minded man, and that no man without a strong and vigorous intellect need hope to make any sort of serious and lasting impression upon this age. This is not a time when people are to be put off with sweet and dainty little devices,—prettyisms are past—we want food, strong exciting food, and disdain kickshaws—we want rich generous wines, and the nicest negus in the world will not appease our craving. This is the age of Marmion, and Waverley, and Childe Harold, and Don Juan, and Ruth, and Laodomia, and the ancient Mariner, and Basil, and De Montfort, and Sir Eustace Gray, and Peter Grimes—we will be content with nothing but powerful passion—(no matter how gentle, but it must be powerful in its sort)—and masculine intellect. We demand these—and if we have them, we are comparatively indifferent about the forms under which they are embodied—but if we have them not, all the rest goes for nothing—mere moonshine.—The world is grown too old to be amused with mere trifles—and, above all, it is grown far too severe to be amused with mere imitations and centos.—Whereas, if the truth must be told, Barry Cornwall is made up altogether of imitations, and centos, and "most vile affectation."

We would not, for the world, use a man, who, with all his weakness, seems to be amiable and well-disposed, with any thing approaching to severity.—But—It is no kindness to tell a man who is not a Poet, that he is one—and none to tell a man who is a small Poet, that he is a great one. Our opinion is, that no Poet will thrive in these days but a great Poet. The immense accumulation of books has been rendering, and will continue every day to render, us more and more fastidious. We have positively no room for any thing that is even within cry of mediocrity. We are surrounded by a cycle of splendid gigantic geniuses, who are all in the prime of their days, and likely to produce better works, ere they die, than even the best they have yet given us: Nobody need dream of being noticed for caracolling it upon a little pet cob, in the midst of these men of might, mounted on their horses of war, careering with their knightly lances, and making the sky echo with their spirit-stirring shouts.—The English of all which is, that Mr Barry Cornwall had much better give up the trade—or, at least, give up all expectation of making his fortune in it. We speak calmly what we feel sincerely. Mr Barry Cornwall is a man of an elegant mind, and there have been times in which he might have passed for something considerable—but these times are not ours—and his style of poetising has no more chance in a competition with what it *now* must compete with, than a single

Indian weaver, with his two or three neat little ivory sticks and shuttles, would have in competing with the stir and tumult of a town full of steam-engines.

So much for things in general—As to the octavo now in our eye, what is it made up of? Is there any new, or any powerful, or any pathetic, exhibition of human nature in it?—No.—Is there any interesting or skilful combination of incidents?—No—no.—Is there any story?—No.—Any passion?—No. All is frigid, and all is fantastic—old ideas decked out with mighty pother, and looking as old as the hills in spite of it all—not one single image but what is either as hackneyed as possible, or as coldly absurd as possible—not one single phrase that carries the least stamp of pith upon it—no thought—no intellect—a laborious straining after the classical in the midst of a profound ignorance of the spirit of antiquity—pedantic names of Gods and Goddesses and Stars and Planets—fine piet words—endless descriptions without one touch that thrills and stays—a miserable omission wherever there *was* room for *something*, and *nothings* spun out *ad nauseam*—and everywhere a phraseology so ridiculously affected, that really one pities the poor printers—and not the less so assuredly, because they happen to be the printers of the John Bull!—*heu! quantum!*

It is not pleasant to dwell upon such affairs—but since we have mentioned the book (and we daresay it is the last of the same hand that will ever engage our attention at all) we may perhaps as well enter into a few particulars, just to give our readers their fill of it at once.

The first hundred pages, then, are occupied with "The Flood of Thessaly."—This is neither more nor less than a most silly amplification of one of the most silly and absurd of all those fables, under which the fancy of heathenism had been pleased to clothe the simple sublimity of the great catastrophe of the world—the deluge. We call the story of Pyrrha and Deucalion a silly one—because the main incident—the re-creation of the race of man by means of flinging stones over the left shoulder, is really a cold affair at the best. But what did this signify to Mr Barry Cornwall?—The great craze of the Cockneys at present, is to be Greekish—and we are excessively sorry to say, that though Mr Cornwall has talents that render him quite unworthy of being so, he in many other particulars besides this, sympathizes too closely with the lieges of Leigh the First. Greekish he will be—he will rave about

"Apollo, and Mercurius, and the rest."

He *will not* see the moon without thinking of Endymion "the Latmian," or "the Latmos boy," for that, we think, is the more favourite phraseology.—He, too, will make up his jumble about Juno "the Great Sky Queen,"—Dido "the Sad Carthage Queen,"—Chaos, and Tempe, and "Saturnus Old," and Phœnix, and Sphinx, "whose words perplexed the wits of Thebes," and Behemoth,

"Vast birth! (almost a Fable.)"

(Oh! for a stone bow to shoot you between a pair of your own brackets, Master Barry,)—and "Lacedemonian Helen," and "Ilian Priam," and "Thessalian Pyrrha."

Mr Barry Cornwall must really excuse our freedom,—we do think that this new sort of classical poetry is without exception the most exquisite trash that was ever attempted to be foisted down the throats of reasonable animals. Good God! is it Milton they are thinking of? Are they really dreaming of Paradise Lost, and Comus and Lycidas?—But to argue on such a subject is out of the question.—If a person ignorant, intensely ignorant, of the spirit of antiquity, and antique mythology, and antique poetry, is once fairly in a state of mind that admits of his harbouring, for one single moment, the notion that he can write one single line about Greek gods and goddesses, that shall not be either miserable common-place, or more miserable affectation—he is quite beyond our reach—it is quite in vain to think of convincing him into his senses again—we have done with him; and yet, what do we see when we look around, or rather, what do we hear?—Leigh Hunt, Rimini Hunt himself, translating Theocritus; yea, translating Homer; John Keats celebrating Diana of the Ephesians; and Barry Cornwall tripping up old Ovidius Naso by the heels, with his edition of Deucalion and Pyrrha.—"Truly, these are notable signs of the times."

Will these gentlemen but give themselves the trouble to reflect a little?

They *know* not but they may have heard ere now, and if not, we now tell them, that the spirit of the Greek fables is a thing essentially Greek; that even the Latin Poets made but a poor hand of these matters, when they, admirable Greek scholars as they were, dared to meddle with them. Jupiter and Juno, "the Sky Queen," and "Apollo and Mercurius, and the rest," are but cold creatures, even in Virgil and Horace.—It is in the strains of Homer and his lineal descendants alone, that they live, and breathe, and have their BEING. Milton is almost the only man of modern times, who has been able to make even a few passing allusions to that mythology have any thing of the living appearance and strong power of poetry. But in all the rest of the classical rhymers, Italian, French, German, and English, all alike—the thing has failed utterly. It is dead, and will not be re-animated; or, at least, there must be some very different sort of Prometheus from Barry Cornwall or any of his compeers.

One of the "fine bits" that we have already seen quoted and re-quoted from "The Flood of Thessaly," is the description of the wedding night of Pyrrha and Deucalion. Let us look at it.

"At last they wed: No voice of parent spoke
Ungentle words which now too often mar
Life's first fair passion: then no gods of gold
Usurping sway'd with bitter tyranny
That sad domain the heart. Love's rule was free,
(Ranging through boundless air and happy heaven,
And earth) when Pyrrha wed the Titan's son.
—The winds sang at their nuptial gentle tunes,
And roses open'd, on whose crimson hearts
The colour of love is stamp'd; and odours rare
Came steaming from the morn-awakening flowers,
Which then forgot to close: Thessalian pipes
Were heard in vallies; and from thickets green
The Sylvans peep'd delighted, then drew back
And shouted through the glades: Wood nymphs lay then
Beside the banks of running rivers, glad
For once to hear the shepherd's simple song;
And many a pleasant strife that night was had
On oaten reed and pastoral instrument,
Beneath the mild eye of the quiet moon.
"Joy to Pandora's child! Supreme delight
To the great Titan's son!"—all shouted forth;
"Joy!" and the words went through the far vales sounding,
And through the forests tall, and over hills
And dells, where slumberous melancholy streams
Awoke and gave an echo. In dark woods
The wild horse started from his midnight sleep,
And shook his mane and shrilly spoke aloud.
The nightingale lay silent in the leaves,
For joy was grief to her: the timorous sheep
Were silent; and the backward-glancing hare
Lay close; and scarce the wild deer stirr'd the fern."

Now, on this passage we have two or three things to remark; *first*, it is quite ridiculous for Barry to say, that this Thessalian wedding was consummated in the golden age, when "Love's rule was free," and so many other fine things took place,—since, according to himself, in the very next page, the times were so bad, that ere this very couple had been married long enough to have more than one child, the wickedness of this very Thessaly grew to so hideous a height as to make Jupiter inflict a deluge.

"Men grew degenerate; women sunk abased;
And childhood lost its smile, and age its claim
To honour. *Jove upon his skiey throne*
Heard now no incense rise, no prayer, no thanks;
But, in their stead, commotions that shook towns,
Curses and vain defiance laughing loud;
And black abominations and foul thoughts
Were bred and nourish'd, till the heart became
Spotted as with a plague.——
Then Falsehood first was known, lean Avarice, Hate,
Hot Vengeance, and the virgin's ravishment,
Cunning, and Theft; and Murder stalk'd abroad,
Till sleep forsook the night, and Fear was born.—
Such sin was never done nor stain beheld
Through wide creation since the world began,
Save when Jehovah shot his fiery rain
Down on Gomorrah, and that city razed
And ruin'd, and its tenants all destroy'd.

Jove saw the sin, and o'er his forehead large
(Whereon, as on a map, the world is seen)
There passed a shadow of a storm," &c. &c.

The Reader will remark the fine taste of introducing JEHOVAH and GOMORRAH, as illustrative of the doings of JOVE in regard to THESSALY. This truly is to be a classical poet.—A little further on, we have Mr Barry, with similar propriety of feeling, introducing "Red Pandemonium," and

"The Peers of Satan all
Toss'd on the fiery waters, and bewailing
Their frightfull fall."

And in a subsequent passage we have "Nebuchadnezzar!"

Barry Cornwall thought, that because John Milton, in his Christian Epic, introduced allusions to many of the fables of the Heathen Mythology, there would be no harm in reversing the matter, and he, writing in the person of a Greek Bard, has the noble audacity to borrow his similitudes from the Bible. But, alas! Mr Barry Cornwall, this excuse will not pass. Milton had taken care to vindicate his classical allusions, by identifying the heathen gods of Greece with the demons of his hell.—His ADONIS even is THAMMUZ, &c. But you have no link. You are sorely in want of a simile, and you take it from a world, the least mention of which destroys the whole substance of your own groundwork—blows the affair at once into the air. As for the grossly impious effect of your introduction of JEHOVAH as opposed to JOVE—another deity, forsooth, working in another place in the same style with yours—a brother "sky god,"—it is enough to fill one with feelings more painful than any mere Cockneyism could ever create.—But if you *were* to illustrate the Flood of Thessaly from the Bible, really one should have thought you could have had no occasion to take Gomorrah, a city destroyed by fire, when you had the whole world destroyed by water, in the same identical Book of Genesis.—The whole of this mistake shews how utterly absurd are your pretensions to the assumption of a Greekish face.

But to return to our Thessalian wedding—The whole of the uproar you describe as going on among the "Sylvans," the "wood nymphs," &c. is borrowed from two lines of Virgil; and the amplifications of the presumptuous modern have no effect but that of weakening the spirit of the original—

"Speluncam Dido Dux et Trojanus eamdem
Deveniant. Prima et Tellus et pronuba Juno
Dant signum: fulsere ignes, et conscius æther
Connubiis: summoque ululârunt vertice Nymphæ."

Barry Cornwall *was* at Harrow school for a while—so he may have remembered the Latin; or he may have read the same thing in Dryden—but that is of no consequence. The only addition of the least merit is the circumstance of the horse shaking his mane, and neighing in honour of the nuptials. Now it so happens, unfortunately for Barry, that there is a picture by Poussin, representing the scene of Dido and Æneas in the cave. A horse, rearing and neighing wildly, stands in the fore-ground of this picture, just opposite to the dark mouth of the cavern, wherein the Dux Trojanus is occupied. The prints from this picture are common enough; and perhaps one of them adorns the very parlour where a certain patent lamp and servant in green livery once excited so much admiration in the breast of a certain hater of personalities, who has likened Mr Mudford of the Courier to a bundle of fleecy hosiery—called John Murray "down-looking"—Lord Wellington "hook-nosed"—Mr Croker, "hanging-browed"—Mr Southey "vulture-beaked," &c. &c. &c. Mr Barry Cornwall took the horse from this print after Poussin. We rather think he must have done so—though, to be sure, the "niherin" of Wattie the Idiot at his bride's window, when the foot-washing was going forward in our friend Galt's admirable "Entail," may have suggested it; or, perhaps, both the Poet and the Novelist drew from the same source.

As a whole, Mr Cornwall's Wedding Night is a decided failure. Virgil is representing an affair pregnant not merely with a "parvus Æneas," but with a great and bloody catastrophe. The fate of nations and of ages is concerned in that moment of guilty passion; and as Milton makes the sky drop "some few sad drops," in sympathy with the fall of Adam and Eve, so Virgil fears not to depict the whole of Elemental Nature, as fearfully conscious of the doings of the "*Spelunca*." But why all this

tumult in Thessaly, because Deucalion and Pyrrha, two respectable young people, whose marriage had not been opposed in the slightest particular by friends or fortune, are fairly united in love and happiness? "Winds," "flowers," "pipes," "sylvans," "nymphs," "oaten reeds," "pastoral instruments," "pleasant strifes," "mild eyes," "supreme delight," "words sounding," "forests tall," "streams," "echo," and "slumbrous melancholy,"—every thing agog! The horse neighs, the sheep are silent—the "backward glancing" hare lies close, and the deer's horns scarcely agitate the bramble-berries. And why, why does the horse neigh, while the politer sheep keep silence? Why is the nightingale still, and why is "joy grief to her"? Why doth the hare lie close, and why doth the stag refrain from bounding?—Why?—simply because Deucalion and "Thessalian Pyrrha" are wedded and bedded,

"And kisses press'd on lips glistening with dew."

Well, and what is the result? Within the year,

"One fair infant, while
On the young mother's swelling breast it lay,
Lay like a flower," &c.

[Observe, by the way, the propriety of the epithet "swelling"—that was the effect of the milk. Exact and excellent delineator! Joy to thee, Barry Cornwall!]

And then, as we have seen above, "the times are rank" in Thessaly, and Jove resolves on a deluge; and he calls to Neptune, and "the brother of Jove" hears; and he calls to Boreas and Auster, and so forth; and there is a storm, and it is described through almost all the rest of the poem entitled "The Flood of Thessaly." All the Thessalians are drowned—all except Pyrrha and Deucalion—even their infant is lost—and will it be believed, that this poet, who fills fifty pages with the destruction of houses, and trees, and cattle, discusses the loss of the only child of Deucalion and Pyrrha in this short and simple fashion?—

"Meanwhile, upon the loftiest summit safe,
Deucalion laboured thro' the dusky day,
Completing as he might his floating raft;"
(not floating just yet, however,)
"And Pyrrha, shelter'd in a cave, bewailed
Her child, *which perished.*"

Her child which perished! that's all—a mere allusion to the "sleeping flower upon the swelling breast."—And then immediately afterwards a hundred lines all on end about the Horses of the Atlantic Ocean—the hissing of "*sea-angels,*" (mark the jumble again,) and the choking of the moles, and the stifling of the mammoths!

After this, we have a great deal of very tolerable description of the hideous shapes in which human selfishness shews itself, when a great universal evil overshadows and overwhelms all the better feelings.—But these verses have one sad defect—there is not one new idea in them. The world possessed four terrific pictures of that sort, executed by Thucydides, Lucretius, Boccaccio, and Defoe:—In the works of these men we have long been familiar with all the horrors which Mr Cornwall has thought fit to expatiate upon.—The only difference is, that they lay their scene in the time of *the plague*, and he lays his in the time of the deluge. Make allowance for this little change of circumstance, and every thing falls back at once into the possession of its rightful owner.—Of all that direful deadening of hearts, not one *trait* was conceived by Mr William Procter.

Things go on in the old way. Jove "the sky god," is at last satisfied—the rain stops,—Pyrrha and Deucalion are thrown ashore—they go to a temple—Themis is sitting there—She bids them throw stones over their shoulders—they do so, and every stone becomes a child—in short, Cornwall tells the old tale into its minutest particulars;—and then concludes his Poem, with a vision which Deucalion sees the night after the human race has been thus restored.

The vision is of course a mere imitation of all the other visions—Milton's—Tasso's—Ariosto's—Camoens's—&c. &c.—In a word, Deucalion sees a phantasmagoriacal shadow of what, according to the opinion of this great critic and poet, forms the history of the ancient world, and more especially of Greece—And what is this?—Why, it amounts to neither more nor less, than a most perfect proof, that Barry Cornwall is as ignorant of the most common matters of chronology and

topography, as he is of those more important matters in which his lamentable deficiency has already been more than abundantly exposed.—Thebes, Memphis—Babylon—Priam—Homer—Zoroaster, and the Magi—Athens—

"Not Athens alone; but Thebes and Macedon,
Corinth and Sparta, and the rest."

"Great Poets,"—"Grave-eyed Philosophers,"—Cadmus,

"With those wondrous letters in his hand."

(Cadmus with his alphabet so long after Homer and his poems! Good!—) Amphion—Linus—Orpheus, "Thracian Shepherd"—(all there too after Homer and Cadmus)—Alexander the Great, and Bucephalus—Plato—"Socrates,"—"Pythagoras,"—(be assured, gentle reader, we adhere exactly to Barry's own order,) "Praxiteles,"—"Phidias,"—Leonidas—Archimedes—Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides—Demosthenes—Epicurus, and Alcibiades leaning on Epicurus's shoulder, (N.B. Alcibiades was dead near a hundred years ere Epicurus was born; but Barry was dreaming something about Socrates)—"And then"—to *conclude* this strange eventful history—

"And Pericles then, and then Aspasia came,
Whose midnight study, by some Eastern lamp,
Had paled her cheek; but filled her eyes with thought!"—

The vision and the sleep which it adorns being gone, Deucalion opens his eyes and "bathes his flushed forehead in the awakening light," and sees Pyrrha, "fairest of earth's visions still," bending over him—and everywhere about him the human face divine—(thanks to the large lithographic impression he had thrown off overnight)—and flowers and fruits, and "azure waters," and "forest walks." It is in the "awakening light" of dawn that he sees all these things, and yet next sentence he is surrounded by "the *sunset* silence,"—and yet two sentences lower down the page

"The amorous sun
Comes darting from his orb!"—

Deucalion and Pyrrha, surrounded by their comely stone brood, stand enjoying all this, while

"Eagles and doves"

invoking, it would appear, not Themis, but "the laughter-loving queen,"

"Paired in the ether—and the branching stag
Fled from his shadow on the grass green plain—
O golden hours! O world now stain'd with crime,
Immaculate then,—methinks thy perfect fame
Should live in song! Methinks some bard, whose heart
Traces its courage to Promethean veins,
Should build in lasting verse, firmer than mine,
Deucalion's story (upon Delphi's steep
Saved from the watery waste) and Pyrrha's woe."

And so—and with such modesty, concludes "The Flood of Thessaly; a Poem, by Barry Cornwall."

The next in place and dignity, is an effusion called "the Girl of Provence." Everybody remembers the newspaper story of a poor young woman falling in love with the statue of Apollo, while it stood in the Louvre, gazing on it, flinging flowers upon its pedestal, covering it with her shawl—in short, being very warm, and very wild, and going mad, and dying. Mr Cornwall has thought fit to make this story, which he met with, it seems, in Collinson on Lunacy, the subject of a poem; and he probably meant that the poem should be the very ideal of enthusiasm and frenzy. As it is, it appears to us that the affair savours more of the drivelling of idiotcy than of the rage of madness.

If Mr Cornwall had known anything of the ancients, he would have been aware that they had a story very nearly the same as this—of a young man who fell in love with a statue of Venus, and was found dead one morning in her temple. And at any rate, if he had been possessed of any sort of taste, he would have perceived, that if a poem *were* to be written upon such a story at all, the scene of it had much better be laid in Greece or Sicily, than in modern France—in the Louvre, during the reign of the Emperor Napoleon. Girls may go mad at any time, and in any place—and it may be so, although Hogg makes no allusion to it in his "Three Perils of Woman," that some girls, in the course of the world's history, have gone mad for the love not of flesh and blood, but of

marble. But surely, surely, it would have been much more like truth and nature and poetry, to depict such a fever as this creeping over a young and dreaming virgin's mind, in the days when a statue of Apollo was something more than a mere piece of art—when Apollo was a God, and his form in marble was not admired only, but adored, *virginibus puerisque*, sane as well as insane.

Aristotle said long ago, that a story might be true, and yet be so improbable, that it ought not to be made the subject of a poem. Now, that a young French lady should, at a ball and supper, given about the year 1810, have chosen to fall in love, not with any of the young French gentlemen who were dancing and sighing about her, but with "Phœbus Apollo," "King Apollo," "Great Apollo," this certainly is, of all things that ever were imagined, the most *improbable*. If Barry Cornwall had represented some diseased Catholic girl of twelve or thirteen, some inveterate chewer of chalk and Chateaubriand, as falling in love with some beautiful picture of St John, or King Solomon, one could have pardoned it; but he was resolved to have another touch at

"Apollo, and Mercurius, and the rest."

And here is our "Provence Maid," alias Mademoiselle de Varenne, wild all over about "Elysium!" and "Daphne!" and "Thetis!" and the "Peerless Archer!" and the "skiey secrets and bright signs!"

Nothing can be more cold and Cockneyish than the affectation of such verses as these.—[N. B. We have underlined the epithets *white* and *skiey*, because they occur *ad nauseam* in every page of this production. We have "white creature," and "*white despair*," and "*white side*," and "white hands," and God knows how many more white things; and every thing that has the most remote connection with air or sky, is, in our friend's phraseology, "skiey,"—"skiey stars," "skiey gods," "skiey winds," "skiey clouds," "skiey dreams," and "skiey stories!"]—

"Io!—fair Io!—thou didst dearly earn,
By after wanderings and transformed hours,
The love of Jove.—Fair Eva! thou didst burn
Self-martyr'd in thy green Provencal bowers,
Consumed to dust before Apollo's powers.
Both fell from too much love.—Sweet woman, *still*
Is thy love-harvest fill'd with so much ill?

"That night of revelry the victim's mind
Shook in its height; firm reason and clear thought
Forsook her, and her soul awhile grew blind,
Seared by the light of love, and wandering sought
Its way through perilous regions now forgot,
Through haunts of death and life, and the throng'd way
Of darkness,—to insufferable day.

"That night she lay within her silken nest,
White creature, dreaming till the golden dawn;
When Phœbus, shaking off his skiey rest,
Descended. Trembling, like a frighted fawn,
She lay, bewilder'd pale:—The orient morn
Wept, and the Hours blush'd scarlet, and the array
Of Heaven, (stars, moon, and clouds,) were swept away.

"No presence in the o'er-arching vault was seen
Save his, Apollo's; who, unlike a God,
Quitted his fiery height, and on the green
Starr'd with *white* haycinths and daisies, trod;
And wheresoe'er he stepp'd, the flushing sod
Threw flowers from out its heart, and from her room
Came odours, like the heliotrope's perfume."

The scene in the Louvre is so exquisite a contrast to all this, that we would fain give it entire. It begins, however, thus:

"There is a story:—that some lady came
To Paris; and while she—('tis years ago!)
Was gazing at the marbles, and the fame
Of colour which threw out a sunset glow,
A tall girl entered, with staid steps and slow,
The immortal hall where Phœbus stood array'd
In stone,—and started back, trembling, dismay'd.

"Yet still she look'd, though mute, and her clear eye
Fed on the image till a rapture grew,
Chasing the cloudy fear that hover'd nigh,
And filling with soft light her glances blue;
And still she trembled, for a pleasure new
Thrill'd her young veins, and stammering accents ran
Over her tongue, as thus her speech began:
'Apollo! King Apollo!—art thou here?
Art thou *indeed* return'd?'"

Then follows a description of the statue, borrowed half from a prize-poem by (we believe) Mr Milman, and half from Childe Harold; and then Miss de Varennes's lunacy is described—very elegantly, we must allow—as consisting of, among other elements,

"LUST! and THE DREAD OF DEATH!
and WHITE DESPAIR!"

And then comes the conclusion in this strain:

"—Time past: and when that German lady came
Again to Paris, where the image stands,
(It was in August, and the hot sun-flame
Shot through the windows)—midst the gazing bands
She sought for her whose white-beseeching hands
Spoke so imploringly before the stone,
(The Provence girl)—she ask'd; but she was gone.

"Whither none knew;—Some said that she would come
Always at morning with her blooming store,
And gaze upon the marble, pale and dumb,
But that, they thought, the tender worship wore
The girl to death; for o'er her eyes, and o'er
Her paling cheek, hues like the grave were spread:
And one at last knew further;—She was dead.

"She died, mad as the winds,—mad as the sea
Which rages for the beauty of the moon,
Mad as the poet is whose fancies flee
Up to the stars to claim some boundless boon,
Mad as the forest when the tempests tune
Their breath to song and shake its leafy pride,
Yet trembling like its shadows:—So she died.

"She died at morning, when the gentle streams
Of day came peering through the far east sky,
And that same light which wrought her maddening dreams,
Brought back her mind. She woke with gent e cry,
And in the light she loved she wish'd to die:—
She perish'd, when no more she could endure,
Hallow'd before it, like a martyr pure."

Of the "Letter of Boccaccio," which fills the next forty pages, we must be contented with observing, that it is infinitely duller than even The Flood of Thessaly, and, if possible, a more affected production than even Mademoiselle de Varenne. It is a bad imitation of Byron's "Lament of Tasso," which is an indifferent imitation of Goethe's "Torquato Tasso." The reader will admire the naive absurdity of the preface:

"As the following 'Letter' involves a few particulars of the early life of the famous Italian novelist, *it may be as well to state briefly what are and what are not facts!!!*

"Of Giovanni Boccaccio, the great author of the 'Decameron,' *little seems to be known.* (Not much in Cockaigne certainly.)—He was born at Certaldo, (*or Florence,*) about the year 1313, and when he arrived at manhood, was, *according to some accounts*, placed under the law professor *Cino de Pistoia.* His father dying soon after, Boccaccio gave himself up to poetry, and studied also the classics and the sciences *with great effect.* He himself says, in one of his letters, (*to Petrarch, I believe,*) that he was *the means of introducing the Greek language into Etruria!!!*

"*The circumstance* of Boccaccio having led a dissolute life at Florence, and having been reproved by a Carthusian friar, *are* stated as *facts, if I recollect rightly*, in Mrs *Dobson's Life of Petrarch!!!* and that he was intimate with the famous lover of Laura, is known to all. The story which I have admitted, of his having been in love with a lady near Florence, is the fiction of the authoress of 'Petrarque et Laure;' although *he was actually attached to a female,* [Thank you, Barry! The author of THE DECAMERON really, *actually*, had *one* love affair in his time! Thank you kindly for that hint, dear!] whom he celebrates under the name of Fiametta. Some persons say that this lady was MARY of ARRAGON, (daughter of Robert, King of Naples,) whom Boccaccio first saw in the church of the Cordeliers. *Whether this be the absolute fact or not, I leave to others.* It is sufficient at least for the origin of this 'Letter,' which the reader will suppose to be addressed to *her.*"

Dwelt ever such ignorance and such contentment together out of Cockaigne?

The poem itself is, as usual, a miserable medley of classical mumblings and modern missisms; and, among other delicate traits, Boccaccio is made to chatter to his mistress about Palladio and "Palladian Palaces"—the fact being, as is known to every boarding-school lad, that Palladio did not come into the world, and consequently built none of his palaces, until a good cou-

ple of hundred years after old Boccaccio's time. But why particularize blunders of this petty kind?—Shakespeare, we all know, gives Bohemia a sea-port, and why may not the author of The Mirandola take his liberties too? Two or three hundred years hence, no question, some new Dr William Augustus Schlegel will arise to justify them all in a course of lectures. Of course, the whole thought and sentiment of this letter are as unlike the author of the Decameron, as the language of Barry Cornwall is unlike his. It is truly trash.

Not much better, in any respect, are "THE FALL OF SATURN, A VISION," and "TARTARUS, A SKETCH." These are, both of them, violent efforts at energy, and displays of helplessness. The former begins in this "fine frenzy"—the result probably of a whole bumper of brisk swipes:

"I dream—I dream—I dream—
Of shadow and light—of pleasure and pain,
Of Heaven—of Hell. And visions seem
Streaming for ever athwart my brain.
The present is here, and the past that fled
So quick, is return'd with its buried dead,
And the future bath bared its scrolls of fame,
And I see the 'IS' and the 'WAS' the same,
In spirit alike, but changed in name.
I see the phantoms of Earth and Air,
A thousand are foul where one is fair,
(But that 'one' is divine, and her blue eyes calm
Are shadow'd by leaves of the branching palm,)
And I hear the yells of a million more,
Whose sins are all written in stripes and gore;
There's one who the gem of his best friend stole;
And a King half-hid in a beggar's soul,
And a Poet who lied for his earthly good,
And a Woman of glass, and a God of wood,
(Wrapp'd round like the idol-beast that treads
With murderous scorn on the Hindoos' heads)—
* * * * *
I see a Palace—enormous—bright,
Studded with stars like an August night;
The pillars that prop it are based below,
But whence they come, or whither they go,
Who, with an eye like ours, shall know!
The shafts are emboss'd and golden, and graven
With letters of Earth and Hell and Heaven,
(A terrible mixture,—like the speech
Of the sea when it bursts on a stormy beach:)
There are discord—melody—music—hung
Like beads on a rosary oddly strung,
And words of a mighty forgotten tongue:
There are lessons to curse, and a few to bless,
And riddles beyond the Sphinx's guess,"
&c. &c.

Of the other thing, "Tartarus, a Sketch," the reader will probably not wish to hear much more than that it is thus introduced by Mr B. C. himself—

"The first region of Tartarus is seen. In the distance are the four rivers; and nearer, just visible through the gloom, are the monsters asleep. A SPIRIT of Death is watching."

In case, however, his curiosity should be more than we have imagined, let him now be told, that A SPANIARD of the name of Don Something Guiomar, and A SPIRIT, are represented in this poem as surveying the horrors of Tartarus, and colloquizing concerning them; and that there is a charming jumble of "Furies," and "Avernus," and "Hydra," and "Cocytus," and "Proserpine," and "Styx," and "Ixion," and "Tantalus," and "Agave," and "Julius Cæsar," and "Palinurus," and "Adramelech," and "The Sibyl," and Ferdinand the Seventh, and "Gross Prelates," and "Filthy Monks," and—but take the *ipsissima*,

"*Guiom.* Ha! look what *scarlet shame* steals along there!
"*Spirit.* It is the Cardinal!—
"*Guiom.* Ho! ho!" &c. &c.

And then "Briareus," and "Foul Typhon," and "Lucifer, Prince of the Morning!!!" *Ohe! jam satis!*

One or two sweet enough little poems at the end of the volume, are more worthy of Mr Cornwall than any of these principal pieces; but, on the whole, this is undoubtedly a book of which, in the course of nine days, the veriest puppies of Cockneydom will see and (tacitly at least) acknowledge the helpless absurdity. We are not hypocritical enough to say, that we are anxious for seeing more of Mr Procter's performances; but, at all events, do let him oblige us so far as to give up his Greek, Latin, and Italian crudities. A Hottentot in top-boots is not more ridiculous than a classical Cockney.

ON THE IMPUTED FAILURE OF THE TRANSLATORS OF HORACE.

Let no man of talent, who happens to be of a testy disposition, turn translator.—It is a thankless office. The translators of poetry in particular, have long been in that state, which is familiarly called "hot-water,"—and that too—which is most provoking, from no fault of their own. They have been compelled, *nolentes volentes*, by the public, to try to sit upon two stools, and when, as may be expected, they fail, and fall betwixt them, the public set up a horselaugh. This is ill usage; nor has it been deserved.

Few subjects have given rise to more inconsistent, shallow, and pedantical talk, than that of translation. Treatises upon treatises have been written, and to so little purpose, that to this day the literary world is divided and subdivided upon the merits of our most celebrated versions. Facts are sacrificed to theories, and works which every body reads, are denounced as absolutely worthless, because they do not bear out some impossible hypothesis. Upon this point, critics are inconsistent even with themselves. At one time, they will assert, that only a poet can translate a poet, and in the next breath insist on his being "literal," and tell him to look out all the words in a dictionary, and do his best to get them to rhyme at the ends of the lines. The end of this generally is, that they are dissatisfied either way, and so conclude by calling all translations, in the lump, "pieces of tapestry turned the wrong side out." They are like the worthies, who, after praising the expression and feeling of Scotch music, discover that you may make a first-rate Scotch tune, by jingling the black keys of the harpsichord! It is certainly quite as monstrous, to ask an original poet to become a translator, and then to insist upon his work being *verbatim*: To turn him into a collator of parallel nouns and verbs, from lexicons and vocabularies.

What is the duty and office of a translator of poetry? It is to transfer into some other language, as far as in him lies, the whole soul and body of another poet—his meaning, his diction—in short, his *genius*, whether apparent in thought or in language, or in both. That this is an almost desperate undertaking, is not the fault of the translator; and it is a little too hard, that he should first be ordered out on the "forlorn hope," and then cashiered for miscarrying in the attempt. Poetical translators have generally failed from attempting too much. This is especially the case in versions from the dead languages. In these, the translator has not only to adduce parallel poetical expressions; but to make up for difference which time has made in the very essence of poetry itself. He has not only to contend against a foreign and often totally dissimilar idiom; but in the very mode and manner—in the very habit and fashion of the thoughts, he will find, that there is a mighty gulph to be overleaped, which modern readers ill comprehend. In rendering poetry from one modern language into another, the difficulty is principally in the idioms, nor is it even there by far so great as in translating from an ancient to a modern. The poetry of different nations of the same age has much in common. The subject matter; the turn and reach of thought; the general mode of expressing those thoughts—all have a smack and relish of the time. They have something which proves, that though the tongues be many, they are yet brethren—living in one period—dividing the same estate, consorting together, conversing together—having similar pursuits; not antiquated progenitors, brought unnaturally face to face with pert descendants, time-honoured geniuses frowning on flippant worldlings, a heterogeneous combination of what can never be forgotten with what may never be remembered. Between things which have much in common, changes are comparatively easy. If there be some minuter delicacies of expression which are lost in the process, they are few and not much regretted—we easily give up a little, when we have obtained so much.

With an ancient poet the case is widely different. Since the era of the Greek and Roman classics, there has not only been a total revolution in language, but as it were in the very essence, in the very *substratum*, of poetry itself. Who can decide how much of the essence of poetry resides in the expressions and words used by the poet, and how much in the abstract and leading thoughts? This is a line that neither poet, critic, nor meta-

physician, has ever succeeded in drawing. And how should they? It is clear, that much of the strength and spirit of poetry is in its abundant metaphor—in the comparison of abstract ideas with visible things. This principle is endless and all-pervading. Analyse the sentences of Shakespeare, and it will be found, not only that the great leading thoughts are for the most part pictorial symbols of abstract ideas, but that every member of the sentence is in itself a metaphor, and sometimes almost every word of each member. Thus, picture is included in picture; simile in simile; allusion in allusion. It is almost a matter of infinite divisibility. When, as it sometimes happens, the strength of a poet resides much in this poetical happiness of expression, insomuch is the difficulty of rendering him in any other language, and *vice versâ*. Who, for instance, could translate Wordsworth? while Moore would probably read almost as well in Latin or Italian, as in English. After this, a moment's thought must convince any one how impossible it is, in a literal sense, to translate poetry, and especially ancient poetry. We may seize and retain the principal idea, but the lesser ideas, which serve to express the greater, we cannot preserve. We translate an old poet, as a common engraver might copy that portrait of Charles the First, the lines of which are composed of minute letters giving the history of his life. We get the rough features, but leave out the beautiful and minute niceties of which they are composed. From the time when Greek and Latin were living languages, the world has been acquiring new ideas, and losing old ones. The modes of using words, the words themselves, have undergone a transformation from which it is impossible to uncharm them. It is always difficult to parallel idiomatic phrases; but with ancient and modern, it is next to hopeless. The paraphrastical versions of the classics are but bad paraphrases.

There is no mistake more lamentable than that of those who raise an outcry about literal translation. It is a gross deception, and the only wonder is, how a practice, built on such shallow foundations, should have obtained so many respectable advocates. Let them declaim against paraphrastical versions as long as they please, for the sins of such are manifold; but let them never think to mend the matter by *verbatim* "doings into English." From the classics, literal translations have, generally speaking, not succeeded. They have never been popular, and when they have been praised, it has been by those only who were familiar with the originals. Even in blank verse, the practice has been unsuccessful; nor, what is strangest of all, has it even done in measured prose, although the general diffusion of the common version of the Holy Scriptures has done much to naturalize this style in English ears. How many, for instance, or rather how few, read Macpherson's poetical prose, or Cowper's prosaical blank-verse Homer, compared with the numbers of those who are delighted with Pope! The reason of this seems to be obvious enough. Such versions, instead of being, as the French would say, "deportations" of the original author into another language, are neither more nor less than attempts to drag back the modern reader into a sort of acquaintance with an idiom totally foreign to him. In the phrase of Mrs Winifred Jenkins, "They are all the same as Greek or Latin, only the words are different." Like the Kremlin at Brighton, or the Parthenon on the Calton Hill, the superstructure is still outlandish, though the bricks and mortar are English. The mere John Bull does not know what to make of it, he is set agape, and puzzles his head to know whether he has lost his old lingo, or found a new one. With scholars, and pedantical people who are not scholars, the case is otherwise. They are either really pleased to go over their old favourites once more, under pretence of reading English, or else to have an opportunity of admiring something "classical." To a scholar, a version of this sort is a *translation* upon the same conventional principle, that an old cloak, or a slouched hat, upon the stage, is a "disguise," and no further. *Bottom* is not "translated;" he is the same to all intents and purposes, and those who pretend at first sight not to know it, only do so for stage effect.

To this dilemma, then, are translators of poetry reduced. In trying to preserve the phraseology, they lose the poetry, or in keeping the poetry, they lose all the rest. Verisimilitude is gone,

though poesy remain. "God's sonties, 'tis a hard way to hit," when the Experimentalist gets either a muddy residuum as worthless as ditch-water, or an impalpable ether without smack or flavour, to distinguish the source from whence it was drawn. It is a choice of difficulties; but there need be little hesitation in determining which difficulty to choose. It is the poet, in short, whom we must attempt to translate, rather than his work. We must endeavour to make his spirit live again in our own times, and to treat his matter as if that spirit guided the pen. Since we cannot effect a "consubstantial," we must strain after something like a "real" presence—a matter which, if any body does not understand, he must ask Mr Philpotts and the Edinburgh Reviewers. We must try to conceive how such men as Horace and Tibullus, were they living now, would write Odes and Elegies; and so rewrite what they have written,—a task about as easy as to make a coat-and-waistcoat statue of Wellington or old Blucher, in the spirit of the Farnese Hercules, or the Apollo Belvidere.—This is "*literally*" to translate a poet, a different thing from a set of unwilling English words to figure in strange idioms, like a parcel of awkward country boobies blundering through a Parisian quadrille.

That the best of the ancient classic poets, themselves, sometimes translated in this manner, any one may convince himself who is competent to compare Catullus' fragment of a version of the celebrated Ode of Sappho with the original Greek. It is any thing but literal: and if the excellent English translation in the Spectator be brought into comparison, it will be found to be nearer the Greek than that of Catullus, allowance being made for the immense difference of structure of the two languages. This, as far as it goes, is conclusive; unless it be denied that Catullus *could* have made his version more literal, had not his taste forbade him. The abrupt way in which the translation is broken off, may be eccentric. There is no reason to suppose, however, that as far as he went, he did not do his best to preserve the spirit of his beautiful original, and his design, upon the whole, is accounted for satisfactorily enough by his best commentator, Vossius.—Enough, however, of this.

The question to be answered is, why the Odes of Horace, (for it is the Odes that are the difficulty,) should be less tractable in the hands of the translators, than almost any other ancient work? That they have been so, is allowed on all hands. They are the *opprobrium poetarum*. Every body has tried the adventure, and nobody has succeeded. It is a fine paradox to puzzle the critics, who bawl so loudly for literal translations. No Latin poetry is so easy to construe—none is so plain in diction, so unambitious in sentiment, so simple in expression, so familiar in design and subject. They by no means answer our preconceived ideas of this species of writing. They are not Pindaric Odes. By the term *ode* an Englishman is immediately reminded of the cloudy effusions of Collins and of Gray—Lofty but obscure, magnificent but cumbrous and inflated—of a soaring and original, but yet a laboured and unwieldy sublimity; high, misty, and picturesque. This is the reverse of the style of Horace, which has almost as unmeaningly been called lyrical. In our ignorance of ancient music in general, and of the ancient conceptions of melody, it would be arrogant to deny that these pieces may have been sung. Indeed the Carmen Seculare no doubt was sung. Still it is difficult to conceive that they could have been so with any good effect. Melody, which can only properly exist in the poetical expression of some passion or intense feeling, requires words conveying similar sentiments. But the Odes of Horace are not, in general, passionate—they are, for the most part, calm, sedate, elegant, and sensible. When passion is betrayed, it is most frequently in touches of irony and sarcasm. His very sorrow is philosophical. The Odes, in fact, are the effusions of a philosopher, whose warmer feelings have been cooled by advancing age and bitter experience. His friendship has outlived his love, and his joviality his courage. He hangs up his wet garments in the temple of Neptune, and fairly jokes about his inconstant Pyrrhas and Lydias, and his "relictâ non bene parmula," more inclined to forget his mishaps over a bottle, or satirize in turn the hard-hearted nymphs who had insulted his advances, than to sigh and complain. These compositions, in short, are those of a wise but social man, who is inclined to en-

joy himself, though with elegance and moderation. They abound in friendliness and good fellowship—in practical philosophy and unvarnished sense. They have the air of being written after dinner, or rather after supper—but then it is after a moderate supper. They are exquisitely pleasant little copies of verses, struck off to amuse a friend, to please a patron, to flatter a mistress, or to teaze a rival—easy and natural; with little enthusiasm, little artifice, and no romance.

That translators should have especially failed in that which appears to be especially translatable, is paradoxical enough. To many, the explanation may appear to be little less so. "The interpreter may be the most unintelligible of the two." It cannot be helped. Horace is hardest to translate, precisely as the smoothest ice is most difficult to stand upon. He is *too easy*. The natural familiarity and clearness, both of his sentiment and diction, are too tractable to verbal renderings into English. The consequence is, that translators have ever had a tendency to translate Horace more literally than any other classic. What is the result of this? The easy familiarity of phrase, when "done into English," is, to the general reader, only a repulsive plainness, and the simply elegant, but yet plain sense of the sentiment, becomes trite and lumbering common-place. The redeeming spirit is gone. Had Horace been less easy of construction, he would have been far better translated into English. We should have been put upon soaring a little after his genius, instead of making stepping-stones of his words, wherewith to hobble over our task. As it is, the mere English reader is inevitably disappointed with him, and thinks in his heart, (though he dares not say so,) that the far-boasted odes are a set of common ideas in common metre. Let us, by way of proof, take three or four different translations of one of his pieces, and we shall find that the least literal is the most readable translation. The fifth Ode of the first Book is short, and may answer the purpose. It is, however, more than usually pointed, and is therefore more than an impartial example.

TO PYRRHA.

While liquid odours round him breathe,
What youth thy rosy bower beneath
Now courts thee to be kind?
Pyrrha, for whose unwary heart
Dost thou, thus drest with careless art,
Thy yellow tresses bind?

How often shall th' unpractised youth,
Of alter'd Gods and injured truth,
With tears, alas! complain!
How soon behold, with wond'ring eyes,
The blackening winds tempestuous rise,
And scowl along the main!

While, by his easy faith betray'd,
He now enjoys thee, golden maid,
Thus amiable and kind;
He fondly hopes that thou shalt prove
Thus ever vacant to his love,
Nor heeds the faithless wind.

Unhappy they, to whom, untried,
Thou shinest, alas! in beauty's pride;
While I, now safe on shore,
Will consecrate the pictured storm,
And all my grateful vows perform,
To Neptune's saving power.

FRANCIS.

TO PYRRHA.

What youth, bedew'd with moist perfume,
Courts thee, oh! Pyrrha, graceful maid!
With neat simplicity array'd,
In the sweet bow'r where roses bloom?

For whom dost thou in ringlets form
Thy golden locks? Oft shall he wail
Thy truth, swift changing as the gale,
View the wild waves, and shudder at the storm,

Who now, all credulous, all gay,
Enjoys thy smile; on whose vain pride
Thy fickle favour shines untried,
And soft, deceitful breezes play.

My fate the pictured wreck displays;
The dripping garments that remain
In mighty Neptune's sacred fane,
Record my glad escape, my grateful praise.

BOSCAWEN.

TO PYRRHA.

What slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odours,
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave?
Pyrrha, for whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair?

Plain in thy neatness. O how oft shall he
On faith and changed Gods complain, and seas,
Rough with black winds and storms,
Unwonted shall admire!

Who now enjoys thee, credulous, all gold,
Who always vacant, always amiable,
Hopes thee, of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapless they,
To whom thou, untry'd, seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the sacred wall declares to have hung
My dank and dripping weeds
To the stern God of sea.

MILTON.

TO PYRRHA.

To whom now, Pyrrha, art thou kind?
To what heart-ravish'd lover
Dost thou thy golden locks unbind,
Thy hidden sweets discover,
And, with large bounty, open set
All the bright stores of thy rich cabinet?

Ah! simple youth, how oft will he
Of thy chang'd faith complain!
And his own fortunes find to be
So airy and so vain,
Of so cameleon-like a hue,
That still their colour changes with it too.

How oft, alas! will he admire
The blackness of the skies,
Trembling to hear the winds sound higher,
And see the billows rise.
Poor inexperienc'd he,
Who ne'er before, alack, had been at sea!

He enjoys thy calmy sunshine now,
And no breath stirring hears;
In the clear heaven of thy brow
No smallest cloud appears.
He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
And trusts the faithless April of thy May.

Unhappy, thrice unhappy he,
To whom thou, untried, dost shine;
But there's no danger now for me,
Since o'er Loretto's shrine,
In witness of the shipwreck past,
My consecrated vessel hangs at last.

COWLEY.

Of the foregoing versions, most readers will agree that is the best, or at least the most readable, which is the least literal. Paraphrastical though it be, it has most of the spirit, though least of the body, of the author. The name and well-known inverted style of Milton, are barely sufficient to make us relish his severe version of this elegant little ode. From this little specimen, however, it is evident that elegant familiarity is the "saving grace" of the lighter effusions of Horace. It is this which makes the imitations of him, or rather the application of his verses to modern events and persons, often preferable to *bona fide* translations, however judiciously executed. His allusions, to be happy, must be rendered familiar, and they can only be familiar by being recent. Of the *Consular Fasces*, or *Soracte* covered with snow, or of a *Cadus* of Albanian or Falernian wine, we have but indistinct ideas; but a gold stick, or a red ribbon, comes pat to our imaginations; and every one can relish an allusion to Arthur's Seat or (if the Cockneys will have it so) to Richmond Hill, or the foretaste of a bottle of Chateau Margoux or Lacrymæ Christi. It is the happy glancing at something known that is the mainspring of the business, with the air of ease and gentlemanly freedom. Thus we like Warren Hastings's imitation of the "Otium Divos" better than the original, and chuckle over the waggish Parodies of Horace in London, more than becomes good pedants, imbued with a proper veneration for the ancients. These are the real arguments against literal translations. It is quite as well, however, that in its own nature it is impracticable of being continued to any length. The loftier the poetry, too, the more this rule holds. How quickly the sublimities of Ancient Pistol were puzzled by literal translations! The instance is to the point. "Mister Fer, (quoth he,) I'll fer him and firk him, and ferret him: discuss the same unto him in French, boy." To which the boy replieth, "I do not know the French for '*fer*' and '*firk*' and '*ferret!*'" It was so much the better.

T. D.

STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF JOHN KEMBLE.

——— Non ego te meis
Chartis inornatum silebo,
Totve tuos patiar labores
Impune, ***, carpere lividas
Obliviones.

THE star that o'er departed years
Shed forth its bright and beauteous beam,
Even as its brilliance disappears,
Proclaims that life is all a dream.
Kemble! before our visions thou
Did'st pass, the paragon of men;
Thine eyes flash'd lightnings, and thy brow
Awed Darkness to her den!

Thy genius took a thousand forms,
To grace—to dazzle—to dismay—
Now brooding o'er dim-gather'd storms,
Now shedding rosy, radiant day.
Witness the Moor's all-jealous ire;
Witness the Prince's restless eye;
Witness the King's contrition dire,
The Roman's dignity!

Thou stood'st, an emblem to our eyes,
Of all that saddens or sublimes—
A form descended from the skies,
To nobly image ancient times—
To say, "Behold in me revived,
Torn from tradition's pictured page,
One, who in guilt or glory lived,
In some far vanish'd age!"

Lo! even thou the shade art fled—
Upon a far romantic shore,
Fate bade thee mingle with the dead,
And we behold thy form no more!
No more!—yet brightly shalt thou shine,
A thought that never can depart,
Mingled with youth's warm dreams divine,
In many a grateful heart.

Amidst admiring thousands, thou
The awful passions of the soul
Badest rise and work; and, o'er thy brow,
The sun did shine, the storm did roll:
Love, like the zephyr's vernal sigh—
Anger, like Etna when it burns—
Despair, and guilt, and jealousy,
In all their varied turns.

But thou hast left us—thou art gone
To rest in low and lonely bed,
Torn off from life, an added one
To the great legion of the dead.
Shakespeare! his wreath is twined with yours;
With you he blends his deathless lot:
Ne'er, while the Drama's reign endures,
Can Kemble be forgot!

SUNSET THOUGHTS.

How beautiful the setting sun
Reposes o'er the wave!
Like Virtue, life's drear warfare done,
Descending to the grave;
Yet smiling with a brow of love,
Benignant, pure, and kind,
And blessing, ere she soars above,
The realms she leaves behind.

The cloudlets, edged with crimson light,
Veil o'er the blue serene,
While swift the legions of the night,
Are shadowing o'er the scene.
The sea-gull, with a wailing moan,
Up starting, turns to seek
Its lonely dwelling-place, upon
The promontory's peak.

The heaving sea—the distant hill—
The waning sky—the woods—
With melancholy musing fill
The swelling heart, that broods
Upon the light of other days,
Whose glories now are dull,
And on the visions Hope could raise,
Vacant, but beautiful!

Where are the bright illusions vain,
That fancy boded forth?
Sunk to their silent caves again,
Aurorœ of the North:
Oh! who would live those visions o'er,
All brilliant though they seem,
Since Earth is but a desert shore,
And Life a weary dream!

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THE TRIALS OF MARGARET LYNDSAY.*

We consider it one of the advantageous changes in the public opinion in letters, that the *Novel* has now attained a rank in literature much above what it was some time ago allowed to assume. It was formerly looked upon as a kind of reading only fit for the idle among the young, who might skim over the pages of a novel in the moments of hair-dressing, (when hair-dressing was the fashion); and, if not positively hurtful and demoralizing, was set down as a waste of time, as a relaxation enfeebling the mind, destructive of those common-sense views of life which its romantic or sentimental fictions wished to discredit, as opposed to practical wisdom or useful benevolence. The heroic romance had passed away, and given place to tales, generally of high life, almost as little like nature, or the actual world, as the figments of chivalric valour, or romantic love, tournaments of rival knights, or combats with barbarous giants.

Now, however, the Novel has attained a very different station in modern literature. It rises sometimes into the region of History; lifts the embroidered curtain of grandeur and exalted rank; enters imperial palaces; tells what greatness truly is, when stripped of the dazzling accompaniment of its parade, and attends it in those private apartments where diplomacy never made its formal reverence,

* Second Edition, post 8vo. Blackwood, Edinburgh, and Cadell, London. 1823.

nor chamberlains or masters of ceremony plied their rods of office. The change has been carried to a great, sometimes, perhaps, an extravagant length. Poetry and fictitious narrative have condescended to keep very humble company, and have given, sometimes in the very homely language of the humble persons of its drama, not "*the short and simple*," but at least the genuine and unadorned, "*annals of the poor.*"

The author (whoever he is, for it is now the fashion to write and publish *incognito*) of the *Trials of Margaret Lyndsay*, had given a very favourable specimen of this last-mentioned species of composition in his *Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life*; he has now embodied, in one connected and extended story, those ideas of the unassuming virtue of the lower ranks, in situations of sorrow and affliction, calculated to strengthen, by their example, the patience, the resignation, and the piety, of the unfortunate, and to shew what comforts a sense of honesty, of kind and humane feeling towards man, and of a firm dependence on God, can bestow amidst severe and repeated trials.

It requires a very uncommon talent for the construction of a fable, the contrivance of incidents, and diversity of character, to fix the attention and amuse the mind of the reader through a volume of 400 very closely-printed pages. Now, the author of this volume has most undoubtedly kept up the interest of it with extraordinary power, and yet he has not assumed the merit of a skilfully-arranged story, or artificial development of plot, which has often failed even with some highly celebrated and most popular novelists. He has shewn his heroine, *Margaret Lyndsay*, most amiable, virtuous, and pious, through a variety of trials from her childhood upwards, not in adventures at all uncommon or complex, but amidst privations and distresses which reach the poor and the lowly in ordinary life, and call forth those qualities and dispositions, whether good or evil, which such situations exhibit, attended with their customary effects, and attended with their customary joys or sorrows,—joys never buoyant with violent rapture, sorrows not often sunk in deep despair, and neither the one nor the other expressed in the vehemence of impassioned language, and but rarely productive of dramatic incidents, such as strike or overpower the feelings of the reader; rarely, we say, for a few such do occur, and their effect is, no doubt, the more overwhelming, on account of the sparingness with which the author has put forth this particular branch of his powers.

This is certainly a useful species of composition: if it can extend the empire of virtue and religion, and bring their excellencies into contact with the humble ranks of society, traced through scenes with which the higher classes of mankind are often but little, too little, familiar, it may profit both. "Take physic," (says the tempest-beaten *Lear*,)

> "Take physic, Pomp;
> Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
> That you may cast the superflux to them,
> And shew the heavens more just."

Such may reasonably be expected to be the effect of such biography as that of *Margaret Lyndsay*, and as such we would earnestly recommend it to the perusal of the gay and the happy, whose youth has been lapped in the indulgences of wealth, or reposed amidst the indolent privileges of high birth or elevated rank. They need be in no apprehension of encountering tedium or ennui in the perusal; for, true to nature, and to humble nature, as the work is, there is also a deep tinge of poetry and passion thrown over it, which, without diminishing the fidelity of the picture of lowly life, exalts the character of the composition, and preserves sure and undoubted the position of its author. His former volume has long ago taken a strong hold of the public mind. It was universally received, and is still valued, as exhibiting a beautiful union of the spirit of poetry with that of the most ordinary human life; and, in spite of occasional exaggerations both of language and sentiment, (which, we think, might have been weeded from a third edition;—but obstinacy is the badge of all the tribe,) making perpetual appeals to the best, and purest, and simplest emotions of the human bosom. In the present volume, the reader will, on the whole, recognize much of the same general character, both as to excellencies and defects. He will find, indeed, the same tendency to exuberance of ornament, but he will find it less indulged. He will find, perhaps, less of fancy, less of ideal beauty, less of pure ima-

gination; but then he will find, unless we be greatly mistaken, a stronger mastery over the affections, and a deeper insight into the affairs of that humble, but often agitated, world, with which this author's moral contemplations are so familiar, and in which they seem to take so much melancholy pleasure. It appears to us, that there is more of earnestness and fervour in some of the quiet homely descriptions in this tale, than in the more brilliant expositions of mingled fancy and feeling in the former volume. There are single phrases,—images,—circumstances, scattered everywhere, which have all the power of pathos, and yet seem as if they had fallen involuntarily from the pen. There is more of the poet's power, and less of poetical embellishment; and great as the writer's popularity is, we are sure it would be much increased if he would carry this matter still further, and, without sacrificing any part of his inspiration, which is, and always must be, essentially poetic, labour to subdue his expression still more nearly to the ordinary level of prose composition.

The story of *Margaret Lyndsay* is nearly as follows:—Born of creditable parents, not of the lowest rank, her father was *Walter Lyndsay*, who lost in early life his father, *Adam Lyndsay*, a country surgeon, and was thrown upon his own industry (he had been bred a printer) for the support of himself and a widowed mother; but notwithstanding this slender means of support, he made what might be called a love-match with *Alice Craig*, the daughter of an intimate friend of his father's, who had lost that last surviving parent but a very few days after the death of his friend *Adam Lyndsay*, at whose funeral he had assisted, and was supposed to have suffered from rashly venturing to attend that solemnity. Of this marriage *Margaret Lyndsay* was the eldest child; there were three other children; *Esther*, who lost her sight when an infant in the small-pox; *Marion*, who met with a calamity still more severe,—the privation of reason and intellect by a violent fever; and *Laurence*, a boy of a sprightly and active disposition, who went early into the sea-service, to which that disposition had inclined him from his childhood, and was separated from his family by an expedition on which the ship in which he served was employed, in the course of which it was not known whither he had sailed, nor was there any communication with, or intelligence about him, at or some time after the commencement of this story.

For sixteen years this family lived in quiet and contented happiness at *Brachead*, a hamlet situated about two miles from Edinburgh, under the shelter of the highest line of the *Braid-hills*. But at the end of that period, the sunshine of their life was overcast, chiefly by the thoughtless depravity of the father, Walter Lyndsay, who is described as a man not of firm and fixed principles, having been long wavering in his religious belief, and who had that belief altogether overset by becoming a member of a political, and, like most of those political, a free-thinking society; an association which seduced him from moral rectitude, as well as religious principles. Under this baneful influence, he forgot his fear of God, his affection to his wife, his duty to his children, his reverence for his venerable mother, and linked himself to the deserted wife of one of the profligate members of the club, with whom he lived in adultery; and after being imprisoned on treasonable practices, and liberated from such imprisonment, went off with this abandoned woman, leaving his family to the support of what their incessant labour could procure them, burdened as they were with the maintenance and care of the poor innocent *Marion*, and her palsied grandmother. Of the burthen of this aged woman they were relieved by her death, which took place at the very moment when the infatuated Walter left the country in company with his paramour; and as for the blind and most engaging *Esther*, she formed no part of that burthen, for, notwithstanding the want of sight, she learned with a ready docility the little pieces of work of which the blind are capable, such as making of baskets and other wicker-work, so that she contributed to the little funds of her family by her labour, while with her voice, a voice of uncommon sweetness, and a skill almost intuitive in singing, she gratified and amused them in the pauses of their labour, and gave ecstacy to their songs of praise each Sabbath-day in church. But of those little enjoyments they were soon deprived by the ravages of an infectious fever, which raged in the little lane in

which they had procured a cheap and humble dwelling, which cut off successively Margaret's two sisters, *Esther* and *Marion*; and, in addition to that calamity, her mother, after suffering some months the excruciating pains of a hidden disease, died the death of a Christian, escaping from a world of woe, to struggle with the evils of which her daughter Margaret was now left unfriended and alone;—not unfriended, indeed, for she had attracted the notice, and acquired the friendship, of a most benevolent young lady, a *Miss Wedderburn*, who took her to her mother's house to be her friend and companion, and the instructress of two young sisters, in which office Margaret found her duty more a pleasure than a task. In this house, however, she met with one of those Trials which the author has shewn her to overcome,—the love and the addresses of young Mr Wedderburn, who pressed her to marry him, or at least to engage to marry him after his mother's death. His pressing instances to this engagement she positively refused to comply with, and after vindicating herself in the eyes of Mrs Wedderburn of all design on her son, or even the ingratitude of giving the smallest encouragement to his addresses, she left the house, and went to a granduncle's in Clydesdale, from whom her father had been long estranged by some family difference. This old man, though a miser, and long indifferent about his brother's family, and indeed about all the world, except an old housemaid, his only and faithful domestic, was so won by the beauty and amiable qualities of his grandniece, as to keep her in his house, and leave her his property, all except a certain portion to her brother *Laurence*, now a lieutenant in the navy, after his death. Here, in the peaceful and secluded village where her uncle's farm was situated, she lived a happy and useful life, till its serenity was disturbed by a passion which she conceived for the son of her excellent friend, the clergyman of the parish, a *Mr Oswald*, who returned from the army soon after she was settled in his father's parish. To this young man, who, after a youth confessedly irregular, had now, it was supposed, reformed all his errors and his vices, and whose manners and dispositions are described as extremely attractive, Margaret Lyndsay was married by his excellent father, who fondly hoped that such a wife would confirm his reformation, and render as happy as virtuous the remaining years of his life. But a dreadful *trial* was awaiting Margaret Lyndsay, as well as the venerable father and sister of this young man. A woman whom he had first seduced, and afterwards married, but who was reported to be dead, returned to claim him as her husband, and the father of a child whom she brought with her to her father-in-law's. Her husband, *Ludovic Oswald*, came into the room where his father and Margaret (now his wife no more) were seated—saw his child and its mother—confessed his prior marriage—and, rushing from the place in anguish, remorse, and despair, went as a private into the army, in a regiment then serving in the West Indies. His wife, *Hannah Blantyre*, did not long survive this miserable meeting, but left her boy to the care and kindness of Mr Oswald and Margaret Lyndsay. Margaret bore this dreadful calamity with the heroic resignation of a Christian, and continued to live in the parish, soothing her life, amidst its sufferings, with the exercise of benevolence and piety, and giving to her friends and intimate acquaintances that tribute of complacency, and even cheerfulness, with which a temper so heavenly as hers can smile through the tears of the severest sorrow.

After a considerable interval, Ludovic Oswald returned a private soldier, (for as such he had again joined the army,) wounded, and reduced by an attack of the yellow fever to the gates of death. In the extremity of his disease he fell down in the streets of Edinburgh, and had been carried to the Infirmary, whence he scrawled a notification of his state to his old father, who watched, with Margaret, the more comfortable sick-bed which Miss Wedderburn's house afforded, till he slowly recovered so much health as to be again married to Margaret by his father. By her care, and the restored calmness of a disburdened conscience, he recovered, though not robust health, yet sufficiently to live several years,—the happy husband of this most excellent of women, and the father of a charming boy and girl. While they were yet children, he died from that state of weakness to which his former

wounds and subsequent fever had reduced him; and the story concludes with an account of that quiet state of chastened comfort, that unabated exercise of virtue and benevolence, in which the latter days of *Margaret Lyndsay* repose, after so many *Trials* overcome by the steady principles of rectitude and religion, the brightenings of piety, and the foretaste of those joys in a future state reserved for the righteous.

These are some of what may be called the minor and subordinate parts of the story, which, however, produce *Trials* to Margaret Lyndsay, little less affecting than what may be more properly said to be supposed to have been introduced as examples of her delicate sense of rectitude and prudence, and warnings to others of what a want of caution may lead to, even in the best-regulated minds. A young man, Harry Needham, a mess-mate of her brother Laurence, tempts her to go in their jigger-rigg'd boat, belonging to their ship, to see her brother, now on board the ship in Leith Roads, though it was Sunday, and she had left home with the intention of going to church. This intended excursion terminated very tragically. The boat is upset by the sudden rising of Margaret, to prevent one of the sailors shooting a sea-mew, (the author forgot that this was on a *Sunday*,) slowly winnowing its flight over their heads. Margaret is taken out of the water in a lifeless state, but restored, not without an illness of two or three weeks, by the care of her mother;—but poor Harry Needham is drowned. This distressing episode—exquisitely beautiful as the description is—we rather think, might have been spared;—it leads to nothing in the progress of the story, and rather oppresses the reader, weighed down as his imagination is with the numberless calamities that affect the unhappy family of the Lyndsays.

Another occasional trial, though only of that gentle melancholy which rather produces pensiveness than distress, is the slow consuming illness and death of *Michael Graham*, a young man destined for the church, whose story is so extremely like that of *Michael Bruce*, the amiable but short-lived poet of Kinross-shire, that the author mentions the parallelism himself. One peculiarity only belongs to the story of *Michael Graham*. That sort of pure and sainted love with which the beauty and excellence of Margaret Lyndsay has inspired him, and which he owns at last in an interesting scene,—a meeting with her in the retirement of the Willow Arbour, near her house. That interview has also a parallel in the scene in the *Man of Feeling*, where the dying *Harley* discloses his love to *Miss Walton*; but when the character and features of Graham's mind have been once introduced, it cannot be called plagiarism to put into his mouth language which such dispositions in such a situation would naturally prompt.

Another passage closely resembles the very admirable and affecting scene in the *Antiquary*, where the fisherman's mother is introduced at the funeral of her grandson. One incident in this book is perhaps still more dramatic than the exhibition of the old woman in the last-mentioned novel, namely, the grandmother walking with noiseless ghost-like step into the room, on hearing the resolution of Walter to desert his family, and pronouncing a mother's curse on him in the anguish and indignation of her parting soul, if he forsakes them. Somewhat akin to this defect of novelty, is what will probably strike the reader as a repetition which the author gives of himself, in the two characters of *Walter Lyndsay* and *Ludovic Oswald*; and is equally observable in those of the paramour of Walter, and the first wife of Ludovic—both bold bad women; wronged indeed, but resenting their wrongs in a violent and outrageous manner. The incidents affecting them, as well as their characters, are nearly a repetition of what in itself is not of a pleasant sort. We always feel uneasy at seeing the female character thus exhibited in features so unamiable, as well as masculine. Even its virtues should be of a quiet and gentle sort;—such are those of the author's principal character, *Margaret Lyndsay*, and they are sketched with the delicacy of no ordinary pencil.

In the delineation of character, there is perhaps some want of individual feature, the amiable as well as the unamiable traits being of a general kind. The principal character, *Margaret Lyndsay*, is every thing that is lovely in person and excellent in mind; but we seldom see, in her sentiments or conduct, those sudden, abrupt, un-

foreseen outbreakings of soul, which strike deep on our feelings, or impress themselves strongly on our memory. But perhaps the object of this writer is better answered by this level tone, as it might be called, of character, which suits the rank and condition of the persons of this drama, than it would have been by more vehement ebullitions of passion, which are shewn amidst the storms of more exalted life, amidst scenes of higher and more public interest. The same answer may be made to a defect which some critics, who require strongly impressive qualities in fictitious writing, may object to this work, that there is too little of *relief* in the delineations of character, and in the circumstances of the persons introduced into it. But the author may reply, that Nature, in the simple forms in which this tale is meant to exhibit her, does not deal in extremes, and is best represented in those middle tints which belong to the world as it is. He may rely on it, that his taste has not deceived him; and that there is a charm about the purity, innocence, and loving nature of his heroine, quite sufficient to make anything that befals her intensely interesting.

The general style of the work is of a piece with this picture of ordinary life. It does not rise into eloquence of an ardent or impassioned sort; but its language has a quiet elegance and refinement, which flows in an even tenor of proper and carefully chosen expression, discriminating sufficiently the personal appearances, as well as the moral attributes, of the persons, and the graphic description of the scenery, in the midst of which they are placed, morally speaking. It presents us with a chart of moral life, and points out the shoals and quicksands which, in the voyage of that life, are so often to be met with. It furnishes the tenants of the village and the hamlet with a manual of those duties which they owe to God, to themselves, and their neighbours, and shews whence they may derive happiness in prosperous, and comfort in adverse fortune. The style sometimes approaches perhaps too near to poetry, in the redundance of epithets,—epithets occasionally of a compound sort. We have already, more than once, alluded to this as a defect; and yet we allow, that, in the finer and more minute attributes of mind, it is difficult to express the almost imperceptible gradations to which these are subject without a compound expression, which, after all, speaks, as the Grecian bard says, only to such as can understand it. And surely that person must be of a strange mind, who would run the risk of weakening a writer of great and acknowledged genius, by pressing upon him too closely the consideration of a few mere superficial peculiarities, which in no way whatever affect the general tone of his intellect, but, in removing which, he might perhaps chance to remove something well worth all the triumphs that ever mere criticism could achieve.

There is one person of the author's drama whom he seems rather fond of exhibiting, which a poet may indeed choose, as painters sometimes select melancholy and unpleasant subjects for the sake of the pictures which they give an opportunity of drawing, *Marion*, the sister of Margaret Lyndsay, whose imbecility of mind was occasioned by a violent fever in her infancy. But this dark portrait has been painted with a force perhaps more than sufficient, by different authors; and we are not sure if it were not better now to spare the reader an exhibition which, though not new, must be distressing, especially to persons, more numerous than is commonly imagined, who have children or near relations in such a calamitous situation. But, in justice to the author of this work, we must add, that the descriptions are most true to nature, and, though melancholy, are cheered by the assurances of a certain innocent and simple enjoyment which Providence has graciously allowed to that disordered state of mind. Her short sentences are expressed in most appropriate language, and shew a dim serenity of mind (if the phrase may be allowed us) amidst the mist which clouds her reason.

"'Brachead is the place for birds and butterflies, and the singing honey-bees. Is Robin-red-breast dead and buried? We'll soon see;' and then she ran to her tame dove, and taking it up, began to fondle it, and entirely forgot that any other notion had been in her mind, or that she was to be taken with the rest to Brachead."

The concluding scene of her innocent life, that of her death-bed, is drawn with a masterly hand.

"While Marion lived, her mother felt towards her a love deeper than even she could herself know; but when her little bosom ceased to move, all was hushed in that mother's heart. The death of so utterly helpless a being was wept over by natural tears; but it could not, on her own account, be lamented. As long as her pulse beat, her mother had watched her as if upon her life her own had hung; and many, indeed, were the recollections of bypast things gathered round that helpless head; but when her Maker took to himself the soul which, in his inscrutable wisdom, he had darkened during its short sojourn on earth, a melancholy mystery seemed at an end—and one all unfit for this life had been mercifully removed. She had been happy in her mild derangement; so tenderly treated that no hardship had reached her; no bodily miseries had ever painfully perplexed and confounded her stricken soul; but her imperfect speech had often been about birds and flowers in their beauty, and the little she did know was all of kindness and love. Therefore her mother and Margaret both stood looking calmly upon her face—now pleasing and intelligent in death, as if she had enjoyed perfect reason; while her smile, that in life had been so wavering and inconstant, was immovable now, and liable to no change but that of fast approaching decay."

Her blind sister, Esther, is a character of a less mixed sort; her blindness is so alleviated by her capacity, both for occupations and amusements, that children without any such privation might almost envy her lot. Music, delightful to all, but which literally "*laps the blind in Elysium*," she had, in her artless way, so far cultivated with success, as to be able to sing with that exquisitely sweet voice and truly musical feeling, with which the author describes her as endowed, the sacred psalmody of the church, and the simply pathetic songs of her native land, in such a manner as to enchant her family, and often win them from their woes. There appears to us to be rather a useless parenthetical episode introduced of Margaret's suitors, with the characters of the clownish farmer, *Duncan Gray*, and the coxcombical sprig of the church, *Eneas M'Taggart*. These are not worth the interruption which they give to the main story; they are common-place comedy, rather heavily brought forth, and pass over the mind of the reader like a cold murky cloud over the sunshine of a spring or summer sky.

The character of Miss Wedderburn, of pure unmixed benevolence, comforting the poor and the suffering amidst poverty, sickness, and death, is given with great effect. Her feelings of gentle piety are advantageously contrasted with the dark fanatical religion of *Miss Ramsay*, a disciple of that gloomy school with whom religion is always clothed with terror, and the image of the merciful and benevolent Deity for ever shaded with the frowns of anger and displeasure. A single expressive stroke exhibits another contrast,—that of a vulgar worldly Glasgow shopkeeper, in the person of the well-fed pursy *Widow Alison*, whose portrait is sketched with a *Tenier's* pencil, "whirling down a yard of twine from the roller to tie a two-pound parcel of brown sugar."

Such passing strokes of the pencil shew an intimacy with the smaller features of rural manners and scenery, which give the writer and his story an interest with the reader. Such is that picture of the bed-room and of the kitchen-parlour in *Daniel Craig's* house, which we have quoted above; such the description of the assembling of the congregation at a country church:

"The congregation began to collect in the church-yard—some standing in little groups, and others sitting down in the sunshine, upon the grave-stones, or the old mossy wall. The bell tinkled clear in the dry atmosphere, and its sound brought together, in quickening motion, people appearing over the braes, and rising up from the hollows. A quiet animation prevailed—the salutations of courtesy partook of the spirit of religion; and the composed faces and voices of all spoke of that common sentiment by which we feel ourselves to be united, as brethren of mankind."

And of similar merit is the description of the ground about the farm-house, with its various little accompaniments, the genuine landscape of unpretending neatness and comfort:

"She (Margaret) made no violent changes about Nether-Place, for she respected the memory of her old kind uncle; and she swept not away any of the antique objects that had been familiar to his eyes, however rude or homely. But still there appeared all around the difference between young and old fancies; a spirit of brighter expression encompassed the avenue, garden, house, and adjacent fields; and, while every thing in itself permanent was not only allowed to remain, but was carefully protected, such as the Willow-Arbour, the root-seats, the high beech hedges, and the little shed, in whose niches the tufted bee-

hives stood secure from every wind that blew—many little additions were made, and many little clearings away, that let in the beauty of Nature more tenderly or more boldly upon Nether-Place, till the neighbours, who knew it best, declared that, though they couldnot tell why, it was far bonnier than before, and certainly not to be matched any where in all the Upper Ward."

The consolation of religion is never wanting to the afflicted in this tale of *Trials*. Margaret has recourse to her Bible amidst the distressing uncertainty of what might be the result of the journey to throw herself on the kindness of an uncle, whom she had never seen, and whom her father's conduct had estranged from her. The scene has an air of peaceful serenity which suits the temper of this excellent young woman.

"She sat down on the low turf-wall of a little enclosure in the moor, she tried to persuade herself that it was heartless to be happy—and that she ought to be sad and sorrowful in memory of the beloved dead. But conscience whispered away all such idle misgivings, and guarded her pure spiritual happiness. Not even could the remembrance of all the funerals she had seen prepared, one by one, within little more than a single year, distress her innocent soul. Her Bible, too, was in the bundle she carried in her hand. There, in the silence of that sweet solitary spot, she took it out, and read two or three chapters of the New Testament. As she again shut the clasps, and lifted up her eyes, how soothingly beautiful the green knolls, with their little groups of lambs asleep or in play! And, as she looked to heaven, how steeped in mercy seemed the blue depths of the wide smiling sky! She rose with an expanding heart, and walked on along the dreary dusty road as if it had been the soft margin of a murmuring rivulet."

Such also is that excellent passage, descriptive of the Sabbath-day musings of Margaret, communing with her own heart, and assisted in her pious thoughts by that book which was her daily guide and comfort.

"Margaret arose, and knowing that on that day no hand would lift the latch of the garden-gate, she took her Bible into the willow-arbour, and with it composed her heart. This was the Lord's day; and upon it the heart of every sinful and sorrowful creature, if inspired with religious faith, may humbly bring itself into closer communion with the Great Spirit of the Universe. In that quiet place, with the shadows of the flowering branches chequering the holy page, Margaret felt every passion laid asleep. Unconsciously she turned to those chapters where she knew there were comforts promised to the afflicted, and now every verse seemed to overflow with more merciful meanings, and to breathe a blessing farther and farther into her lately disconsolate soul. That book had been her support when watching by the bedside of her dying sisters—and nothing else but that book could have sustained her when she was hearing her mother's groans, and wiping away the big drops of agony from her forehead. When it was upon her knees, the power of this mortal life over her was subdued or destroyed; the shadow of the world to come was then brought solemnly over her thoughtful spirit; and an awe was felt, as if she were sitting more immediately in the presence of her Maker."

We cannot give a fairer specimen of the work than the following very natural and pleasing description of an expedition of the family of the Lyndsays to their former habitation at *Bracehead*, from which their former calamitous change of circumstances had banished them:

"It was a pleasant afternoon, and thousands of peaceable parties, mostly family ones, were taking their weekly walk in quiet and contented happiness. Each group was satisfied within itself, and greetings were interchanged, as they passed along, in that kind spirit which had been infused into their minds by the service of the hallowed day. There was no noise, and one character of grateful contentment reigned over all. The large city was hushed within, without, and around. Every irregular and disturbing feeling seemed almost wholly calmed; and the gentle closing of day, without being dull or spiritless, was such as the minds of men would have desired, who were obliged by necessity to forget in their usual occupations more serious and solemn thought, and who therefore enjoyed the stated return of leisure and freedom from a painful thraldom, much more in the sobriety of reflection, than they would have done in eager and unrestrained delight. The young sailor, who had not forgotten his Scottish Sabbaths in foreign countries, but who had kept them with a happy conscience amidst the tumult and recklessness of a ship of war, now walked through places well-known and well-beloved, with a heart alive to every minute remembrance. He had some pleasant or gay thought to connect with every field, and with many of the knotted trunks of the old way-side trees. At first his recollections, as he gladly expressed them, were mournful to his mother's heart; but when she reflected how happy were all her children, and that her husband would probably return to her, that despondency gradually wore off, and

before they came in sight of the Plane trees of Brachead, faintly tinged with the verdure of spring, she felt quite happy, and joined with her children in a joyful exclamation, as soon as they beheld the roof of what had so long been their own house. Its appearance gave no painful shock,—there it stood in its well-known vernal beauty, and Margaret's eye flashed through joyful tears as she turned smiling round to her mother, and said, 'Bonny Brachead looks as sweet as ever,—it is not true that they have cut down our trees.'

"The small party did not go straight up to the house, but, by a footpath, went into the wide broomy field behind it, and sat down together on a green knoll. Little or nothing was changed. They knew the very cows that were pasturing about them, and the tall grey horse belonging to John Walker, their old neighbour, was taking his Sabbath rest in the pasture. A few early lambs were running to and fro,—the voice of bees was not unheard,—and the loud, clear, and mellow song of the blackbirds was ringing through the Braidhill Wood. It was just a Sabbath of other years. One person only was wanting. Had he been with them, their happiness had been complete. But although he was not there, his image was; and there were circumstances known to one and all of them, that gave them reason to hope, that, on their next visit, he might be present at the head of them, and dearer to them for the sake of his misfortunes and his repented sins. So the small party continued sitting in tranquillity,—not, indeed, a party of pleasure, for that is but a shallow word, but one contented with their lot, and humbly anxious to deserve it, with all its sorrows, by resignation to the decrees of Heaven.

"Laurence started up, and taking Margaret by the arm, cheerfully said, 'Let us visit honest John Walker.' His mother, Esther, and Marion followed, and by well-known ways they soon were at the door of their rude, but kind-hearted neighbour. All the family were at home; and after the first friendly meeting, all eyes were rivetted on the young sailor. Young and old devoured the words of him who had sailed over the wide seas, and seen far-off countries. The good-woman of the house soon got tea ready, and the spirits of all rising in the unexpected pleasure of the visit, an hour or two passed away as cheerfully as ever they had done in former times, when the Lyndsays were themselves inhabitants of Brachead. No heart was suffered to flag, or to give itself up to painful recollections. A homely happiness bound them all down within the limits of that room, and while Laurence told tales of foreign parts, and spoke of his ship, her guns, and her crew, his own mother listened with pride and admiration, and had not a single thought of her own calamities. Margaret sat eyeing her brother with a sparkling countenance; and blind Esther, whose own steps were so limited, followed in a dream the course of the ship in which Laurence had sailed so many thousand leagues, and formed her own incommunicable ideas of the countries he described, and their strange inhabitants. Poor Marion, forgetting, as it seemed, her present life, in the vivid remembrance of other days, recognized pieces of the furniture formerly familiar to her, went up to the large wicker cage, and spoke to the thrush by his name, and then patted the head of the large good-natured mastiff, which she knew to be an old acquaintance. 'Let us return thanks,' said John Walker,—and every one was silent as he repeated the prayer and thanksgiving."

Somewhat of a more serious and elevated sort, but equally natural and pleasing, is the description of the night-scene, when Margaret sleeps in the house where her benevolent friend, Mrs Wedderburn, had sheltered her after her mother's death.

"It was the same room in which she had slept during the most undisturbed part of her life, when, snatched from poverty and obscure distress, she had been admitted into the very bosom of the most enlightened happiness, and made one of a family distinguished in the possession of all temporal advantages, by every Christian virtue. She felt now enclosed by all peaceful thoughts; and along with softened remembrances of the past, came brighter hopes of the future. Within the walls of this one house were almost all she dearly loved, and they were all lying in silence and sleep. She looked from her window into the clear night, and those beautiful meadows, where she had so often walked in joy with Frances and Harriet, were all reposing in the moonlight. Over the tops of the groves her heart sailed onwards to sweet Brachead, and saw a confused vision of that her early habitation. The dead were there alive, and voices heard that had for years been silent in the dust. Like the songs of an angel swelling in the starry heaven, were now the remembered tones of blind Esther's voice, hymning beside her mother's knees. And love, which, as well as fear, peoples the night with phantoms, brought the image of that mother close to her side, till she almost started to behold the visible presence of one who could now be embraced but in a dream. These were Margaret's waking thoughts before she lay down on the once accustomed bed; and they brightened into still more overwhelming bliss in the mysterious, incomprehensible, and incommunicable world of sleep."

The still-life of the rural picture is

equally well represented as its persons. Margaret Lyndsay, after being domesticated with her granduncle, increases the neatness and the comfort of his kitchen-parlour.

"The number of its chairs was increased—the windows were cleared of stains and imprisoned flies, dead or alive—some flower-pots, geraniums, and hydrangias, and even a myrtle or two, under the fostering care of Margaret Lyndsay, diffused a lively feeling of natural beauty from wall to wall—and nothing that could stain the cleanliness of the abode was unremoved, except the clay-nests of the swallows, which were all held sacred—an old colony, whose regularly returning children were vernally expected, with their undisturbing twitterings, to the eaves, sheds, and window-angles, where they had made good their inheritance by a tenure of unnumbered summers."

In description of natural scenery, the powers of the author are of no ordinary sort. We shall, without fear of tiring our readers, give another example from page 233,—the landscape of a summer morning, in which Margaret begins her journey to her grandfather's.

"It was one of the perfect days of July, when Nature is felt to be within the very heart of the year, and when there seems never to have been such a thing as winter or decay. The blue heavens were stedfast with their marbled clouds, and all the fair and gorgeous array of perishable vapours seemed then as if they were everlasting. A general murmur of bliss prevailed, and it accompanied the solitary girl, as she walked along the houseless moor. Every moment there was something that delighted her—the green lizard, as it glided through the rustling tall grass by the way-side,—the lapwing, now less wily that its young were fledged, walking along the lea-fields with its graceful crest,—the large yellow-circled ground-bees, booming by in their joyful industry,—the dragon-fly, with his shivering wings shooting in eccentric flight, almost like a bird of prey,—the bleating of lambs on the sunny knowes,—or the deep cooing of the cushat-dove, somewhere afar off in his lonesome wood."

It is, indeed, one of the excellencies of this little work, that it everywhere inculcates the purest morality and the most sincere piety in every situation and circumstance, whether of good or ill fortune, the good which it enhances, the ill which it supports. We wish that a cheap edition put it in the power of those readers of the lower ranks, of which there are now many in Scotland, to profit by the precepts, and still more by the speaking examples of virtue and religion which it contains.

Such histories as this of the *Trials of Margaret Lyndsay*, which "come home to the business and bosoms" of the lower classes, are well calculated to form the manners and character of that great body of the people, on whom depend the peace, the security, and the happiness, of the social state. We have read no work indicative of such talents for stories of this kind as this book, and the "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," by the same author. We hope the praise of the good and the discerning, as well as the general encouragement of the public, will induce him to continue his labours in whatever form he may think most conducive to extend the influence of morals and of religion, which it is the praise of his present volume to shew a constant desire to cultivate and promote.

THE VICOMPTE DE SOLIGNY.*

Upon my life I am a Lord indeed,
And not a Tinker.——

Induct. to Taming of the Shrew.

THE "young French nobleman" of Mr Colburn's advertisements has had the kindness to confess his true title on his title-page; and after reading his two volumes, we have the happiness to consider ourselves as tolerably well acquainted with Victoire Vicompte de Soligny. He is a most amiable "young French nobleman." Unless we had been expressly informed in the translator's preface, that he was born in Normandy—has spent far the greater part of his life in his paternal chateau in that delightful province—become acquainted with Paris and the Parisians, *only* by means of a few occasional excursions, &c. &c. &c. we are free to confess, that, to judge from these Letters alone, we should have been much inclined to suppose him a person both born and bred on our own side of the water. On coming over from Dieppe to Brighton, to be sure, we have one or two amiable touches of regret.† But, in spite of these little exceptions, and a few more allusive ones of the same kidney, there are so many things unforeign-looking, and, above all, un-French-looking, about the book, that we should really, but for the distinct and candid statements above referred to, have set down the author for one of the men *au masque du papier*.

As it is, we are sorry to observe, that our Noble and Norman friend has not made his observations upon England under the happiest of all possible auspices. It is a great pity that a person of his high birth and expectations should not have come among us provided with a few letters of introduction, such as might have given him the opportunity of mingling a little in

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* Letters on England, by Victoire, Count de Soligny. 2 vols. Translated from the original MSS. London: Henry Colburn and Co. 1823.

† "They conducted us to a hotel, where we now are; C—— with his unchangeable good-humour; but I, ill, fatigued, spiritless, out of temper, and disposed to dislike every thing and every body about me. How is this? Shall I confess? My mind, and the weak frame to which it is linked, are on the shores of England; but half the energies that keep them healthful, and almost all the thoughts and affections that make them happy, have returned to the flowers, the trees, and the waterfalls of V——. 'He'll be better and happier to-morrow, if the sun shines,' I hear A—— say; and she's always right. She knows him better than he does himself. Good night! I don't know why it is, but when my head is on my pillow, and my eyes are closed, and I hear nothing about me but my own breathings, wherever my body may be, my spirit is sure to be at V——.

* * * * * * *

"*Saturday.*—A—— was right. I got up this morning, and walked out; and the sun *did* shine,—and the sea glittered under it,—and the little children *were* bathing or playing about on the sands, or riding ponies or asses on the shore; gaily dressed people with their brisk morning faces, *were* passing and repassing here and there; the fishermen *were* spreading their nets to dry, and their wives sitting mending them, on a beautiful piece of turf in the centre of the town looking to the sea; the houses, I thought, *had* every where a peculiarly happy look, unlike any thing I had seen before; and I *was* better and happier. I looked once or twice across the sea for the shores of France, but I cou'dn't see them; and I don't know whether I wasn't *trying* to be melancholy again; but *just then I caught a glance of the sunshine upon the water, and C—— came up to me with his smiling spirit looking out from his eyes, and I was happy half against my will.*—'Happy against his will! Now isn't that nonsense?' I hear A—— exclaim. May she never be able to understand the feelings which she is so apt and so welcome to make merry with! May a perpetual light from within continue to give, as it does now, life, beauty, and newness to every thing about her! I know, as well as she does, that *this earth is, properly understood, a place about the surface of which we ought to glide as with wings; that the spirit ought to bear up the body from seeming to touch it: that we ought to pass over it as the bees pass over flowers*, only to collect their sweets; I *know* all this, but I am constantly finding that I *only* know it;—she *feels* it. Adieu, my dear Claire, your affectionate brother, V. S."

the distinguished society to which he is so well entitled. Never was such a mistaken affair in the world as this journey of his. He has absolutely gone out of England, as ignorant of England as he was when he entered England; and what is worse, far, very far, more ignorant of her, than he might have been without stirring from the green retreats of his ancestral paradise "V——," the sound of its waterfalls, "the trees," "the flowers," and the charming society of "Sister Claire."

There cannot be a more disagreeable office, than abusing a man's friends to him—and yet, in some cases, it is a necessary one. The truth is, that the young lord has been in bad hands, while in this country. He has moved in society of the most *quisquis* description. For aught we can see, he has never sat in company other than *infra dig.* He has gone out of England, without having seen a single sight that was worth seeing—always excepting Westminster Abbey and the Coronation—St Paul's—Windsor Castle—and the outsides of some of the colleges at Oxford. So far from seeing any of the great public men of England, he scarcely seems even to have heard of any of them. He never was in the House of Commons, nor in the House of Lords. He never mentions Lord Liverpool nor Mr Canning, nor Mr Brougham nor Mr Joseph Hume, any more than if he had visited the country, which they now adorn, in the year 1722. He never speaks of the politics, nor of the legislation, nor of the history of the great foreign empire, which he came over on purpose to study. Neither does he speak of high life in England, nor of any mode of gay life in England. Neither does he discuss our religion—no, he does not even allude to the fact of our having one. Of what then, the reader may well ask, *does* Victoire Vicompte de Soligny speak?—What was it that he *did* see?—What is it that he *does* describe?—Of what materials are his "LETTERS ON ENGLAND" made up?

We shall endeavour to answer these very natural questions.

The fact seems to be, that the Viscount fell, the moment he reached England, into the hands of the Cockneys. He had only one letter of introduction in his pocket-book—it was addressed to a "Mr M——." He went to deliver it, good simple soul—and the moment he had passed M—'s threshold, he was lost, gone—he was in the very heart of Cockaigne; and once there, he might, no question of it, have remained on this side of the Channel for years, instead of months, without having the least chance of writing one single "Letter upon ENGLAND."

Mr M——, who is really a good-natured creature, seems to have recently retired from a small retail business in the city, and to inhabit, with his family, a small house, with a small garden before it, at the end of the village of Hampstead. The retiring from the business, Viscount de Soligny does not deny, was a bold step; but he adds, that "*decision* is indeed the most striking part of M.'s character;" and then enters into a long disquisition about "*ambition*," the "springs of human action," &c. all which ends in the Viscount's announcing that he is of opinion M—— did well to leave the shop in Cheapside. For example—

"A beggar's dog, if he has food and shelter, is as well off as a king's; and what is there to choose between the baby a span long, who sits on its mother's arm and cries for the moon, and the conqueror who stands bestriding one world and weeping for another? I have lately thought about this more than ever I did before; or rather I had never *thought* much about it before, though I had felt on the subject nearly as M—— does. But since I *have* thought about it, I cannot enough admire the *wisdom* that could *urge* such *a choice as he has made*, and the *resolution* that could, in spite of so many temptations to the contrary, put it in execution. M—— is convinced that we have no chance of being happy without *entire mental freedom*; and that the only way to retain that is to keep full possession of ourselves, by having *no fixed pursuit whatever*, but by living a life of *entire leisure*. *This*, therefore, has been his choice. And, to prevent the possibility of being diverted from it, he has, at a great comparative loss, realized his actual property; thus reducing his income to less than one-fifth of what it would have been, if he had chosen to carry on the commercial concern which came into his hands at the death of his father."

We cannot agree with all this. We think M—— should have stuck to his counter; but that is no affair of ours. "M——," says the Viscount, "knows more of *the world* than any man of his age I ever met with, and he has used

his knowledge of it to better purposes." Now, what are these purposes, M. le Vicompte? What are the occupations of this man, who knows so much of *the world*, and of whose character *decision* is the most striking part?

"He never makes any resolutions, or acts on any fixed prospective plan; but yields, in almost every thing, to the impulses which come to him from the external circumstances of the moment, and from within himself. As these urge and direct him, he is engaged in either contemplation, or study, or conversation, or mere amusement, or even mere idleness."

And again—

"There is another *happy art* by which he *at all times* avails himself of his *best powers* and resources. This is, never to set himself doggedly and determinately to any thing, but always to adapt the employment of the hour to the mood of mind in which he may happen to be at that hour. This habit of indulging his mind in what may almost be called its whims and fancies, is perhaps not without its disadvantages. It may create the *appearance of caprice and instability, or perhaps even the reality.* But is not this in itself a source of pleasure? And as for the *appearance*, we live by our own thoughts and feelings, not by other people's. *M—— will sometimes try half a dozen different employments in as many minutes, and abandon them all;* but he is sure to find *the right* at last. *He will one minute be walking about in silent meditation;* the next *singing a favourite air;* then he'll take up a book, *read a page or two*, and lay it aside again, and *sit down to the piano;* or perhaps *walk out into the streets*, in the unceasing din of which he finds a more complete abstraction than anywhere else; or *mount his horse, and ride into the country, without having thought of it a moment beforehand.* Indeed I have heard him say, that he never feels such perfect *freedom and buoyancy of spirit*, as when he is galloping about on an open heath, alone, and *without thought* or *object.*"

This last passage opens the whole mystery. Mr M—— is a Cockney dilettante—a true liege of King Leigh! he is one that walks about in silent meditation, and is the next minute humming one of Vincent Novello's airs—he is one that reads a page or two in a book, and thrums a little *on the piano!* and then walks out into the streets for the sake of their din—or *mounts his horse*—for M—— can still afford to keep a horse—and never feels such freedom or buoyancy of spirit as when he is galloping *without thought!* Add to this, that he is hand in glove with all the actors and artists of the second rate—that he puffs the plays and pictures in the papers—that his father was a great friend of Leigh Hunt's sire, and that he himself (M——,) although personally unacquainted with Leigh, has "watched his career all along," &c.—But we must give this in the French nobleman's own words—

"He was telling me the other day, that he began to be *a reader much about the time that Hunt began to be a writer*; and from the circumstance of their fathers having been known to each other, M——, was led to pay a particular attention to his progress in the early part of his career; which he was able to do with perfect impartiality, as he has never had *any acquaintance with Hunt himself, or with any of his friends.* He added, that from that time to the present, he has never once lost sight of Hunt, as a political as well as a miscellaneous writer, and has *never once been led to suspect the purity and sincerity of his views*, even in the former of these characters; *which is more than he seems ready to say of* ANY OTHER PUBLIC MAN!!! He differs from Hunt in many respects, as to the best means of promoting the ends he has in view, and also on many other points of taste and opinion; but I find that HE HAS MORE RESPECT FOR HIM AS A PUBLIC WRITER, THAN HE HAS FOR ANY OTHER OF THE DAY, WITHOUT EXCEPTION. Hunt was among the first of those on whom he was induced to lean in confidence, when he began to feel and judge for himself; and all the others have, one by one, slipt from under him, and left Hunt alone!! This seems to have created in him *an affectionate respect for this writer*, which almost takes the character of a personal friendship."

After this, why say any thing more of Mr M——? We dare say our readers will be half inclined to ask, Why say say any thing more of Victoire Vicompte de Soligny and his volumes? "Sure they are bastards to the English: the French ne'er got them."—*Shakspeare.*

Nor shall we, gentle reader.—The plain truth of the matter is, that this book is, without exception, one of the most contemptible pieces of manufacture that any "Gentleman of the Press" ever put through his hands, either for Mr Colburn or for any other bookseller extant. The writer of it is just his own Milksop, bating the circumstances that his father is not dead yet, nor the shop entirely abandoned. Like Milksop, he walks up and down his "little back room" in silent meditation—Like Milksop, he hums an air—

Like Milksop, he touches the pianoforte—and, best of all, like Milksop he mounts his horse occasionally! for, be it known to all whom it concerns, M. Tims de Soligny is a member of the Surrey Hunt, as well as of the Surrey Institution. This dapper little Count of Cockaigne happened to have his papa's and mamma's permission to spend a few weeks at Paris a few years ago; and ever since he has been aping the Frenchman in more ways than we need mention here. And a miserable ape he makes. So far from being able to personate, through two volumes, a foreigner,—a native of a different country, bred up under different laws, and nursed in different prejudices from ours—he could not, for the life of him, write two pages in any character without betraying—not that he is an Englishman—not that he is a Londoner—these were nothings—but that he is as arrant a little Cockney chatterer as ever stewed in the pit of Covent-Garden, sickened in a Margate-hoy, or waxed joyous over "a can of flip" in a tea-garden arbour—in or not in company with Mr William Hazlitt. As for the "*nobleman*" part of the hoax—but it would be too good a joke to get *angry* with Monsieur Tims!

Mr Tims has made a very clumsy job of it, and must really be even more destitute of imagination than we had imagined him. Only think how he represents a young French nobleman, who has never been in England, but who has come to England in consequence of his love for our literature, and admiration of our national institutions,—do but guess how he represents this person as spending his *first morning in* London.—We will willingly give a thousand pounds to every reader that guesses right.—The Viscount goes to see the Elgin Marbles! Yes, before he has seen any one thing that is English, he is off for the British Museum, on purpose to see some specimens of Athenian art; and the first letter he writes to *Claire* from the city where Shakspeare, Milton, Newton lived, is all about Zeuxis, and Praxiteles, and the Parthenon, and the Apollo—not forgetting a few quotations from Petrarch and Dante, culled from the Notes to the fourth Canto of Childe Harolde! A short letter upon St Paul's—another upon Carlton-House (the outside of it only of course) and some of the public offices—and then the writer is completely at home,—he has plunged at once *in medias res*—we are in the heart of the *theatricals*, Kean, and Charles Kemble,—and Miss O'Neill; and "*Finally*," quoth he, "*I will notice the vehement, the intense, the far-thoughted, the deep-toned Macready!*"

It is needless to say that Tims bedaubs all these excellent persons most mercilessly; but in case anybody asks, he really has not a single word to say about any of them that has not been said over and over again, in all the newspapers and magazines—ay, said till all the world has been sick of it any time these six years. Two or three of the letters indeed, are, and confess themselves to be, copied *literatim et verbatim*, out of some of these immortal works; and, perhaps, if anybody would take the trouble to hunt such game, he might in this way, ferret out M. de Soligny in good earnest,—for we own, we should think it odd if anybody had copied such things but the original author himself.

The moment he has discussed the players, he buckles to the painters.—He abuses West, as all the Cockneys do and did; but perhaps, not being quite so familiar with the Bible as with the Examiner, he may not have known what he was criticising in some of his paragraphs.—As for example, the following:—

"The personification of Death going forth to destroy, is finely executed, according to the ideal conception which the painter has formed to himself; *but that conception is, in itself, totally bad.* To represent Death (which is the very antithesis to humanity) under a *human* form, and wielding his dart of destruction with a human arm, is *as unphilosophical as it is unpoetical.*"

We have no patience to notice the common-place stuff he parades about Haydon and his new face, "more appropriate for Christ,"—and Wilkie—and Turner—and Chantry—and Flaxman, and so forth, down to some of the most obscure of their inferiors. In the few pages set apart to each, there is nothing that can be called information for English readers, since it has all been in the papers before; and as for Claire de Soligny, and the rest of the reading public of France, who the devil among them would wish to hear any thing about such people as the Hiltons, the Thomsons, the Mullreadys, the Rippengills, &c. &c. &c.? It is

probable, Tims has some time or other been gratified with permission to shew his nose at their private day.

Then come the "Literary Institutions of *England*."—The Royal Society being discussed in a page and a half, while seven pages are allotted by this French nobleman—to what?——The Surrey Institution!

After this, Mademoiselle Claire is entertained with a series of letters upon the English character and manners. Just by way of letting our country readers see what sort of thing a Cockney is, when he sets to writing upon such a subject, and in such a character, we shall quote a passage or two; and first, let us hear, as related by a French Viscount, a well-informed Englishman's opinion concerning rivers in general.

"I once met with an Englishman, who, from observing that there is a daily flux and reflux of *tide* in the river Thames at London, had, for a moment, taken up a notion that tides were natural to all rivers; and he would persist in his opinion, and in quarrelling with me for presuming to differ from it! And this was a person in the *most truly respectable class* that belongs to English society; I mean that consisting of persons engaged in mercantile concerns, members of professions, &c. That even a well-informed man, (*as the person I am speaking of really was,*) might accidentally, and for a moment, take up such a notion as this, from the circumstance I have referred to being constantly in his observation, and from his having consequently forgotten or overlooked the real fact, is quite conceivable. None will doubt this who take the trouble to examine the progress of their own minds, and the manner in which we acquire and retain accidental and desultory knowledge of this kind. I do not state the circumstance as a proof of *ignorance*; for, as I before said, the person of whom I am speaking was a man of extensive general information, and could only for a moment have *forgotten* the fact in question. But to persist in maintaining, or rather in asserting the fact, merely because he had once stated it, was an example of coarse insolent obstinacy purely and exclusively English."

II.

Count Tims's opinion of English society in general.

"In fact, as far as society deserves that title, that is to say, as far as it regards man in the light of an intellectual, and not a merely gregarious animal, the English have, generally speaking, no such thing; and they scarcely seem to know what it means, much less to appreciate its value and effects."

III.

Count Tims's account of routs.

"To these parties all are invited who can by any means be brought within the circle of the inviter's acquaintance; all they ever recollect to have met and spoken to during the present or the last season. And if these are not sufficient to fill the apartments to suffocation, more must by some means or other be procured through the medium of friends; because, for the apartments *not* to be full, would indicate that your house was large enough to accommodate all your acquaintance—which it would be an affront to suppose for a moment. For the accommodation of these visitors, servants are hired for the night to wait, lamps to light the rooms, chairs for the guests to sit on by turns, and glasses for them to drink wine and water and lemonade out of; these, and a few cakes, being all that is usually given at these parties in the way of *entertainment*. As to the amusement that is to be found at them, the persons present must contrive this for themselves; for which purpose they may collect into groups, (those who are known to each other—for no others can, by the laws of etiquette, even speak together,) and criticise the dress, manners, and persons of those about them; *or they may take a hand at cards, if room can be found to place a table; or they may blunder through a quadrille, if eight persons can be got together who know how, and one who will hammer them a tune on the piano, near which there is generally a small space reserved for this purpose—to effect which, however, some of the company are obliged to be content with reaching no farther than the passage, or half way up the stairs.* They have all the choice of amusement, which some of them *vary*, by going from one party to another in the course of the same evening; for your experienced *routers* frequently arrive at the honour of having *invites* to two or three different parties in the same evening; and they make a point of going to them all, in order that they may have an opportunity of saying at each that they have been or are going to the others. On these occasions the master and mistress of the house give themselves as little trouble about what is going forward as the guests do about them. If you get a sight of them, and a nod from them, once during the evening, it's all very well; if not, so much the better,—seeing that the gentility of these meetings is to be estimated by the difficulty of breathing and moving about!

"Before taking a most willing leave of these tiresome and ill-contrived parties, I ought not to omit mentioning, that, if at all of them, *from the highest (!!) to the lowest*, you meet with persons, of both sexes, worse

dressed, and more vulgar in mind and manner, than are usually to be found among any other similar classes of society in Europe."

IV.

Count Tims's idea of an English dinner party.

"In the invitations to these parties the dinner hour is mentioned! and you are not expected to go till about half an hour after that time!! On arriving, you are shown into a drawing-room *up-stairs*, where the company assemble; and the moment the whole are arrived, dinner is announced, and you are *led* to a room *on the ground-floor*, where you are *directed to a particular chair by the master or mistress of the house; your seat being near to, or distant from the latter, in proportion as you are a stranger, or to the respect that is intended to be shewn you.* During dinner there is no time or opportunity for conversation, as the table is covered before you sit down; and though Englishmen eat comparatively little, and Englishwomen almost nothing, yet from the awkward and ill-contrived arrangements of the table, and the miserably deficient manner in which English servants fulfil their office, *there is always something to call on your attention, either in assisting those who are near you, or in calling and waiting for what you want!* (Pauvre Tims!) *Since* the intercourse between England and the continent, it has become a pretty general custom to hand round French wines two or three times during dinner; besides which the gentlemen frequently partake of *those strong colonial wines which are so little used among us.*—(This means Madeira, reader.) It is an invariable rule, however, never to take wine of this kind without asking either a lady or gentleman to take it with you. It is usual for the lady never to refuse when thus asked, though she may have never before seen the person asking her; but she seldom drinks what she takes into her glass, merely bowing silently to the gentleman, and putting the wine to her lips. All this you will think silly and unmeaning enough.

"When the cloth is removed, the dessert is placed on the table, together with foreign wines of various kinds,—chiefly those colonial ones which are drunk during dinner, and the Englishman's favourite *Port*, or Oporto wine. There is generally French wine also, *for the few who prefer it.* It is at this period of the meeting that these kind of parties might be made very agreeable sources of social intercourse. But the English have really no notion of any thing of the sort.

"As to Literature and Art, they are scarcely ever by any accident mentioned; unless it should so happen that Lord Byron, or the author of the Scotch Novels, has just produced a new work; or the Exhibition at the Royal Academy should be open. In case the Exhibition happens to be open, you have also numerous opinions on its comparative merits. These opinions, however, are not so various as they are numerous, being generally at once summary and comprehensive, and determining the point in question by the fact of whether the said Exhibition includes a greater or less number of *portraits* than it did last year: and on this point, too, the opinions are in general pretty equally divided! It is but fair to confess, however, that on these occasions you not unfrequently meet with persons, even among the females, who will go so far as to state their conviction that Mr Wilkie's picture is certainly 'very clever,' and Mr Chantry's sculpture 'very sweet;' and that the blue China jar on the mantle-piece, in the former work, is 'very natural,' and the snow-drop in the hand of the sleeping infant in the latter, is 'very pretty!'"

As the first volume may be said to be occupied with art and manners, so it may be said of the second bundle of the Count's Epistles, that poetry is the chief topic. He begins with a parallel between Wordsworth and Byron, whom he places at the head, and then there is a separate letter for each of the following: viz. Southey, Moore, Campbell, Scott, Coleridge, Wilson, Crabbe, Leigh Hunt, Shelley, and Barry Cornwall. Let us content ourselves, as formerly, with a few *morceaux*; for, as to the bulk of *the articles*, the reader may be quite sure he had read the same thing at least ten times over, ere our friend's *Lettres de Noblesse* had passed the seals.

I.

Wordsworth and Byron compared to the Sea and the Moon.

"I seem to have formed some arbitrary association between them in my own mind, so that the name and attributes of the one always suggest to me those of the other; just as the moon always reminds me of the sea, and the sea of the moon; and *the illustration is perhaps not inappropriate*; for while the one of these poets is a placid moon, changing in appearance, but always the same, and moving majestically along in its appointed path through the clear blue sky of intellect, the other is a mighty vessel, without rudder or compass, tossed hither and thither on the dark and stormy sea of passion."

After all, Byron, it seems, is not the sea, but a mighty vessel upon the sea—but let that pass!

II.

Count Tims speaks liberally concerning the Laureate.

"I cannot help anticipating, that, if he should enjoy the natural term of man's life, and go on to the end as he has up to the present period, he will one day arrive at the high distinction of having done more to benefit his fellow-beings—to make them *wiser*, *better*, and *happier*, than any of his cotemporaries; or, perhaps, than *any other writer, living or dead, except Shakspeare!!!*"

III.

Count Tims on "My Public."

"To speak an ungracious truth, the said public, whether here or with ourselves, is the worst possible judge of poetical merit. That which it likes best, may, without further investigation, be pretty safely pronounced to be of the most questionable value."

IV.

Count Tims criticises Sir Walter Scott.

"It (poetry) is, to them, the true philosopher's stone, which converts every thing it touches into gold; the only elixir vitæ, which endows the spirit of its possessor with perpetual health and youth. These qualities the poetry of Sir Walter Scott does *not* possess."

V.

Count Tims's opinion of Coleridge.

"Perhaps Coleridge is the first genius of his day in this country; and yet, to prove that he is so, he has done—almost nothing."

VI.

Count Tims likens Coleridge to the automaton.

"His talking is as extraordinary as the chess-playing of the mechanical figure that was exhibited some years ago in Paris. You sit, and witness it in silent admiration, and wonder how it can be. And, like that, there's no puzzling or putting him out. He seems wound up, and *must* go on to the end. But when that end will arrive, no one can guess; so that the spectators are frequently obliged to get up and go away in the middle of the game—not being able to anticipate any finish to it."

VII.

——And to Madame Catalani.

"But perhaps Coleridge's eloquence might, with more truth, be compared to Catalani's singing."

VIII.

Count Tims on his natural Sovereign.

"Hunt undoubtedly has Genius."—

IX.

Count Tims laudeth the late Mr Shelley.

"His imagination,—if it is at times self-willed and uncontrollable, and its creations are vague, misty, and indistinct even to itself,—is yet capable of reaching and sustaining itself at heights to which no other living poet has soared. And his power over poetical language is still more unrivalled: I have seen nothing like it in modern versification."

X.

Count Tims writeth finely concerning one Mr William Procter.

"Fancy to yourself all the gentlest elements of our nature, spontaneously blending themselves into one gentle and harmonious union, and you may perhaps gain *a general notion* of the *peculiar character* of Barry Cornwall's genius—not its sole, but its peculiar character. *His spirit is occasionally delighted and able to take a flight into the far-off regions of the stars; or to commune with the clouds, and mingle its essence with the storm; but its chosen occupation is to wander silently along in the tender moonlight, waiting for those unsought glimpses of heaven which are not unfrequently allowed to descend upon us, to cheer and brighten the common face of our earth. It is not the proud cedar, planted on the mountain top of intellect, and thence lifting its lofty branches into the sky; but the graceful willow, growing contentedly on the green bank of the stream of human life;—which, while it dearly loves the sweet wild-flowers that spring every where about it, yet loves best of all to droop its young branches and dip its slender leaves into the ever-murmuring waters, in search of the trembling image of that heaven which it sees reflected there, and which is dearer to it than the reality above, because it seems to be nearer!!!*"

XI.

Count Tims approveth, and himself emulateth, Mr Procter's classic vein.

"Whenever Barry Cornwall dies, they may write upon his tomb, 'He too was an Arcadian;' for such he is, *though he dwells in London in the nineteenth century!* His imagination and fancy have all that pastoral sweetness about them, that tender repose, added to that active and healthful sensibility, which we attach to our ides of the *happy dwellers* in that enchanted land, *where life itself was one long idyllium, set to its own music.* And what makes this comparison the less inappropriate, is, that all the above qualities of his mind; his imagination, fancy, and sensibility; are, as it were, imbued and saturated with the beautiful mythological imagery peculiar to that golden age. The tales of old romance and chivalry, with all their passionate beauty, seem to be too rude and boisterous to be allowed a place in his somewhat *feminine* (but by no means *effeminate*) mind. Nothing seems to be permitted to enter, or at least to take up a permanent residence there, but the smooth and polished inven-

tions and imaginations of this particular period of antiquity. But with these it is beautified and filled to overflowing, *like a modern gallery of Greek sculpture.* All this produces a delightful effect on many parts of his poetry; giving it an imaginative richness and variety of character that can be communicated to it by no other means. Thus, has he to tell us of his heroine's or his mistress's voice, under various circumstances: It is not only like all and every of the sweet sounds that actually come to us from external nature, but it is sweet as we may have imagined the voice of Delphic girls, singing hymns to *Dian*; or low as that of Syrinx, when she fled murmuring before her sylvan pursuer, through the forests of *Arcady*; or sad and soft as Œnone's, when she pined away her life in love for the false Paris. Are we seated with him in imagination beside a summer stream, listening to his tender love-tales? We not only see it decked in all its *own* beauties, but, by a word, or a hint, he makes it bring back to our memory those that were haunted of old by nymphs and naiads; or those still more lovely ones that were extinct with the music of passion itself, such as that into which the loving and beloved sea-maid, the "white Galatea," changed her Sicilian shepherd boy; or that other, into which the angry Pluto transformed the beautiful Cyane; or that lost one, which wandered beneath the earth in search of its lost love, Arethusa. In a word, all that is poetical in itself, is by this writer made more poetical."

XII.

Count Tims speaketh inconsistently, touching the same Mr Procter.

"Whenever he endeavours at THIS, or indeed, whenever he uses *endeavours* towards ANY THING, the result is, GENERALLY SPEAKING, A comparative FAILURE!!!"

XIII.

Count Tims describes the Temple.

"A little farther on, looking like a green *oasis* in the midst of a dark wilderness of warehouses and wharfs, *lay* the pleasant gardens of the Temple; a range of buildings formerly belonging to the celebrated Knights Templars, but now inhabited almost exclusively by members (query, limbs) of the law."

XIV.

Count Tims abuseth certain modern works.

"I am told that every one of them is rendered more or less subservient to the personal views of a body of men who have lately become very important members of the republic of letters: I mean THE BOOKSELLERS."

XV.

Count Tims disinterestedly lauds his BOOKSELLER *Mr Colburn's Magazine.*

"Nothing can be more piquant and attractive than the melange formed by this infinite variety of style and matter. It makes readers where it does not find them; incipient readers it strengthens and confirms; and confirmed ones, or even those whose appetites are sated by over-indulgence, it rouses anew. Besides, you *must* read it, whether you will or no, unless you disclaim reading altogether. *Not to have read such or such an article in the last New Monthly, said to be written by so and so, is an imputation not to be thought of; you might almost as well admit that you had not read the last Scotch Novel,* or BEEN TO PARIS!!!"

XVI.

The Count describeth his literary friends in England, and their success.

"They are generally considered as a class by themselves, and are looked upon as rather out of their place in what is called here *mixed company.* They, for the most part, belong to the middle rank of life, and consist of persons of domestic and retired habits, who do not reside in the metropolis, but come to it probably every morning to transact their commercial concerns, and return to their families in the afternoon, a few miles in the country. *What I speak of as extraordinary,* (and the fact appears to me as singular an anomaly as any thing of the kind I ever met with) *is, that this unprecedented diffusion of literature, and that of the most popular and attractive kind, should fail to create any thing like a general fashion for it!!!*"—EHEU!

The book concludes with two letters—the one describing a visit to Oxford, and the other the Coronation; for which august ceremony, indeed, if we may place implicit faith in John Bull's reiterated assertion, all the gentlemen of the press, except John himself, were presented with tickets.

Our opinion of this book is low—our opinion of the author's sincerity is as moderate as of his talents and acquirements. It is a timid, milk-and-water thing—it does not dare either to praise or to abuse, as if there were manhood in it. The same person *cannot*, we should apprehend, worship Leigh Hunt as the first, best, and most upright of all living political characters, and yet enjoy, with loyal zeal, as this body affects to do, the Coronation of the elegant and the generous Prince, whom that vile hireling has spent his days in libelling. The same

man cannot, with sincerity, butter both the Elgin Marbles and Barry Cornwall. As well might a man inhabit, at one and the same moment, a chateau in Normandy, and a shop on Ludgate hill; or be a "young French nobleman," and yet be profoundly ignorant, even of the manner in which French gentlemen sign their names.* But, to be sure, a Cockney is an animal *per se*, therefore, like Bedford and Brougham, we mean nothing personal. "God forbid that we should!" We have the highest respect for "County Paris."

The catchpenny scarcely deserved, after all, the tenth part of the room we have bestowed on it.

POLITICS.

We are not hostile to a Parliamentary Opposition in the abstract. While Ministers are men, their errors cannot be better guarded against than by an honest Opposition. But we fearlessly say, and we will be echoed by the country, that England never before saw such an Opposition as that which now humiliates her Parliamentary name. A thing of shreds and patches, made up of fragments of the Foxites; a solitary Bard of the house of Grenville, a Radical Barrister, and a few dozens of grievance gatherers and other cyphers, the mere lumber of party. To defeat those men; to turn them into contempt and crush them, is the easy work of the Ministry, too easy for honour, though still necessary to the public safety. Yet by a strange and ludicrous delusion, this remnant of party is twice or three times in every session absolutely led to think itself within reach of place. The delusion goes on for a while in secret; whisperings thicken at Brookes's;—Tierney emerges into St James's Street, and puts on those smiles which are so soon to be felt as favours;—Mackintosh flings by the manuscript of his reluctant History, and meditates a poem for the Whig Inauguration;—Brougham comes out "from the winter of his discontent," throws off his slough, and, sleek as a viper in the sun, creeps on his way with new alacrity.

That such a delusion should mislead any men capable of the common functions of the understanding, is next to miraculous. Not five human beings outside the walls of Brookes's, or Bedlam, could be found to contemplate the possibility of their return to power. Where have they the elements of an administration? They have the finance of the Edinburgh Review, the politics of the Edinburgh Review, the religion of the Edinburgh Review.—If the embodying of a decaying and desperate publication in the persons of five or six Parliamentary haranguers, be a title to the confidence of a great nation, then let them have their reward, and let the nation have its reward, in ruinous finance, in profligate politics, in the religion of Hume and Spinosa, in the whole charlatanry of weak understandings and perverted principles, doubly enfeebled and perverted by the weight and the luxury of sudden plunder.

But if those men possessed ability for office, we remember their practice, and scorn them for their want of public honesty. The year of Whig Government stands up in accusation against them, with an indictment of follies and meannesses, disasters and crimes, that nothing can rail away. As if for a providential proof of their total incapacity for the Government of the British Empire, they were tried in all the forms that could display the wisdom of a manly administration, or the imbecility of a cowardly and contemptible cabal.

They began with a French negotiation: they humbled the neck of England to solicit peace at the footstool of Bonaparte: they were not repelled by his insolence, his atrocity, or his faithlessness. The majesty of the empire was sent to crouch for a dishonourable truce among the little, heartless States of the Continent, and it was trampled on as it deserved. Napoleon turned his back on the Whig Ambassador, made him a public dupe—the Whig Administration a public ridicule—and went out on his old career of blood and slavery through Europe.

They had an expedition. To find

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* N. B.—Victoire Vicomte de Soligny puts at the end of each of his letters "V. S." ! ! !

a place for it, they assaulted the last ally of England—drove that ally into the arms of France, and *failed*. They had the solitary honour of making the gallantry of the British navy fatal only to itself, and worthless to the cause of Europe.

They tried their vigour in finance; and those economists doubled the most odious of all our taxes, the Income Tax—the very impost against which they had declaimed for years; and they doubled it with an insolent sneer at the complaints of the people.

They tampered with the Established Religion; and after having pledged themselves to their Papist policy, they shrunk from it at the threat of losing office. Their cowardice came in aid of their hypocrisy, but the ground broke down under both, and the Whig Administration perished in the midst of Parliamentary contempt and national rejoicing.

What new merits have they acquired since? Is it in the scornful retreat of Lord Grenville? or in the rapid decrepitude of Lord Grey? in the death of Whitbread and Romilly? or in the exhausted sarcasm of Tierney, and the augmented acidity and more naked shallowness of Brougham? Let any man living look at the Opposition, and say, can he find among them the materials, not of an Administration, but even of an English party! Let him ask, what evidences of public spirit have they given—what monuments of legislatorial wisdom—what tribute of prompt counsel or manly energy to the exigencies of the Empire—and let him find their merits in homage to Napoleon while he lived, and in fulsome eulogies over his grave—in vulgar, safe abuse of the allies of England—in giving the right hand of fellowship to the Radicalism, which wants only power to burst into Revolution—in lifting up their ominous voices to every political bandit and incendiary, that prepares for the disturbance of the world.

It is an absolute fact, that at the commencement of this Session, the Whigs had deluded themselves into the expectation of power. They had even gone the ridiculous length of settling their places. It was presumed, that the pressure of a French war coming upon the "Agricultural distresses," would harass the nation into a change, and they drew the improbable conclusion, that the people would choose no alternative but the miserable one of themselves. It might argue a criminality too deep even for the baseness of faction, to say, that knowing the war to be impolitic, they yet urged it on for the purposes of an unprincipled thirst of place; but it is notorious, that they urged it, equally against the spirit of their former declarations, against the national interests, and even against that public opinion to which they had hitherto bowed down with such suspicious homage, and without which they were nothing. But the whole intrigue is now at an end. The debate on the negotiations has closed the gates of hope upon them; they may now rail and recriminate with whatever remorse they will. They have been broken down in open encounter, and by their own confession they have been cast into a contemptuous exile and utter remoteness from the chance of power.

It may have been remarked, that the earlier part of the Session passed with unusual quietude. Hume and Bennet, and the *menu fretin* of Whiggism, were allowed to dabble in the shallows, but those partizans, by whom the more substantial work of party was to be done, were kept back. Tierney and Mackintosh were afflicted with politic indisposition; Brougham, incapable of holding his tongue, was sent to struggle for precedency on the northern Circuit, and employ his briefless time in writing a review of his own oration against the Clergy; Macdonald, too young to be trusted alone, was relegated to the care of Mackintosh and to the country, to get his speech by heart. The tactic was, that all Opposition wisdom should be withheld from the Minister; that he should be suffered to go on blundering the country into a war, in the innocent presumption that all observance was at an end; that the might of Tierney slept; that Mackintosh was visited with a perpetual silence; that little Newport had wisely yielded to the warnings of nature and reason, and had finally gone to the Waterford of his fathers; that the bitter physiognomy of the Barrister, and the Spafields gesticulation of the General, had relieved the House of their presence, never to startle it more; and that the Humes and Hobhouses, the Bennets and Folkstones, alone were, like the inferior animals, the monkeys and lizards of an Indian ruin, to fill

the place that had once been made vocal by men.

Yet the Minister contrived, in defiance of all calculation, to go on without a war, and even without the wisdom of Opposition. It was to no purpose that the prophecies at Brookes's grew louder day by day, and that St James's Street was thronged with angry gestures, and visages fierce with ministerial ruin. The Minister still pursued his course without discussion or difference on the part of the House or of the people. But the day of retribution was at hand, he was to pay for his long impunity, and the debate on the negotiations was to cast him, bound hand and foot, at the base of Whiggism. The debate came on, the whole force of the party was on the alert;

"The charge was prepared, and the lawyers were met,"

an exhibition which it had cost the Whigs three months of vigour to muster, and may cost them more years to renew. The debate was prefaced by an experiment in the House of Lords, and Lords Holland and Grey were appointed to the forlorn hope, in the spirit of the old adage, "*Experimentum in vili corpore faciamus.*" They were routed at once by the solid reason, integrity, and English spirit of Lord Liverpool's defiance. But the old refuge of a protest was adopted to cover their retreat, and thirteen peers signed a declaration of their censure of ministerial measures.

But the debate in the Commons was to be fatal. Party, proverbially, throws such a cloud over the understanding, that we are scarcely to be astonished by any excess of its presumption. The triumphing of the Whigs was palpable, public, and extravagant beyond all precedent, and beyond all escape from future ridicule. Their assurance of the expulsion of the Ministry was so complete, that they had actually begun to bicker at their cabals on the disposal of office; gold sticks and silk gowns were already the provocatives to strife, and the Household and the Treasury were cut up and distributed in the midst of intestine war. If the Whigs had been successful, we should have seen them ranged in open battle within a week. Bennet would have thrown up his new governorship of Newgate; Wilson have withdrawn, in virtuous indignation, from the command of the standing army of Bow Street; and Denman and his legal brother have flung down the triple wig and flowing gown of the Sidney Cove Bench, with a due sense of personal wrong. The debate was at length brought on, and the Minister was to be no more. We speak of the proceedings of the House of Commons with entire respect; because we honour it as the temple of the Constitution. But we speak only in the justified freedom of Englishmen, when we are called on to express our sentiments of the proceedings of party. The arrangement prophetic of success was, that the Minister should be beaten down, if not by the vigour of the attack, by its tediousness; and that the House should be pressed, by speech on speech, until the happy vote which covered the Treasury bench with a new population of official hunger. It was further arranged by Brougham, with a parliamentary courage the more venturous, as it usurps the place of vulgar nerve in that correspondent of M'Kerril, that he should reserve himself for the special demolition of Mr Canning, that, no matter to what hour the debate might be prolonged, and the Minister's personal defence postponed, the lawyer should speak *after* him, and thus make his attack when all defence was expressly at an end. We will give no opinion of this proceeding as it regards a parliamentary debate, for we pay due deference to privilege. Mr Macdonald, the mover, had the established right of a reply to the defence; but here was an additional reply, which was palpably a new attack, and against which, however malignant, false, or absurd it might be found, no man could be prepared but by the spirit of prophecy. But it was obvious, that this singular artifice might have had two objects, each dear to a low-minded partizan, and that the latter and the dearer might be the escape from that indignant retaliation which no man is more capable of inflicting than the Minister, and from which no man more notoriously shrinks than Brougham. The debate proceeded, the man of demolition kept himself in the back ground, the House underwent the intolerable trial of three nights of such speakers as fill up the eloquence of the Opposition. At the close of the third, Mr Canning, aware

of the artifice, and despising the artificer as he deserved, made his speech. The true panegyric of this noble exposure of paltry Opposition intrigue, and elucidation of the conduct of Government, is to be found in the votes of the assembly. But it seems to us to have been the foremost of the many powerful orations that have placed Mr Canning in the first rank of the House of Commons. It retained all the excellence of his style, while it was purified from all the defects. Its figures were few, but these were forcible and direct, and its humour was less gay than contemptuous. Its weight of matter impressed the form of its whole eloquence; and since the days of Pitt and Fox, the House has heard no finer exemplification of the true senatorial style, grave, lofty, and powerful, full of public care, and personal manliness, and English feeling. After this, Brougham, already baffled, attempted to address the House. We leave it to the journals of the day, to tell with what feebleness and bewildering this feat was tried. We have an old contempt for the abilities of this bustling and self-sufficient Barrister. But our contempt had not been sunk to the level of this last experiment. The Opposition were already put to the route; and they suffered their motion to be negatived without a division. The public journals detail the discomfiture with a galling minuteness. The amendment, flinging defiance in the teeth of the party, was then carried by a majority of ten to one; the Opposition themselves taking shelter under the affirmative, and, to conceal their numbers, swallowing their words.

The late revival of the Spanish question has established a test of Whiggism, and the result is, its boundless exposure. When Napoleon invaded Spain, and that devoted country called to England for aid, every honest and honourable heart responded to the call. Indignation against the basest treachery; compassion for human suffering; the natural admiration of brave men for the hopeless gallantry of the brave; all the manlier sympathies of nation with nation were stirred, and it is to the honour of British wisdom and manliness that they were not stirred in vain. The national feeling was strongly pronounced, and the government had only to guide the vigour of the people. But, besides this noble impulse of the general heart, the colder considerations of policy were all ranged on the side of Spain. The Peninsula lay before the eyes of a British minister, as the very field which he would have solicited from fortune for the array of his powers. By the defeats of Russia and Austria, the old Continental field had been closed; by the Spanish Insurrection, the gates of a great *arena* were flung back, in which England might fight her battle without fear of treachery, and where every blow was at once for the defence of Great Britain—for the relief of Spain—and for the freedom of the world.

In the midst of this glorious national outcry for war, one contemptible and querulous voice was intermingled. The Whigs set themselves against the honest enthusiasm of the empire, magnified the power of the enemy with gross exaggeration, discoloured the prospects of the country with treacherous prediction, ridiculed the national feeling, and degraded the national victories. No licence of party could have justified this wretched perversion of truth, honour, and feeling; no honourable ambition of guiding the public councils could have stimulated this base prostration of their understandings at the foot-stool of the most heartless, unprincipled, and sanguinary tyrant that ever sat on a European throne—a villain who ought to have fattened the region kites with his offal—who never avowed but one purpose with sincerity, and that purpose the utter ruin of England. Yet it was before this monster of crime that the Whigs bowed down their patriotic heads—that they cried out to all nations to suspend defence—that they bade Spain be a sacrifice, and England a dupe and an ally—to be thence and for ever a slave. Let them be tried by their declarations then and now. Those declarations are directly opposed. They called for submission, when war was the only hope of England; they call for war now, when peace is essential to the welfare of England. They called for submission, when our cause was clear, when the unanimous voice of Spain implored our alliance, and when the enemy of Spain was the enemy of mankind; they call for war, when our cause is dubious, when we should have to fight the half of Spain and the whole of Europe—when our battle would be, not for a free Consti-

tution, but for a fantastic, crumbling, Jacobin theory, hateful to our own principles, and hateful to the habits, the feelings, and the interests of Spain. How is this extravagant contradiction to be accounted for? The secret lies in the rage of disappointed party, in the destitution of public principle, and in personal, vulgar vexation. No set of men have ever been more decisively abjured, and flung from side to side, by all the great bodies of political name. The open Revolutionists hate, scorn, and trample on the Whigs, refuse all connection with them, soliciting and submissive as they are—and, to their teeth, call them traitors. The Government break them down in debate, and shew them as naked of ability as of principle. The vast national majority, that take no active part in public affairs, but sit as the judges of party, and the distributors of fame and honour, have long since held their judgment upon these men; and, by their exclusion for half a century, have fixed on them a seal of contempt and distrust, which all their virulence cannot rail off the bond. Who can doubt of the desperate follies that may fill the heart of a disappointed partizan, when they hear such words as these: "As an advocate, it is my bounden duty to look at my client as alone in the world. I would go so far as to say, that, to save my client, I would not flinch, if it were *to hurl my country into confusion!*" These words have been imputed to Brougham. In the mouth of his mediocrity, they are only ridiculous, and exhibit the eagerness of a kind pleader to catch clients. Pronounced by a man of solid ability and political weight, nothing could be more formidable.

In the late debates on the Spanish question, Lord Liverpool made some direct references to the extraordinary diversity of Lord Grey's opinions. This diversity Lord Grey seems to have denied, through an equally extraordinary lapse of memory. Mr Canning subsequently refreshed his Lordship's recollection, by quoting his express words. We shall go a little farther than the quotation of Lord Grey, and establish the fact of the blindness, obstinacy, and anti-British spirit of the whole body of Whiggism, out of its own lips. We find in the parliamentary debates, the following sentiments, at the commencement of the Peninsular war, attributed, in the first instance, to Lord Grey, the ostensible head of Whiggism:—

"I trust I shall not be thought to talk the language of despondency, when I say, that, in order to maintain the ultimate contest which is to decide for ever the power and independence of the country, the true policy of those who govern it must be, to pay a strict attention to economy; to be actuated by a determination to *concentrate your means*, not to engage them in *any enterprize or speculation*, of which the *event is doubtful*; but to pursue the economical system of *husbanding your resources, by which alone* you will enable yourselves to continue the contest; the cessation of which does not depend on you, but on the injustice of your enemy. I remember this policy, so well expressed in this sentiment of a celebrated poet,

'Durate, et vosmet rebus hervate secundis,'

was much derided on a former occasion; but notwithstanding the ridicule which was thrown on it, I think the country will one day know how to appreciate the system which was steadily pursued and acted on by the last administration. I have already said, it was not a *sudden ebullition* which should have led us to depart from *these principles of economy* I have so often recommended. His Majesty's ministers should have been satisfied, not only of the *existence of a proper spirit* in the people, but that there was a *government in the country* which had acquired a *sufficient authority* to give it the necessary energy. If neither of these things existed, *or if the one existed without the other*, it was the *very acme of madness!* in his Majesty's ministers, under such circumstances, to lavish as they have done the resources of the country. If there was a spirit in the people, though acting under the disadvantage of not having a proper spirit in the government, I do not say that assistance should have been wholly withheld, but we certainly should not have sent an army where we had not the necessary means to afford supplies to that army, or effectual assistance to those whom it was intended to protect."—*Debate of April* 21, 1809.

We have here the exposition of but a part of his Lordship's mind. The public voice was too strong to suffer his absolute denunciation of the Spanish cause. Hence his perplexity and contradiction—hence he would *not* assist the nation if there was a spirit in the people without a spirit in their rulers—and hence he *would* assist them *without* a proper sprit in their rulers. Hence, if one of those things existed without the other, it was *the acme of madness* in ministers to lavish, &c.

But in the next sentence, he would not have *wholly* refused assistance, but have "helped them in *part*;" thus breaking down his principle of economy;—but he would have "refused them an army;" thus refusing the only effectual assistance.

Lord Grey thus pursues:—

"The noble Earl (Harrowby) was pleased to amuse himself with sarcasms upon the former administration; and in answer to the objection that no effectual diversion was made in favour of Austria, it was said, that no such diversion on a former occasion had been resorted to in the case of Russia. He was fully satisfied that the conduct of those with whom he had the honour to act at the period alluded to, was best calculated to promote the interest and welfare of the country. What had it been? It was to *husband* the resources of the state, that at a time when they should be most wanted, they might be adequately and advantageously employed for the public security."—*Debate of January* 23, 1810.

The favourite phrase of "husbanding the resources of the country" is to be explained by the exploits of the Whig administration;—a defeated attack on Turkey, a defeated attack on Egypt, a defeated attack on Buenos Ayres, and an humble, absurd, and defeated negotiation for peace with Napoleon.

In 1810, Portugal had been recovered by the British army; the Spanish levies protected, and the main force of the French, under Joseph and Jourdan, beaten at Talavera. Lord Grey again lifted up his ominous voice.

"The independence of Europe is lost, the balance of power is destroyed. The military greatness and character of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, are annihilated. Before peace can arrive; before it will be *possible for us to make any sober estimate of the terms* upon which it may be *possible to accept it*, I much fear it will become our duty to contemplate the great accession of power and resources which France will derive from the subjugation of the Peninsula of Spain," (a sentiment of the lowest humiliation, and poorest pusillanimity that probably ever proceeded from a British senator.)

"What is the inference from the whole? It is this—that, looking at the situation of France, at the extent of its hostile means; considering the spirit by which it is directed; the power it has obtained, together with the character of its government, its ruler, as I before stated, not at the head of France, but of Europe;—contemplating all those things, to what can we look? To nothing, my Lords, calculated to insure safety, but the conviction, that it is on ourselves, and on ourselves alone, that we are to depend. We must conduct the war in such a manner as not to fear a failure of resources. We must conduct it in a manner which shall leave us no apprehension for the results of that event against which we ought to be prepared—I mean that *invasion!*

"Had his Majesty's ministers given to the state of Europe that consideration which a sound and salutary policy would have recommended; had they been affected by its almost total subjection, they must have been struck with the *folly and the ruin* of embarking in military operations against France at a time when there was no power in existence to give them an effectual co-operation."—*Debate of June* 13, 1810.

Thus would his lordship have at once fettered the energies of the country; bowed down to France, and deserted Spain; supplicated a peace which would have loaded England with ignominy, and waited for an invasion which might have been her ruin.

Lord Grey next arraigns Sir Arthur Wellesley's expedition, the first fruits of which had been to clear Portugal of Soult, and the second to defeat the French grand army; thus giving time for the embodying of the Portuguese force, and immediately laying the groundwork of the final deliverance of Spain. It is curious to observe how little this haughty statesman has the power of looking into consequences. What can be more contemptuous than his shortsightedness, or more shortsighted than his contempt?

"After the experience of that unfortunate campaign (Moore's), what but the most positive proofs of the probability of success should have induced them to risk another army in the same country, in the prosecution of similar operations? Yet, without any proofs whatever to justify the most moderate hopes of success; with the history of the recent expedition staring them in the face, and loudly forbidding the pursuit; his Majesty's ministers risked another army, at the expense of enormous treasures, the sacrifice of your best blood, only to purchase *misfortune, calumny*, and *disgrace!*

"I allege it as a matter of charge against them, that they have indulged feelings which, however honourable, when considered abstractedly, ought never to be gratified at the expense of a nation's most valuable interests; that in yielding to the influence of such feelings, they have rashly

embarked in expeditions the most fatal and disastrous, and from which it was *impossible to anticipate* or effect any *advantageous results* to the country; that they have done this, too, in contradiction to the *husbanding and preserving system*," &c.

It is at least palpable, that had the Whigs, in the malignity of fortune, been at the head of affairs, we should have fought no battles in Spain, nor any where else, till we fought them on the hills of Kent, if the *husbanding* and *preserving system*, that idol of his Lordship, would have allowed of resistance even there. The vigour of Whiggism would probably have *reserved* itself for the defence of London, and even there its calculation might have concluded, that the waste of blood and treasure would not justify resistance at all. We may now thank God in sincerity, that Whigs were not our masters then; that we saw through their weakness, pusillanimity, and worship of Napoleon, and that, hating their counsels, and disdaining themselves, we resisted to the uttermost, and are, by that resistance, free, and the authors of freedom to Europe.

Lord Grey thus palliates the beggarliness of heart that would desert Spain.

"Is the power of Buonaparte lessened since we engaged in that warfare? Is the power of France reduced below what it was when this country embarked in a military co-operation with the Spanish people? I much fear, my Lords, that the contrary will be felt. I apprehend that the power of our enemy, and the dangers which we dreaded, have since materially increased, while we have to meet that extended power, and those augmented difficulties, with impaired resources and diminished strength.

"In the discharge of my public duty, I have this night, my Lords, arraigned his Majesty's ministers for pursuing a line of conduct respecting the operations of the war, and the external difficulties we experience, *wholly the reverse* of that which the situation of this country, and the circumstances of the world, render *absolutely necessary*."—*Debate of June* 13, 1810.

In 1811, Lord Wellington, after beating Massena at Busaco, and baffling him at Torres Vedras, finally drove him out of Portugal. The public feeling which had followed the course of our armies with honourable confidence, was now full of exultation; the Whigs were forced to follow the general impulse, that they might not be altogether thrown out of popularity; but it was with miserable reluctance and bitter prediction. In the debate on the vote of thanks, Lord Grey "Was ready to acknowledge, that on the invasion of Portugal by the French armies, and in the course of their progress, he did anticipate a very different issue to the campaign from that which had since happily taken place. Whether the grounds on which he had formed this opinion were just as defensible, &c. whether, in the eye of prudence, or upon any principle of policy, they might or might not be susceptible of justification, he did not mean then to inquire."

Then comes the sting—

"If we continued to be left as principals in the war of the Peninsula, *he much doubted* still the chances of our being *ultimately successful*. There must be different exertions made from what we had witnessed on the part of the Spaniards, to enable us to entertain a *rational hope*, that the *independence of the Peninsula would or could be finally established!*"—*April* 26, 1811.

At the commencement of the year 1812, the French had been beaten in every battle in Spain, the spell of their invincibility was completely broken, and it was proved that Spain could not be held by Napoleon. The grand object of British resistance was on the point of being attained, in infusing courage into Europe. A spirit of wrath and resolution had been awakened in Germany, and Russia was girding herself for the battle which was to decide on her independence. In this crisis, which might have stirred the last spark of manliness in a British heart, and silenced party, or made it join in the honest acclamation of the Empire, Lord Grey was heard still uttering that heartless, hollow voice, which, from the beginning, had disparaged the wisdom, and discountenanced the manliness, of his country.

"With respect to the policy which the circumstances of the present crisis demanded to be maintained in the affairs of the Peninsula, he certainly was not prepared to say, that it was expedient to call our troops *immediately home*. But he certainly did not wish to proceed in that *expensive mode of warfare*, without having some military authority as to the probable results of it, and he wished, above all, to see the opinion of the illustrious Commander of the forces in that country on the subject. No part of national policy was more open to repeated discussion, or more calculated to engender a diversity of opinion, than the most proper mode of carrying on foreign warfare. The first principle in the

policy of all wars, was to inflict the utmost possible injury on the enemy, at the expense of the least possible injury to ourselves. Such a question, therefore, as that which related to the continuance of the present contest in the Peninsula, depended on a variety of considerations arising out of recent events, and the consequent and relative situations of ourselves and of the enemy. In determining on the expediency of any measure of this nature, he was to be guided by calculations founded on an extensive combination and comparison of circumstances. He thought, and thought *most decidedly*, that a *reduction of our expenditure* was called for by reflections of the most urgent and powerful kind; and he would feel it to be his duty, before he could agree to the continuance of *any continental enterprizes*, like those in which we were now engaged, to take a wide survey of our own resources, to measure their extent, and the means of their application to the objects for the attainment or promotion of which they were proposed to be exerted. If the result of such an estimate was to establish any thing like *certainty* of success in the schemes that were devised, all his hesitations and difficulties would be removed, and he should consider even the most extensive scale of foreign operations as recommended and supported by the principles of economy itself. He hoped too, that he felt as warmly, and he was willing to acknowledge that feeling, as any noble Lord, the justice of that cause which we were maintaining in the Peninsula. No cause related in the annals of mankind, ever rested more entirely on sentiments of the most honourable feelings, or were more connected, if *circumstances were more favourable*, with principles of national advantage. The spectacle exhibited was the most interesting that could engage the sympathies or the attention of the world; and it was impossible not to wish to afford assistance to the noble struggle of a free people against the most unparalleled treachery, the most atrocious violence, that ever stained or degraded the ambition of despotic power. If he could but calculate on the *probability* of supporting such a cause to a triumphant issue, there could remain no doubt that the separation from France, of such a country as Spain, containing her extent of territory, and amount of population, would be to augment in a great degree our own national security. Must those principles on which the prosecution of that war could be defended, be reduced to a mere speculative theory, unless supported by adequate exertions of the Spanish Government. Without that necessary co-operation, *all our efforts must prove useless*. With a view to those advantages, we had unsuccessfully before contended in that very country against France, then much less powerful than at present. He did not mean to say, that from these considerations, we were to withdraw our armies from the Peninsula, but he thought, that before we proceeded further on the present *expensive system*, the House should have the distinct opinion of the Commander in Chief, as to the probable result of the operations, and inquire into the means of carrying on the contest, by a more *limited expenditure* of our *remaining* resources. It would be his maxim to guard against endangering our own safety, in the prosecution of remoter interests." — *Debate of March* 19, 1812.

We have given this speech straight forward, so far as it has gone, (and the whole is only a repetition of our extract) because it now suits Lord Grey's policy to deny that he attempted to enfeeble the prosecution of the Peninsular war. He rests his defence upon requiring the opinion of Lord Wellington; as if it were not notorious that Ministers were acting upon Lord Wellington's opinions, as if that officer were not actually calling for additional exertions on the part of England; or, as if Lord Grey could be serious in expecting to see the British General brought back from his army in the field, and delivering a declaration of his projects and prospects at the Bar of the House. The whole was verbiage, silly and suspicious, framed to disguise, under empty praises of the Spanish cause, the aversion of party to the Spanish war; that war of victory, the equal triumph of Ministers and people, and the sure and decisive stamp on the incapacity and selfishness of Whiggism. The language of a cold spirit breaks out in every passage of the speech; the *husbanding* system once in power, would have sealed the Peninsula against us for ever. The noblest contrast to this shrinking and desponding policy, is to be found in the Ministerial speeches of the time. The whole principle of the British triumphs is to be found in Lord Liverpool's speeches, unfolded with a manliness, dignity, and force, worthy of his rank as a Statesman, and his feelings as the Minister of a people on which was laid the defence of the loftiest interests of mankind. — We shall return to the subject.

FABLES FOR THE HOLY ALLIANCE.*

DEAR NORTH,

You send me Tom Moore's new duodecimo, and desire me to review it for you. Upon my word, I never was so disappointed since I was born. I expected a complete cut-up job, and really the duodecimo is as harmless a thing as I ever lighted my pipe with. Tommy is, or rather wishes to be, severe upon the Holy Alliance. I am half inclined to agree with him myself. I do not see how they are to get through. Russia is a savage country, and its slaves are contented, and the Czars may probably be Autocrats for a century to come. Alexander is a clever fellow, far the cleverest despot certainly, that is now in existence, and I am not sure that he would not be doing a very foolish thing to drop his despotism at present. If he introduces good laws, and extends his trade, and gradually improves things here and there, he probably does the wisest and best that is in his power, so far as his own empire is concerned; but Austria and Prussia, particularly the latter, are in a very different situation. The Emperor of Austria is a good-natured well-meaning fellow, and he too has a large proportion of contented slaves under him, and so he may continue to get on for a while. But the King of Prussia is the sovereign of an almost universally enlightened, educated, disappointed, and discontented people. His provinces have few bonds of cohesion among themselves, and he will give them no institutions to remedy the defect. His country is the weakest in Europe—a mere long stripe of territory, defended neither by seas nor mountains—but every town a garrison —a standing army of three hundred thousand men kept up continually at the expense of a very poor and a totally disunited country—states where the press is, comparatively speaking, free, everywhere dove-tailed into his —— universal thirst for peace and freedom, and nothing but drums and hussars from Dan to Beersheba! Will this answer?—Assuredly not long.

The King is certainly in a most pitiable position. He cannot maintain the present system but in despite of the body of the people, and he cannot change it without irritating *the whole* of his poor and proud noblesse, who have no means of existing but what a standing armament of extravagant dimensions affords them. And if he had their consent, would Alexander give his?—Would he suffer a free Constitution to be established in Prussia, when he can at any time march five hundred thousand men in a month's time to the gates of Berlin?—I fear Alexander *would* march them, rather than suffer the contagion to come so near his own slice of Poland; and if he did, who can doubt that Austria would assist him?—

For Germany, however, there can be no reason to fear—I mean in the long run. Twenty years hence the Austrian PEOPLE and the Prussian PEOPLE *will* understand each other, and all that lies between them is already on the side of freedom—and there *must* be a great revolution, if it be not prevented by a great change all over Germany.

It is only by being united that Germany can act as a barrier against the immense military despotism of Russia. At present, Germany is united so far as her armies are concerned, but it is impossible that her armies should be able to act together against a foreign enemy twenty years hence, if the discontentment of the people goes on as it has been doing. Germany will cease to be the barrier against Russia, unless Germany be a happy, a free, and therefore, and thereby, an united country. But some of these royal noodles will not see three inches before them.

As for France and Spain, I doubt not you have got some first-rate article on them, so I shall say nothing for the present, except that I have no doubt they will *both* be free countries ten years hence—and *both* of them retain their Bourbon Princes notwithstanding. The Law of Property must undergo some modification in France, and the Law of Representation in Spain. In the former country, every man's property, landed and personal, is divided equally among his children when he dies; therefore, until this be altered, there can be no real barrier

* Fables for the Holy Alliance, Rhymes on the Road, &c. &c. By Thomas Brown, the younger. 12mo. London, Longman and Co. 1823.

between the monarchy and the democracy. In Spain, the nobles have retained their titles and their enormous estates, and yet their privileges have been *entirely* taken from them. This will not do more than the other way. Let us hope that both parties in Spain may hear a little reason, and not eventually sacrifice the glorious opportunities which as yet they have both equally overlooked or neglected.

In the meantime, the Whigs in England have been, as usual, behaving themselves like a pack of numbskulls. If they had any real knowledge of the state of things, and any real sense of public duty, they would see the propriety of standing by the government of this country at the present crisis. But they did not stand by their country, when she was fighting the world's battle against Buonaparte—and they desert her now, when she is acting a part not less important, nor less glorious, than she did act then. It is England's neutrality that keeps the whole European world from being in arms—in arms at this moment—that keeps Alexander from being in Paris. Remove that check, and the flame is kindled, ere the fuel is prepared.—Remove that, and the wisdom of the world is thwarted—arrested—in its silent march—all is thrown at once into confusion—and a war commences, wider in range, and more lasting in duration, and more doubtful in issue, than any that has ever devastated the globe.

But this is a strange sort of preface for Tommy Moore and his duodecimo. I fear Tommy is very low in the pocket, else he would not have published a thing so unworthy of his name, under so many circumstances of humbug. The thing has been advertised for half-a-year, as if it were something that would blow up all the palaces in Europe whenever it exploded—and it turns out to be the merest pop-gun. No sense, no intellect, (we might not, perhaps, have been expecting much of these,) and, what is worse in Tommy's case, very little fun—very, very little wit—and very, very, very little poetry. Can any thing be more perfect newspaper than the like of this?

"From ALBION first, whose ancient shrine
Was furnish'd with the fire already,
COLUMBIA caught the spark divine,
And lit a flame, like ALBION's, steady.

"The splendid gift then GALLIA took,
And, like a wild Bacchante, raising
The brand aloft, its sparkles shook,
As she would set the world a-blazing!

"And when she fired her altar, high
It flash'd into the redd'ning air
So fierce, that ALBION, who stood nigh,
Shrunk, almost blinded by the glare!

"Next, SPAIN, so new was light to her,
Leap'd at the torch—but, ere the spark
She flung upon her shrine could stir,
'Twas quench'd—and all again was dark.

"Yet, no—not quench'd—a treasure, worth
So much to mortals, rarely dies—
Again her living light look'd forth,
And shone, a beacon, in all eyes!

"Who next received the flame? alas,
Unworthy NAPLES—shame of shames,
That ever through such hands should pass
That brightest of all earthly flames!

"Scarce had her fingers touch'd the torch,
When, frighted by the sparks it shed,
Nor waiting even to feel the scorch,
She dropp'd it to the earth—and fled.

"And fall'n it might have long remain'd,
But GREECE, who saw her moment now,
Caught up the prize, though prostrate, stain'd,
And waived it round her beauteous brow.

"And Fancy bid me mark where, o'er
Her altar, as its flame ascended,
Fair, laurell'd spirits seem'd to soar,
Who thus in song their voices blended:—

"'Shine, shine for ever, glorious Flame,
Divinest gift of Gods to men!
From GREECE thy earliest splendour came,
To GREECE thy ray returns again.

"Take, Freedom, take thy radiant round,
When dimm'd, revive, when lost, return,
Till not a shrine through earth be found,
On which thy glories shall not burn!'"

Such, and so dull, is Tom Moore, throughout the greater part of this volume. I am exceedingly sorry to say, that it does not contain a single libel from beginning to end—at least not one that comes near enough to interest any human creature that is to read Tom's verses. What signify a few cuts at old Louis and his toasted cheese, and his gouty feet—and the Emperor Alexander's waltzing, and so forth? We have long since had our fill of that sort of thing. A libel should be a li-

bel. "It should exemplify," as Brougham says, in his late review of Grattan, "how far the most violent personality may be carried—and justly." Tommy was never a very superior hand at this trade—yet there was fifty times more bitterness in fifty single lines of the Twopenny Post-Bag, than my utmost squeezing, or yours, I answer for it, can extract from the whole of this affair.

What will Joseph Hume say to the following treatment of his friend Carlile—that "truly exemplary husband, father, and citizen," that "one of the most respectable moral characters in England?"

"Betwixt old bigotry and new,
'Twixt Blasphemy and Cant—the two
Rank ills with which this age is curst—
We can no more tell *which* is worst,
Than erst could Egypt, when so rich
In various plagues, determine which
She thought most pestilent and vile,
Her frogs, like Benbow and Carlile,
Croaking their native mud-notes loud,
Or her fat locusts, like a cloud
Of pluralists, obesely lowering,
At once benighting and devouring!"

I am sure Joseph and his truly respectable friend will feel this far more than the Bishop of Durham and Dr Phillpotts.

There is, however, one pretty enough little piece among these fables, and you shall quote it——if it *be* wrong, 'tis at least pleasant; so here it goes, Christopher,—

FABLE.

"The wise men of Egypt were secret as dummies;
And, even when they most condescended to teach,
They pack'd up their meaning, as they did their mummies,
In so many wrappers, 'twas out of one's reach.

"They were also, good people, much given to Kings—
Fond of monarchs and crocodiles, monkeys and mystery,
Bats, hierophants, blue-bottle flies, and such things—
As will partly appear in this very short history.

"A Scythian philosopher (nephew, they say,
To that other great traveller, young Anacharsis)
Stept into a temple at Memphis one day,
To have a short peep at their mystical farces.

"He saw* a brisk blue-bottle Fly on an altar,
Made much of, and worshipp'd, as something divine;
While a large, handsome Bullock, led there in a halter,
Before it lay stabb'd at the foot of the shrine.

"Surprised at such doings, he whisper'd his teacher—
'If 'tisn't impertinent, may I ask why
Should a Bullock, that useful and powerful creature,
Be thus offer'd up to a blue-bottle Fly?'

"'No wonder'—said t'other—'you stare at the sight—
But *we* as a Symbol of Monarchy view it—
That Fly on the shrine is Legitimate Right,
And that Bullock the People, that's sacrificed to it.'"

As for "Louis XIV.'s Wig,"—"the Looking Glasses,"—"the Little Grand Lama," and the rest of the fables, (they are just eight in number,) they are all very unreadable, at least very unlaughable, so I shall skip them, with your gracious permission.

"Rhymes on the Road," are, on the whole, not much better—yet they contain two little pieces, which, I am sure, your readers will like to see—I mean the "Reflections on being about to read Lord Byron's *MS.* Memoirs of Himself;" and the "Visit to the House, where Rousseau lived with Madame de Warrens." These are both graceful and touching things—worthy of *Mr* Moore—not of *Tommy*, the Whig laureate—really gentlemanlike poems—and both of them, I believe from my heart, as just as elegant.

The first of them is as follows:

"Let me, a moment,—ere with fear and hope
Of gloomy, glorious things, these leaves I ope—
As one, in fairy tale, to whom the key
Of some enchanter's secret halls is given,
Doubts, while he enters, slowly, tremblingly,
If he shall meet with shapes from hell or heaven—

* According to Ælian, it was in the Island of Leucadia they practised this ceremony,—Βους ταις μυιαις—De Animal. lib. ii. cap. 8.

Let me, a moment, think what thousands live
O'er the wide earth this instant, who would give,
Gladly, whole sleepless nights to bend the brow
Over these precious leaves, as I do now.
How all who know—and where is he unknown?
To what far region have his songs not flown,
Like PSAPHON'S birds,* speaking their master's name,
In ev'ry language, syllabled by Fame?
How all, who've felt the various spells combin'd
Within the circle of that splendid mind,
Like pow'rs, deriv'd from many a star, and met
Together in some wond'rous amulet,
Would burn to know when first the Light awoke
In his young soul,—and if the gleams that broke
From that Aurora of his genius, raised
More bliss or pain in those on whom they blazed—
Would love to trace th' unfolding of that power,
Which has grown ampler, grander, every hour;
And feel, in watching o'er its first advance,
As did th' Egyptain traveller,† when he stood
By the young Nile, and fathom'd with his lance
The first small fountains of that mighty flood.

"They too, who, mid the scornful thoughts that dwell
In his rich fancy, tinging all its streams,
As if the Star of Bitterness, which fell
On earth of old, had touch'd them with its beams,
Can track a spirit, which, though driv'n to hate,
From Nature's hand came kind, affectionate;
And which, e'en now, struck as it is with blight,
Comes out, at times, in love's own native light—
How gladly all, who've watch'd these struggling rays
Of a bright, ruin'd spirit through his lays,
Would here inquire, as from his own frank lips,
What desolating grief, what wrongs had driven
That noble nature into cold eclipse—
Like some fair orb that, once a sun in heaven,
And born not only to surprise, but cheer
With warmth and lustre all within its sphere,
Is now so quench'd, that of its grandeur lasts
Nought, but the wide, cold shadow which it casts!

"Eventful volume! whatsoe'er the change
Of scene and clime—th' adventures, bold and strange—
The griefs—the frailties, but too frankly told—
The loves, the feuds thy pages may unfold,
If Truth with half so prompt a hand unlocks
His virtues as his failings—we shall find
The record there of friendships, held like rocks,
And enmities, like sun-touch snow, resign'd—
Of fealty, cherish'd without change or chill,
In those who served him, young, and serve him still—
Of generous aid, given with that noiseless art
Which wakes not pride, to many a wounded heart—
Of acts—but, no—*not* from himself must aught
Of the bright features of his life be sought.
While they, who court the world, like MILTON'S cloud,‡
'Turn forth their silver lining' on the crowd,
This gifted Being wraps himself in night,
And, keeping all that softens and adorns,
And gilds his social nature hid from sight,
Turns but a darkness on a world he scorns."

The other runs thus—I shall copy the "argument" too—although I don't see why, unless to fill up room, Moore himself should have paraded such arguments at all—nay, paraded them twice—both in the book, and before its threshold:—

"*A Visit to the House where Rousseau lived with Madame de Warrens.—Their Ménage.—Its Grossness.—Claude Anet.—Reverence with which the spot is now visited.—Absurdity of this blind Devotion to Fame.—Feelings excited by the Beauty and Seclusion of the Scene.—Disturbed by its Associations with Rousseau's History.—Impostures of Men of Genius.—Their Power of Mimicking all the best Feelings, Love, Independence, &c.*

* Psaphon, in order to attract the attention of the world, taught multitudes of birds to speak his name, and then let them fly away in various directions, whence the proverb, "*Psaphonis aves.*"
† Bruce.
‡ "Did the sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?"—*Comus.*

"STRANGE power of Genius, that can throw
O'er all that's vicious, weak, and low,
Such magic lights, such rainbow dyes,
As dazzle ev'n the steadiest eyes!
About a century since, or near,
A middle-aged Madame lived here,
With character, ev'n worse than most
Such middle-aged Madames can boast.
Her footman was—to gloss it over
With the most gentle term—her lover;
Nor yet so jealous of the truth
And charms of this impartial fair,
As to deny a pauper youth,
Who join'd their snug *ménage*, his share.
And there they lived, this precious three,
With just as little sense or notion
Of what the world calls decency,
As hath the sea-calf in the ocean.
And, doubtless, 'mong the grave, and good,
And gentle of their neighbourhood,
If known at all, they were but known
As strange, low people, low and bad—
Madame, herself, to footmen prone,
And her young pauper, all but mad.
Who could have thought, this very spot
Would, one day, be a sort of shrine,
Where—all its grosser taints forgot,
Or gilt by Fancy, till they shine—
Pilgrims would meet, from many a shore,
To trace each mouldering chamber o'er;
Young bards, to dream of virtuous fame,
Young maids, to lisp DE WARRENS' name,
And mellower spinsters—of an age,
Licensed to read JEAN JAQUES's page—
To picture all the blissful hours
He pass'd in these sequester'd bowers,
With his dear Maman and his flowers!
Spinsters, who—if, from glowing heart
Or erring head, some living maid
Had wander'd ev'n the thousandth part
Of what this worthy Maman stray'd—
Would bridle up their virtuous chins
In horror at her sin of sins,
And—could their chaste eyes kill with flashes—
Frown the fair culprit into ashes!

"'Tis too absurd—'tis weakness, shame,
This low prostration before Fame—
This casting down, beneath the car
Of Idols, whatsoe'r they are,
Life's purest, holiest decencies,
To be career'd o'er, as they please.
No—let triumphant Genius have
All that his loftiest wish can crave.
If he be worshipp'd, let it be
For attributes, his noblest, first—
Not with that base idolatry,
Which sanctifies his last and worst.

"I may be cold—may want that glow
Of high romance, which bards should know;
That holy homage, which is felt
In treading where the great have dwelt—
This reverence, whatsoe'er it be,
I fear, I feel, I have it not,
For here, at this still hour, to me
The charms of this delightful spot—
Its calm seclusion from the throng,
From all the heart would fain forget—
This narrow valley, and the song
Of its small murmuring rivulet—
The flitting, to and fro, of birds,
Tranquil and tame as they were once
In Eden, ere the startling words
Of Man disturb'd their orisons!—
Those little, shadowy paths, that wind
Up the hill side, with fruit-trees lined,
And lighted only by the breaks
The gay wind in the foliage makes,
Or vistas, here and there, that ope
Through weeping willows, like the snatches
Of far-off scenes of light, which Hope
Ev'n through the shade of sadness catches!—
All this, which—could I once but lose
The memory of those vulgar ties,
Whose grossness all the heavenliest hues
Of Genius can no more disguise,
Than the sun's beams can do away
The filth of fens o'er which they play—
This scene, which would have fill'd my heart
With thoughts of all that happiest is—
Of Love, where self hath only part,
As echoing back another's bliss—
Of solitude, secure and sweet,
Beneath whose shade the Virtues meet;
Which, while it shelters, never chills
Our sympathies with human woe,
But keeps them, like sequester'd rills,
Purer and fresher in their flow—
Of happy days, that share their beams
'Twixt quiet mirth and wise employ—
Of tranquil nights, that give, in dreams,
The moonlight of the morning's joy!—
All this my heart could dwell on here,
But for those hateful memories near,
Those sordid truths, that cross the track
Of each sweet thought, and drive them back
Full into all the mire, and strife,
And vanities of that man's life,
Who, more than all that e'er have glow'd
With Fancy's flame (and it was *his*,
If ever given to mortal) show'd
What an impostor Genius is—
How, with that strong, mimetic art,
Which is its life and soul, it takes
All shapes of thought, all hues of heart,
Nor feels, itself, one throb it wakes—
How like a gem its light may smile
O'er the dark path, by mortals trod,
Itself as mean a worm, the while,
As crawls along the sullying sod—
What sensibility may fall
From its false lip, what plans to bless,
While home, friends, kindred, country, all
Lie waste beneath its selfishness—
How, with the pencil hardly dry

From colouring up such scenes of love
And beauty, as make young hearts sigh,
And dream, and think through heaven they rove,
They, who can thus describe and move,
The very workers of these charms,
Nor seek, nor ask a heaven, above
Some Maman's or Theresa's arms!

" How all, in short, that makes the boast
Of their false tongues, they want the most;
And, while with Freedom on their lips
Sounding her timbrels, to set free
This bright world, labouring in the eclipse
Of priestcraft and of slavery,
They may, themselves, be slaves as low
As ever Lord or Patron made,
To blossom in his smile, or grow,
Like stunted brushwood, in his shade!
Out on the craft!—I'd rather be
One of those hinds that round me tread,
With just enough of sense to see
The noon-day sun that's o'er my head,
Than thus, with high-built genius curst,
That hath no heart for its foundation,
Be all, at once, that's brightest—worst—
Sublimest—meanest in creation!"

These, certainly, are very pretty things—and, having read *them*, I assure you, you have read almost, if not altogether, the whole of what is good in this volume. Yours,

T. T.

Southside, May 15, 1823.

P. S.—You need not be in any funck now about Tom's attack on you—he has evidently become quite good-natured, and I should not be surprised to see him contributing to you ere Christmas. Do get him if you can, for, after all, he is a nice little fellow, and his songs would be of use now and then in the *" Noctes."*

FOSCOLO ON PETRARCH.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the multitude of precepts which poets and sages have favoured us with, inculcating the necessity of studying the human mind, we have made little or no progress in the most useful path of that pursuit. The *general* principles of the understanding have been examined and analyzed with some success, whilst the *individual* ones, a much more tempting subject for either theory or experiment, have been in both ways strangely neglected. Observation, to be sure, has not been idle in collecting materials, but her industry, unguided by any rule save the mere itch of noting down something, affords perplexities in proportion to conclusions. The reasoning class of the learned have, if we except the physiognomists, &c. carefully avoided any system or classification of intellect; and all the lights we have upon the subject, are to be derived either from our own minds, from the kind egotism of a few writers, or from the immense pile of memoirs and *anas* that amuse, but seldom satisfy, the curious.

Copious and minute as the materials may be from the two latter sources, whoever would attempt to fill up this gap in philosophy, must rely principally on his stores of self-knowledge. And as the necessary requisite to the step must be his being endowed with the highest qualities of our nature, for otherwise all self-knowledge will fall short; there are few, even in this day, of confidence sufficient for the task. Were even this overcome by a man of genius justly confident of his powers, there are other obstacles that might deter him. Not the least would be the impossibility of commanding attention to speculations, however new, couched in those old expressions that have been hackneyed into common-place by a thousand prosing moralists. Who would venture, at the present time of day, commencing an Essay by a disquisition on Fancy and Imagination, and their differences, or who would read the introduction of definitions and divisions, without which it would be impossible to produce any thing on the subject logical or perspicuous? Such things are not to be attempted—there is no use in composing what people will not read; and we must endeavour to instruct in the only way that instruction will be received. Instead of publishing a frowzy volume, we will smuggle our intellectual discoveries into the corner of a popular magazine—we will talk the conventional jargon of criticism, and pray, as a good

* Essay on the Love, Poetry, and Character of Petrarch, by Ugo Foscolo. Murray. 1822.

fortune, that one reader out of ten may divine our meaning.

A great deal has been said, a great deal of which might have been spared, about the calamities of authors, and the unhappiness of the literary temperament. There is little subject for wonder in these things; a mind employed upon itself, is at best engaged in an unnatural occupation. Our intellects were given us to work with, not upon; and if thinking men will meddle with their own sharp tools, they must expect wounds in consequence. But the fretfulness attendant on a sedentary and uncertain profession—uncertain, not so much with respect to emolument as to self-satisfaction—ought not to be confounded with the sorrows peculiar to the noble and eminent spirit. The petulant spleen of a poor essayist, or the querulous egotism of such a fellow as ———, are not to be mentioned in the same breath with the lofty and baffled yearnings and the soul-breathed complaints of a Byron or a Petrarch.

Minds of a superior temper, who either naturally lack imagination, or suffer that faculty to languish in disuse, become universally wretched and diseased. The eye of genius is unfortunately possessed of that microscopic power, that magnifies every object on which it fixes into the revolting. In order to the enjoyment of agreeable sensations, it must be kept aloof from the surface of things, and allowed to rest but upon variety and expanse. To produce this salutary effect is the province of imagination, which, stored with fresh associations and ideas, as soon as one scene falls, is ever ready to interpose another; nor permits that vacuity of vision or thought, whence the mind turns in irksomeness to prey upon itself. And as there is nothing more corrosive to the empty stomach than its own digestive juices, so nothing is more fretting, more corrosive to the mind, than its own thoughts unemployed, and thence turned upon itself. In the body, however, this state, being accompanied with pain, is seldom allowed to occur; whereas in spirit, this self-gnawing, this egotism, is like opium, and when once tasted, becomes as indispensable as it is pernicious. The craving for it is not such as takes its full enjoyment, and is satisfied. It is insatiably adhesive, and will stick to the mind through all its changing moods and tempers. It becomes wedded to one for better and for worse—will feed on sorrow or on joy—on the bitter or the sweet; and so does it at length subdue the mind, that it becomes mingled with its every sentiment and passion, however contrary, and forms the most prominent feature in all. Let us look at the love, the friendship, the patriotism, that froth from these unhappy mortals, and the same *self* is still seen floating on the surface.

To a mind thus absorbed, nothing can be more insipid than the flights of imagination which before delighted it. It refuses alike either to seek or be presented with variety; modifications of self are the only changes it desires. It no longer loves to go abroad into all space with Milton or Spenser, but loves to brood with the Confessions of Rousseau, and the poetical monologues of Byron. It has become domesticated and settled down in a circumscribed sphere, so narrow, that every object is in actual contact with itself. Instead of being refined by its frequent contemplations, its own bodily and corrupted nature becomes imparted to the ideal world, with which it is closely connected. Its very visions are tainted with earth, and the celestial atmosphere, that is wont to hallow men's hopes and yearnings, is withdrawn. Reality it has long turned from as insipid; and now that even its *ideal* world has been deprived of every charm, there is nothing left to it but repining, and an everlasting fret.

In the progress of mental deterioration which we have described, it may be observed, that those who have, from over-excitement, become incapable of relishing or exercising *Imagination*, take up with *Fancy* as a substitute. Their *scene* is limited to the narrow circle around them—the personages of their visionary drama are confined to themselves, or shadows of themselves; and to stray beyond the feelings of their own individual natures would be impossible. In such a captivity of thought, it would be vain to look for Imagination, whose property is to people and create, while Fancy but adorns, the materials afforded to it. Minds in the state we speak of, acquire a set of *stock*-materials, their self, their one loved passion; and it is sufficient for them, if Fancy adorns these with new crotchets, and twists

them into new shapes. But Imagination is a determined *radical*, that is never contented with paring or amending, but at once subverts the old standings, and builds up its fabrics anew. Fancy is a sweet, domestic companion, that will sit for ever by the fire-side, and busy itself in discovering castles and physiognomies in the embers. But Imagination is a gay, young bachelor, too proud to drudge for the hypochondriacal poet—the quick sprite soon abandons the mental valetudinarian to his younger brother. He

"Orders his wings, and flies off to the west."

Petrarch *became* a poet of fancy by this process; and—let us see—the writer of the above line, Thomas Moore, *is* a poet of fancy, without the aid of any process whatsoever. These two bards have displayed the same order of talent in the exercise of the same faculties; but with this difference, that the Italian was born with higher powers, and originally possessed the capability of cherishing and exerting the creative power of intellect; but his vanity, his distempered egotism, and most likely his licentious habits of thought, nipped within him almost every germ of real genius. On the contrary, we know of no poet, of this or of any other nation, who has so made the most of his small powers as Thomas Moore. He was never either sad or distempered, nor was he ever visited by any of those hallucinations that destroy or mislead genius. His industry, good taste, and good health, have done wonders for him, not to forget also the good taste of the age, which pointed out to Mr Moore's fancy the stars, and the flowers, and various other pretty objects in *nature*; whereas the ignorance and pedantry of poor Petrarch's time sent his muse grovelling for puns and hard rhymes, for scholastic and philosophical conceits. Both the poetical wights were learned, both not a little proud of uniting such opposite pursuits as erudition and the muse; and both concocted no small part of their poetry from remote and strange volumes. Both, we believe, began their verses at the wrong end, and licked, like bears, their poetical children into some sort of shape. Both had a common-place theme, out of which they were incapable of either rhyme or reason. Both muses were so short-winded, that even with the most vigorous spurring, they liked not a course of above twenty lines; yet, to vaunt their *bottom*, as the author of Crib's Memorial would say, both essayed long poems, mightily admired at the time, and laid on the shelf since—most notable pieces of patch-work. The Italian's most dull, for who but a man of Byron's hair-brained taste would think of reading or *translating* the *Africa*? And as to the Englishman, his seam-stitch is the neatest on the poetical sampler. Both too were in love—Petrarch with one name, and Moore with twenty. Both had been at the tables of the great, had given advice where it was not asked, and were hugely quizzed on the occasion—perhaps more. For both affected politics, and wrote poetry on the strength of it, with this difference, that Petrarch's political odes are not only the finest pieces he ever wrote, but perhaps the finest bursts of poetry in the Italian language; whereas, the letters of Mr Phelim O'Whatd yecallum, in the Fudge Family, are about the weakest verses in which political resentment was ever expressed. Both, in fine, were patriotic, and praised their countries upon all occasions; but as to living there, both begged to be excused. We could follow the comparison much farther in enumerating the merits of both, which, in truth, are many; but where's the use of praising Thomas Moore? The world reads and admires him—and we give vent to our spleen (occasioned by those dull Loves of the Angels) in mere *gaiété de cœur*. So from the poet let us pass to the poet's critic.

Mr Foscolo begins his Essay with a very learned dissertation upon the Celestial and Terrestrial Venus, on which important point we agree with our uncle Toby, "who knew," he said, "that the ancients had two religions, but thought that one love might have served them extremely well." And certainly the hypothesis of the two Venuses is quite Shandean, an epithet in many other cases as well as this, altogether synonymous with the author's favourite term—platonic. Whether Petrarch worshipped both these Goddesses in the person of Laura, is one of the points which the author of the Essay learnedly discusses; and he quotes many warm expressions, and might have quoted many more, to prove that the *terrestrial* was not lost

sight of by him. But whatever may have been the poet's sentiments with regard to Laura, he was otherwise by no means so immaculate as his verses would imply. His two natural children we need not mention; but his accurate knowledge of the state of affairs in Rome and Avignon displays quite the connoisseur.—"Cum in magna Roma duo fuerint lenones, in parva Avignone sunt undecim." And the miraculous effect which he describes the Jubilee to have had upon him, at a time when he might well have placed the same to the account of his years, is convincing.—"Post Jubilæum sic me, adhuc viridem, pestis ille deseruit, ut incomparabiliter magis odio mihi sit quam fuerit voluptati."

As to Laura, we think Madame Deshouliere's rhyme a lady's exaggeration; and Mr Foscolo's calling her "a heartless prude," we think a poet's ditto. Laura, like all ladies, was somewhat of a coquette; and, like most ladies, was proof against any temptations that a shame-faced and weak-nerved sonnetteer could offer. But the reader who wishes to know more about these said loves, may consult the three dull quartos of De Sades, Mr Foscolo's amusing volume, (that is, if they don't take in the Quarterly, where the same essay appeared long ago, strangely out of place—Love in the Quarterly!!) or the second *Capitolo* of Petrarch's Triumph of Death, where the whole history is detailed in a poetic dialogue between the lover and his mistress's ghost.

Mr Foscolo has written on the Love, the Poetry, and the Character of Petrarch; why did he not write the Life? It would have been much more acceptable. De Sades is too bulky and too dull; and as to a Life of Petrarch, with the name of Dobson in the title-page, it would betray a most Gothic taste in nomenclature to attempt it. Petrarch and Dobson, what a junction! Now Petrarch and Foscolo would sound well, Ugo Foscolo too; the name would sell the book. We must supply this deficiency to our readers, at least by letting them know the date of the poet's birth and death.

Petracco, a notary, and the father of the poet, was banished from Florence with Dante, in 1302. He retired to Arezzo; and there, the very night in which his father, with the rest of the Ghibellines, were making their attack upon Florence, was Francesco di Petracco, afterwards, to please himself, Petrarca, born, it being the 19th or 20th of July, 1304. Since the French Pope, Clement the Fifth, had fixed the Apostolic seat at Avignon, all the discontented Italians betook themselves thither, among the rest Petrarch's father—hence the poet's residence in, and love for, that town. "Prosper and the fables of Æsop," says P., "were the only Latin books then read at schools; I forsook them for Cicero." From fourteen to eighteen years of age, he studied law at Avignon, and was thence removed to the university of Bologna, *pinguis Bononiæ*, for the same purpose. Here, as the story goes, his father visited him one day, and burned all his classic books, which occupied too much of his time. The parents of the poet died in 1325-6, and soon after both Petrarch and his brother assumed the tonsure and the clerical garb. At Avignon he formed a friendship with the Colonna family, especially with James, Bishop of Colombes; and here, as is well known, he saw and became attached to Laura.

The friendship between Petrarch and young Colonna, affords a curious picture of the times, and of the favourite studies of the age; Petrarch liked St Augustin, James Colonna preferred Jerom,* and these were their points of conversational difference, just as we become admirers of Byron in preference to Scott or Wordsworth; or of Scott in preference to Wordsworth or Byron. That the 6th of April, 1327, was the day of his first beholding Laura, he informs us in accurate rhyme. In 1333, he set out upon his travels, driven, it is said, by his hopeless passion; his farthest point was Cologne; but that part of his travels which had most influence upon him, was his visit to Tholouse, where he studied the Provençal poets, and became acquainted with those who were yet living. In 1336 he went to Rome by sea, and found some difficulty in entering the city, from the civil wars that raged between the Colonnas and the Orsini; owing to the same cause, he soon re-

* Precisely the same difference in taste existed between Luther and Erasmus.

turned, and established himself at *Vaucluse*. Except the time which he devoted to poetry, Petrarch's active hours were employed in canvassing for the poetic crown, which he wished to receive at the Capitol. This aim of his pedantic ambition he at length, and with some trouble, obtained, through Robert, King of Naples, by whom the poet was ostentatiously examined, previous to his departure for Rome and coronation there. Of this farce, Petrarch observes, "that had he been older, he would not have sought the honour." He has also recorded the trouble he took to obtain it:—"Ad quam adipiscendum quanto cum labore perveneris, tecum ipse recogitans, perhorrescis." The year after his coronation the poet spent at Parma, with the Princes of the house of Correggio, employed upon his *Africa*. This retreat he was obliged to quit, being appointed by the Romans one of their ambassadors to Clement the Sixth, the newly-elected Pope, in order to persuade his holiness to restore the Papal government to its ancient seat. Petrarch regretted much leaving Parma; and in one of his letters he expresses this regret with a most ludicrous affectation of woe, not unusual to him:—"I must cross the trident of the Alps," (the Trent) writes he, "the Lakes of Germany, the Danube, and the Rhine, near their very sources," (to go from Parma to Avignon.) "Alas!" continues he, "we must submit to fate, and support the yoke with Christian patience." Poor fellow! how grievously he was to be pitied. He went to Naples on another mission in 1343, and there was greatly shocked to see the ancient gladiators' combats renewed in the place of the Carbonara—*ludum Carbonarii*, it is called in the Pope's prohibition which followed. The year after, Petrarch spent wandering about between France and Italy, which gave occasion for Doge Dandolo's dry answer to his exhortations of peace. "My friend, explain how it is, that a man, to whom God has given the eloquence and the wisdom to instruct others, is always changing his place of residence?" In 1348, when at Verona, he heard of Laura's death;* and from that date the whole strain of his writings is completely changed. In 1350 we find him at Padua, and afterwards at the Jubilee. It would be impossible to give an account in our short limits of Petrarch's connections with Rienzi, or with the Emperor Charles the Fourth, which would involve us in a long detail of the political history of Italy during that period. In 1362, he retired to Venice, where his friend Boccaccio joined him. In 1370, prevented by his declining years, from indulging his continual propensities to travel and change, he fixed his abode at Argua, a village of the Euganean hills about four leagues from Padua. He quitted his retreat once, that he might accompany young Carnura to Venice, and was found lifeless in his chamber, leaning over an open volume, on the 18th of July, 1374.

Of the Latin works of Petrarch, Mr Coleridge has threatened us with a notice; if he fail to fulfil his promise, we know not who will compensate Petrarch's ghost, or the world. Mr Foscolo touches lightly on the subject; and though we have Ginguené at hand, it is better to plead ignorance of the bulky folio. We were tempted by the account of his *Secret*, or Dialogues with St Augustin, but gave up the dull prose in despair. It may be said of these works altogether, perhaps, as De Sades says of one of the poet's letters of consolation:—"Cette lettre est très philosophique, elle dut être fort admiré alors, et elle n'apprendroit rien à present à quiconque auroit un peu lu." The commendations of the biographer are like those which the good dame in the Monastery pays to Sir Piercy Shafton,—"a very nice man, indeed; I wonder when he'll go." But if the essayist passes slightly over the Latin productions of Petrarch, he makes this up by an ample account even of the mechanical labour which the poet employed upon his lighter verse:—

"The pleasure of living his youth over again, of meeting Laura in every

* To the numerous documents in De Sades respecting Laura's death, identity, and grave, may be added what Mr Mathews heard upon his travels, and preserved in his Diary of an Invalid:—

"A fellow passenger tells me that he saw the body of the mistress of Petrarch exposed to the most brutal indignities in the streets of Avignon. It had been embalmed, and was found in a mummy state, of a dark brown colour." P. 383.

line, of examining the history of his own heart; and perhaps the consciousness, which, after all, rarely misleads authors respecting the best of their works, induced the poet in his old age to give to his love-verses a perfection which has never been attained by any other Italian writer, and which, he thinks, "he could not himself have carried farther." If the manuscripts did not still exist, it would be impossible to imagine or believe the unwearied pains he has bestowed on the correction of his verses. They are curious monuments, although they afford little aid in exploring by what secret workings the long and laborious meditation of Petrarch has spread over his poetry all the natural charms of sudden and irresistible inspiration.

The following is a literal translation of a succession of memorandums in Latin, at the head of one of his sonnets:—"I began this by the impulse of the Lord, (*Domino jubente*) 10th September, at the dawn of day, after my morning prayers."

"I must make these two verses over again, singing them, (*cantando*) and I must transpose them; three o'clock, A. M. 19th October," &c.

"Sometimes he says, 'The commencement is good, but it is not pathetic enough. In some places he suggests to himself to repeat the same words rather than the same ideas. In others he judges it better not to multiply the ideas, but to amplify them with [illegible] expressions. Every verse is turned in several different ways; above each phrase, and each word, he frequently places equivalent expressions, in order to examine them again; and it requires a profound knowledge of Italian to perceive, that after such perplexing scruples, he always adopts those words which combine at once most harmony, elegance, and energy." P. 38.

We believe this, and must take it for granted; for without this merit, hidden as it is from the penetration of a stranger, it would be impossible to account for the extraordinary judgment and eulogies of Muratori and Tassoni. So far are our ideas different from these critics, that we really can see nothing super-excellent in the "*tre sorelle*," or three canzons so called; nor does there appear to us any thing wonderful or fine in the following sonnet, said by both critics, and considered by most Italians, to be the finest sonnet in Petrarch:—

"Levommi il mio pensiero in parte, ov'era
Quella, ch'io cerco, e non ritrovo in terra:
Ivi fra lor, che'l terzo cerchio serra,
La rividi più bella, e meno altera.
Per man mi prese, e disse: In questa spera
Sarai ancor meco, se'l desir non erra:
I' son colei, che ti diè tanta guerra,
E compie' mia giornata innanzi sera;
Mio ben non cape in intelletto umano:
Te solo aspetto; e quel, che tanto amasti,
E laggiuso è rimaso, il mio bel velo.
Deh perchè tacque, ed allargò la mano?
Ch'al suon de' detti sì pietosi e casti
Poco mancò ch'io non rimasi in cielo."

There have been volumes written on the 18th, 19th, and 20th Canzoni, the *Tre Sorelle*, or Three Sisters, in which no doubt there is much grace, and many passages of singular beauty, especially the penultimate stanza of the 20th, and its Dantesque conclusion:—

"Nè pensassi d'altrui, nè di me stesso;
E'l batter gli occhi miei non fosse spesso."

But when we read the judgment passed by Muratori on the fourth stanza of the eighteenth—"*Stanza bellissima, stanza incomparabile*," &c. after having run it over, and found nothing in it remarkable, it is vexatious. We have had petty and verbal criticisms in our literature, but none of them so impertinent and nonsensical as those of Italian commentators. But, as foreigners to the language, we should be diffident of our taste, and shall simply mark our favourites; first, in the Love poetry—Sonnet 89, to Senuccio, imitated happily by Chaucer, in his Troilus and Cressida. The celebrated canzon 27, "*Chiare, freschi*," &c. often translated, but never so elegantly as by the kindred muse of Lady Dacre:

"If so I must my destiny fulfil,
And Love to close these weeping eyes be doom'd
By Heaven's mysterious will,
Oh! grant that in this loved retreat, entomb'd,
My poor remains may lie,
And my freed soul regain its native sky!
Less rude shall Death appear,
If yet a hope so dear,
Smooth the dread passage to eternity!
No shade so calm—serene,
My weary spirit finds below;
No grave so still, so green,
In which mine o'er-toil'd frame may rest
From mortal woe!

"Yet one day, haply, she—so heavenly fair!
So kind in cruelty!
With careless steps may to these haunts repair,
And where her beaming eye
Met mine in days so blest,
A wistful glance may yet unconscious cast,
And seeking me around,
May mark among the stones a lowly mound,
That speaks of pity to the shuddering sense!
Then may she breathe a sigh,
Of power to win me mercy from above!
Doing Heaven violence,
All-beautiful, in tears of late relenting love!"

To continue our enumeration. Sonnet 135, "*Amor mi manda.*" Sonnet 166, that reminds one of Romeo's compliment, "Oh! that I were a glove," &c.

"Candido, leggiadretto, e caro quanto
Che copria netto avorio, e fresche rose."

Sonnet 173, "*Rapido fiume,*" whence Moore has taken one of the most beautiful of his songs in the National Melodies, "Flow on, thou shining river." No. 178 is singularly beautiful, commencing "*Grazie.*"

"Leggiadria singolare e pellegrina;
E'l cantar, che nell' anima si sente:
L'andar celeste; e'l vago spirto ardente,
Chi'ogni dur rompe, ed ogni altezza inchina."

Sonnets 184, 7, 8. And sonnet 198, "*O Cameretta,*" an address to his chamber and his bed, than which we know not any thing so simple or so touching. Some passages of canzon 41, "*Amor, se vuoi.*" The sonnets commencing "*Zefiro torna,*" and "*Quel rosigniuol*" of course. And sonnet 274, with the beautiful picture of declining years,

"Presso era'l tempo, dov' Amor si scontra
Con castitate; ed agli amanti e dato
Sedersi insieme, e dir che lor incontra."

Sonnet 314, "*Dolce Durezze,*" and that a little after, "*Vago augeletto!*" These enumerated, with some passages in the Triumphs of Love, of Death, and of Fame, complete our favourite passages in the *Love* poetry of Petrarch.

But much finer than any of his love verses, are his indignant sonnets against the Church of Rome, and his Canzoni to Italy, and to Rienzi. Like Dante, he never rose to such a height even above himself, as when warmed by political resentment; but there is this great difference between the two poets, that while the invectives of Dante merely arise from personal and wanton spleen, Petrarch's proceed from the purest spirit of patriotism. Italians must have smiled, and must still do so, at the unaccountable fury with which Dante flung around his abuse, but there could not have existed a breast in Italy, whose spirit did not beat in unison with the fervid vows of "Italia mia," and the address to Rienzi. On this point, Mr Foscolo is at first angry with Sismondi for representing Petrarch as an adulator of power, (which any one who knew what the poet had written against the Papal government, in the very precincts of its court, could instantly contradict); yet, towards the conclusion of his Essay, Mr Foscolo turns upon himself, and seems to attribute a spirit of superior independence to Dante. This we think precisely the very reverse of the truth. Dante was more passionate than his rival, for his passion came from a petty and a private source, and such always find vent in a greater and more imposing torrent of invective than the deep and graver feelings which true patriotism inspires. Petrarch was *egotistic*, but Dante was *selfish*; and there is a vast difference between the terms, although the French, and consequently the Italians, who, in philosophy, follow them, have but one term for both—*egoisme*. And the writings of Madame de Staël, in particular, are replete with blunders, occasioned by the double signification of the term, and the frequent use she makes of it. The principle of egotism is vanity, which always disappears, when a subject of profound interest takes possession of the mind, and which, in consequence, neither impedes nor corrupts strong emotions. But selfishness is of a deeper tinct than egotism—its principle is more than vanity, and pride would bestow upon it too honourable a name. Like egotism, it is not a quality, that sooths our dreaming hours, and makes one a jot ridiculous or troublesome in society; it is a more hidden and intimate power, that unites with the very spirit itself, and will not be shaken off or forgotten, even in those lofty and generous emotions where the mind

ought to elevate itself above all that is base. Petrarch was vain, and had a right to be so; his egotism amuses and even instructs us, when we examine his character; and it may render a great portion of his writings pleasing to some, and irksome to others. But when or wherever he has risen to emotion, to warm, indignant verse, all this vanishes, and nothing obscures the honest warmth of the poet and the patriot. With Dante it is otherwise. There is no cause for three-fourths of his invectives, but in his own breast; his anger has never a broader base than his private spleen; he is even contradictory, according as the course of his individual resentment takes its direction against this town or that personage; his sallies of passion are mere whims, utterly unaccountable; in short, he is one, with whom to sympathize is impossible, unless, indeed, according to the present summary conclusions of criticism, the reader has conceit and ambitious taste sufficient to allow him to identify himself with any mind of *strong powers*, however base its qualities or sentiments.

The 91st sonnet of Petrarch is the first prohibited—not to be found in the collection of Muratori. It is one of his most spirited, and begins "Dell' empia Babilonia." The other three prohibited are Nos. 105, 106, 107. As no Italian scholar is without his Petrarch, to quote for such would be wasting paper; and there is no English translator, whose verses are worth substituting. Mr Milman's translations are not very good. Lady Dacre's lady-like, but, we believe, she has wisely left unattempted the bolder strains of Petrarch. Mr Foscolo mentions three political *Canzoni;* we admire and mark out but two; the first is canzon 11, to Rienzi, which De Sades vainly attempts to prove addressed to a Colonna. It is an ode above all praise or criticism, and of which, in its way, we can boast no equal (indeed, thank Heaven, our fortunes have never given occasion for such).

"Io parlo a te, però ch' altrove un raggio
Non veggio di virtù, ch'al mondo è spenta;
Nè trovo chi di mal far si vergogni,
Che s'aspetti non so, nè che s'agogni
Italia; che suoi guai non par che senta;
Vecchia, oziosa, e lenta,
Dormirà sempre, e non fia chi la svegli?
Le man l'avess' io avvolte entro a capegli."

"What Italy expects, what hopes, I know not.
Unconscious of her woes she seems,
Old, idle, lazy, still she dreams,
She sleeps—will none awake her from her lair?
Oh! that these hands were twisted in her hair!"

The other ode is to Italy, written in 1341, when the Florentines proposed to call in Louis of Bavaria to their aid. It seems astonishing that an Italian can read it, and retain his senses;

"Che fan qui tante pellegrine spade," &c. &c.

We were going to observe how applicable it is now, but when was it not applicable to modern Italy? The address of the poet in it to his native land, is simple and touching;

"Non è questo 'l terren, ch'io toccai pria?
Non è questo 'l mio nido,
Ove nudrito fui sì dolcemente?
Non è questa la patria, in ch'io mi fido,
Madre benigna e pia,
Che copre l'uno e l'altro mio parente?"

And the religious exhortation towards the conclusion, in that age so eloquent, though now it would appear but cant;

"Signor, mirate, come 'l tempo vola,
E siccome la vita
Fugge, e la morte n'è sovra le spalle.
Voi siete or qui; pensate alla partita;
Che l'alma ignuda e sola
Convien, ch' arrive a quel dubbioso calle.
Al passar questa valle
Piacciavi porre giù l'odio e lo sdegno,
Venti contrari alla vita serena;
E quel che'n altrui pena
Tempo si spende, in qualche atto più degno,
O di mano, o d' ingegno,
In qualche bella lode,
In qualche onesto studio si converta:
Così quaggiù si gode,
E la strada del ciel si trova aperta."

We know not any peculiarity in the early authors of modern ages, so striking and noble as the dignity and simple faith with which they united literature and religion, and placed the one under the peculiar protection of the other. We can never forget the invocation, or prayer, with which Bacon commences—we may say modern philosophy. The one in Petrarch's Essay, "*De suipsius et multorum ignorantia,*" is another example of the union, and of how much men of letters thought themselves a favoured race—"O alme, salutiferque Jesu, vere literarum omnium et ingenii Deus."

Mr Foscolo indulges, throughout his Essay, now and then in philosophical disquisition—we must confess not to understand either the meaning or the gist of these passages. Nor, in spite of the italics, do we very well comprehend "the conflict of opposite purposes *thrilling in the heart* of Petrarch, and *battling in the brain* of Dante." Much of this no doubt must be attributed to the translator, who, in this Essay, has not done justice to his original; and a word as to translations: The task of rendering this work has most likely, from its polyglot and wavering diction, been performed by a young man. Now, we think, that the exercise of translation is the very worst plan that a young man of literature could set out with. Unhabituated to any style, his ideas yet unsettled and unlinked to their proper terms, he is sure to *yield* to the language which he translates. This may flatter the foreigner who prepares the original, that he is rendered the more forcibly; but he is deceived. The expressions will not strike the public ear as they have struck his. He is misunderstood, or more generally not understood at all, while the young translator loses his vernacular tongue, and becomes afterwards incapable of expressing his own thoughts in his mother tongue. For this reason, it is likely that France will be a long time ere she can revive any thing like a literature. She has evinced such a rage for translations, and such a contempt for any original works that her men of literature can produce, that booksellers are compelled, by their own interest, to publish translations, and translations only. So far is this carried, that original essays have been published lately, and sold in France, as translations from the English and German. Hence it is, that Paris overflows with what are called young men of literature, but who, in fact, do nothing but translate.* They neither read nor write to any worthy purpose, and their taste is formed, of course, in prejudice of the literatures, over which they are obliged to spend some time. These young men are all *romantic*, whilst the old stagers are classic in taste, nearly as ignorant, and having read little beyond the Moniteur, Corneille, Racine, the tragedies and light pieces of Voltaire, they are scarcely able to hold their ground against the partizans of the *romantic*—and only hold their ground, because, that by prescription, they have possession of the public journals. The present race of French writers (of the lighter kind) are translators—the next will be mere imitators. We already begin to return them the compliment, of imposing a foreign *school* upon their taste, which is evident from the verses of La Martine, their most popular living poet.

To return to Mr F., we think that he deals too much in *pro* and *con*, which evinces a want of sincerity, and a love of saying something, quite perplexing to those readers, who wish to gather any conclusion from his pages. There is no clue through his work, no end aimed at—one argument follows another, without any reason appearing why it should—and his paragraphs, like the sentences or half-sentences of Mr Hazlitt, follow one another more with the air of codicil than continuation; and although he is not so short-winded as Mr H., he seems quite as destitute of principle or end in his criticism. His quotations from English poetry are sadly out of place, but perhaps not more so than ours of Italian; but, on the other hand, his Essay contains much interesting information and sound criticism. Besides, Mr Foscolo's fame does not depend upon this: His *Sepolcro*, and *Letters of Ortis*, possess, and deserve, the first rank of Italian literature. He has also one strong mark of genius—a great disregard to his fame, else why does he forsake the Muse, at least light and original composition, for alphabetical criticism and researches after the Digamma?—And, would the reader believe it?—the finest effusion from the muse of Foscolo is unpublished and unknown, at least in England! Why does he not print the "*Grazie*?"

Perhaps we should have been more

* The mode is, for some literary man of reputation to advertise his name as the translator, while the translation is performed in fact by young men, for ever so little per sheet. Thus the wretched translation of Shakspeare by Guizot—Guizot never wrote one word of, except the introductory Essay. On the same plan, he is translating a series of our historians during the Civil War; and has begun with Thomas May.

courteous to a stranger, who has come amongst us to enrich our literature with lucubrations upon his own, but we of Maga are a rollocking independent set,

"Rude are we in speech,
And little versed in the set phrase of poetry,"

in short, nowise famed for over-politeness.——Indeed, one of our wags some time since printed an unpublished sonnet of Signor Foscolo's, modestly disguising his theft, and seeking to avoid any unpleasant consequences therefrom, by misprinting the name of the author, becoming thereby guilty of what Curran called "pronunciatory defamation;" but a Scotch mouth may very well plead not guilty in making hash of an Italian name. We acknowledge the joke "*pleasant but wrong*," to make use of a good expression, gained by chance through an ignorant translation.

But whether the sonnet in question was a quiz or a reality, must remain a puzzle for the future Muratoris and Tassonis, who shall edit and illustrate the works of Foscolo, and the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. The following sonnet, however, with which we shall conclude our notice, was *bonâ fide* written by the Italian bard in good English verse, (*mirabile dictu*,) and was prefixed to the private edition of this Essay, although, in Mr Murray's, for some reason or another, it no longer appears. Let it speak for its own merits, and the italics for our admiration:

TO CALLIRHOE, AT LAUSANNE.

"I twine, far distant from my Tuscan grove,
The lily chaste, the rose that breathes of love,—
The myrtle leaf, and Laura's hallow'd bay,—
The deathless flowers that bloom o'er Sappho's clay,

For thee, Callirhoe!—Yet by Love and years
I learn how Fancy wakes from joy to tears;
How Memory pensive, 'reft of hope, attends
The Exile's path, and bids him fear new friends.

"Long may the garland blend its varying hue
With thy bright tresses, and bud ever new
With all Spring's odours—with Spring's light be drest,
Inhale pure fragrance from thy virgin breast!

"And when thou find'st that youth and beauty fly
As heavenly meteors from our dazzled eye,
Still may the garland shed perfume, and shine
While Laura's hand, and Sappho's heart are thine."

LOUIS THE EIGHTEENTH'S ACCOUNT OF HIS ESCAPE, (CONTINUED.) WITH SOME OF HIS VERSES.

THIS work, it seems, had been for a long time in many hands, but all were afraid to publish it. Once printed, however, edition has followed upon edition, and the Royal Author has taken no steps to claim or to disown it. That it is from the King's pen, there can be no doubt, but as there are some passages calculated to excite a degree of ridicule, the Ultras say that these have been foisted in by some person envious of royal taste and gravity. However, editions, corrected and more corrected, succeed one another with these passages unaltered. One of them is, where the Royal refugee confesses, in the midst of the perils of his own and the King's escape, that the thing he dreaded most in the world, was a *diner d'ami*, a family dinner, and where he turns up his nose most aristocratically at a leg of mutton, sallad, and fresh eggs. At this news, relates the author, "I cast a dolorous look at D'Avaray, whose visage I found quite as long as my own." This melancholy, and its trivial cause, must appear to the reader doubly misplaced, when he learns, that at this very same hour Louis the Sixteenth was on his return from Varennes, picking chicken bones in his carriage, crowded not only with his family, but with Petion and Barnave, who came as Commissioners from the National Assembly to bring back as prisoners the royal fugitives. The devotees of the day are also shocked with the frank manner in which Louis the Eighteenth mentions Mademoiselle Balbi, his former mistress, and the unblushingness with which the adulterous connexion is mentioned by

the side of prayers and extreme devotion. If the homeliness of a wife could be an excuse for such doings, the present King certainly had such, Madame's being about the ugliest Gorgon visage we ever saw on canvas. While on this subject, we may mention an objection of our own, which, however, would never occur to a Frenchman, against the disgusting terms of endearment which the author continually addresses to his dear D'Avary—if such be the language of friendship, we are at a loss to conceive what can be the language of love. It was very amusing to observe the different ways in which French critics approached this work. The Ultras came near on bended knees, and in a whining and prostrate tone of most devout and over-ridiculous loyalty. They discovered even in its maladroit confessions, (as in the plaintive letter of the Duc d'Angouleme to his Duchess, containing news of his posteriors, instead of Napoleon, then just landed,) a simplicity and openness, worthy, as their favourite expression goes, *d'un petit fils d'Henri Quatre*. The *Liberals* approached the volume warily, and with a side-look towards the *Palais de Justice* and *St Pelagie*, ventured an attack. "If this work," begins one of them, "be really from a royal pen, it is above all criticism; but if it proceed from any other, it is equally below all criticism." The witty *Miroir* attacks its faults of style and its vulgarity—a curious reproach from M. Jouy to Louis the 18th—and accuses the narrator of breaking Priscian's head, and of neglecting

> "La grammaire qui sait régenter jusqu'aux rois."

In spite, however, of all these malevolent criticisms, the little narrative, upon the whole, argues the taste and feeling of its royal author; and hastily sketched in misfortune and exile, faults of style might well have been overlooked. There is one passage that excites much odium. He is speaking of the declaration which Louis the Sixteenth had prepared to leave for the Assembly, on his departure for Varennes, and says, "But, besides that we found the piece a little too long, there was one essential point wanting, and that was a protestation against all the acts which had emanated from the King during his captivity."

This proves that the present King, then Monsieur, had in ninety-one so far changed from the liberal opinions he professed at the commencement of the Revolution, that he had become more *monarchic* than even his unfortunate brother. But, as far as concerns literary criticism, he may very well plead the excuse of another liberal monarch, Joseph the Second, "*Il m'est permis d'être royaliste, c'est mon métier.*"

We left the fugitives at Avesnes, we believe, where, through the laziness of Sayer, the English domestic, they were detained a long time. The difficulty was to pass Maubeuge, the next town. The postilion turns round to ask them, "What inn at Maubeuge they would wish to put up at?" They answer, "It is of no consequence; for we must go on to Mons."—"To Mons!" said the postilion; "you won't arrive there to-day."—"Why, my good fellow?"—"At least, if they do open the gates for you to enter, they'll certainly not open them to let you out."—"But what's all that to us, since the post is not in Maubeuge?"—"It has been," said the postilion, "for these six months."—"And is there no road by which we may turn the town?"—"Ay, is there," said he. "Very well, my good fellow, as we are hurried, and as your horses are good, can you not bring us this road? We'll pay you well."—"Me," cried he; 'I wouldn't do it for any consideration."

"These few words shewed me all the horror of our situation; seeing no hope, I thought but of resigning myself to the fate I foresaw."

D'Avaray, however, attacks the postillion in his bad French; and at last, by telling a long and piteous tale about a sick sister he had at Mons, and with the promise of three guineas, engages him to attempt the road outside the town. The narrator continues:—

"As soon as we were in the suburbs, the postilion stopped, and entering a little wine-shop to drink, demanded a guide. The women who were collected there, told him he could not pass. 'Why,' said he, 'is not the Pont Rouge standing?'—'Yes,' said one of the women, 'but they are working at the new Sambre. There have been three hundred workmen at it, and they have made *fosses* out of which

you would never get.'—'Get me a guide, however, that's all I want,' said the postilion. The woman went to seek her brother, who happened to be one of the workmen employed. He offered to conduct us to the *fosse*, but confirmed what his sister had told us. 'If it was to the very devil, I'd pass it,' cried the postilion; 'take a lantern, and conduct me.' This colloquy, as you may believe, afforded us no pleasure; but we were somewhat assured by the resolution of the postilion.

"Behold us, then, crossing the fields, not an hundred paces from the ramparts of a fortified town, and almost certain of being stopped, if there happened a sentinel to see our lantern, and be acquainted with his duty. We would have willingly agreed that they might fire a shower of grape shot upon us, provided they did not come out after us. Arrived at the *fosse*, I wished to pass it on foot; the postilion would not permit us. He got down, reconnoitred the *fosse*, found a place where, though deep, it was not very wide, remounted his horse, and we passed it with all the address imaginable. The guide still conducted us as long as we were in the fields, and quitted us as soon as we regained the great road; which we at last took, with the certainty of arriving at Mons without impediment.

"Before delivering myself up completely to joy, I thanked God for the recovery of my liberty, and then wished to rejoice with D'Avaray on the accomplishment; but as we were not yet quite out of France, he sought to check my transports, on account of Sayer, who as yet knew not who I was; but Sayer was fast asleep on my shoulder, and D'Avaray himself was too much delighted not to join in my joy. I began by seizing the cursed tri-color cockade; and addressing it in these verses of Armide,

'Vains ornemens d'une indigne molesse,
&c.'

I tore it from my hat, begging, at the same time, D'Avarny to preserve it carefully, as Christopher Columbus preserved his chains. We then began to think what we should do upon arriving at Mons, which we thought fortified, and of course the gates shut. We agreed to seek an inn in the suburbs, and, if we could not find a place, to write to the commandant, begging him to open to me the gates. We also anticipated the case of our finding but one bed. I told D'Avaray, in that case I should yield it to him, and, as being the strongest, would pass the night in my chair. He declared he would not suffer this, and that he would rather take a mattras by the side of my bed. I insisted that he would at least partake the bed we were not sure to find; and as every object then looked gay in my imagination, I parodied the verses of *Hyppolite and Arcite*, which begin with "*Sous les drapeaux de Mars*," putting *matelas* instead of *malheur*, which caused us much fun," &c.

The fugitives arrive safe at Mons, and the rest of the pamphlet contains little interesting matter. Its publication, we see, has elicited another work of Royal penmanship from the press—the escape of King Stanislaus to Marienwerden, written by himself, in which, if there be any thing interesting, more than is to be found in Rulhieres and Wraxall, our readers must have it. We wish this fashion of bringing out Royal Memoirs would travel North, and procure us the publication of the Queen of Prussia's Memoirs, which of all auto-narrations must be the most interesting, and would be useful as a counterpoise to the Las Cases and O'Mearas.

This much was just written, and luckily not sent, when lo, this morning, May the 8th, appears another edition of the *Voyage a Bruxelles et Coblentz*, with poetry by his Majesty Louis the Eighteenth. Of the poetry most part was published long since in the *Mercure* and other works, under the signature of the *Marquis de Fulvy*. There is but just time ere the courier sets off, to transcribe some of them, and leave the reader to judge of the Royal Muse by himself:

VERS INSCRITS SUR UN EVENTAIL PRESENTE A LA REINE.

Au milieu des chaleurs extrêmes,
Heureux d'amuser vos loisirs,
Je saurai près de vous appeler les Zéphyrs:
Les amours y viendront d'eux-mêmes.

The next we give is an Apologue, not very Ultra, called

LE PETIT PRINCE ET LES CARTES.

D'un beau poupon royal la majesté future
Avec des cartes s'amusait :
Ignorant leur emploi, l'enfant ne s'y plaisait
Que par l'attrait de leur peinture,
Et rejetait, non sans dédain,
Tout ce que n'était pas figure.
L'une plus sensible à l'injure
D'être prise pour du fretin,
Fit cetté remontrance au petit souverain :
—Peintures sont chez nous ce qu'est votre noblesse ;
Elle a bien son mérite. Occupez-vous des grands ;
Mais les petits, aux yeux de la sagesse,
Doivent-ils être indifférens ?
Gardez vous donc de jamais croire
Que le jeu subsiste sans nous.
Lisez, consultez notre histoire :
Interrogez nos jeux de couleur rouge et noire :
Franchement ils vous diront tous
Que de notre union résultent les grand coups,
Et que d'un roi son peuple est la force et la gloire.
Pour vous défendre enfin de prendre un ton si haut,
Avec la carte la plus mince,
Apprenez qu'au piquet, mon joli petit prince,
Faute d'un huit on est capot.

I have just room for another, dated Gand, 1815.

LES MOUCHOIRS BLANCS.—ANECDOTE HISTORIQUE.

Pourquoi ne pas faire pour moi
Ce que l'on faisit pour le Roi ?
Disait Napoleon, à sa cour qui l'adore,
Autant qu'elle même ou l'honore.
Lorsque Louis sortait, on dit que dans Paris
Des mains blanches comme les lis,
Agitant des mouchoirs qui l'étaient plus encore,
Interprètes muets de joie et de candeur,
D'un sexe aimant signalaient le bonheur.
Moi, je n'ai point la petitesse
De prendre en haine une couleur :
D'une main, d'un mouchoir, l'éclatante blancheur
N'a rien, dans le fond, qui me blesse.
J'accepterais en Empereur
Cette innocente politesse.
Sire, lui répondit un courtisan matois,
Je ne vois rien là qui m'etonne.
Tous les droits de Louis, la France vous les donne ;
Mais chacun sait qu'on disait autrefois :
Sur qui n'a rien le Roi n'a plus de droits ;
Et tout bonnement je soupçonne,
Les dames dont le cœur chérit votre personne
De se moucher avec leur doigts.

P. S.—Wonders will never cease! The Duchess of Angouleme has just published a book,—"A Recital of Events that happened in the Temple, from the 13th of August, 1792, till the death of the Dauphin." It is too late to give any account of the work in this Number.

Paris, 9th May, 1823.

Noctes Ambrosianæ.

No. VIII.

ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΗΔΕΑ ΚΩΤΙΛΛΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,*
An ancient who wrote crabbed Greek in no silly days,;
Meaning, "'TIS RIGHT FOR GOOD WINEBIBBING PEOPLE,
"NOT TO LET THE JUG PACE ROUND THE BOARD LIKE A CRIPPLE;
"BUT GAILY TO CHAT WHILE DISCUSSING THEIR TIPPLE."
An excellent rule of the hearty old cock 'tis—
And a very fit motto to put to our Noctes.]

C. N. *ap. Ambr.*

PRESENT—ETTRICK SHEPHERD, Chairman; KEMPFERHAUSEN, Croupier; TICKLER, ODOHERTY, Dr MULLION, &c. &c. &c.

SCENE—*The Chaldee Chamber—Table as it should be.*

TIME—*Ten,* P. M.

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

Ah, mein Gott! what for a barbarian! And you came to town on purpose?

HOGG.

Deed did I, lad. And what for no? I aye come in when there's ony thing o' the kind gaun forrit.

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

O shocking! you really horrify me! You like to see such things? You really find a pleasure in them?

HOGG.

Pleasure here, pleasure there, I cannot bide away from a haugin'—I tell you plainly that I think its worth a' the Tragedy Plays that ever were acted—I like to be garred to grue.

ODOHERTY.

And of course a female exit is the more piquant—how did the old lady go off then?

HOGG.

Were *you* no there, Ensign? Odd, I thought I heard your cough in the crowd. You *were* there, you deceiver—you were there—you were not the length of a cart-tram ahint mysel.

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

O, Mr Odoherty, you too!

TICKLER.

Pooh, pooh! Odoherty went to get materials for an article—he has promised Ebony a series of HORÆ PATIBULANÆ, and they will be taking papers I believe, after all.

HOGG.

I think I could contribute to that series mysel. Odd! I've seen a matter of fifty hangings in my time.

ODOHERTY.

Fifty! why Hogg, you're old enough to be my grandfather—and yet I've seen *three* times that number myself—besides plenty of shootings, and all manner of outlandish doings—guillotine—sword—axe——

HOGG.

I wad gang a lang gait to see a beheading. A beheading for my siller—it's clear afore ony other way.

ODOHERTY.

Genteeler, I confess—but otherwise so so; and as for the matter of cleanliness, your cord is certainly the very jewel of them all for that. Why, Hogg, I've seen half the breadth of a street smeared over with one fellow's claret;

and then the assistants trundling in a wheelbarrow of saw-dust, and all that sort of thing—is disgusting, and apt to spoil one's breakfast.

HOGG.

Weel, I never saw onybody gang aff easier than Lucky M'Kinnon—I keepit my ee upon her, and she never made ae single steer either wi' foot or hand. She was very easy, poor woman.

DR MULLION.

Just a stroke of apoplexy—nothing more.

ODOHERTY.

You are right, I believe, and that after all is the best way it can operate.

DR MULLION.

In former times, when the poor devil had to leap from a ladder, he might go up two or three steps higher, and make such a spring that he was sure of breaking his spine; but now-a-days the fall is so short and so perpendicular, that they all die of apoplexy or strangulation—which last is bad.

ODOHERTY.

What did your friend Brodie die of, Mr Tickler?

TICKLER.

Apoplexy, I suppose. His face was as black as my hat.

HOGG.

Lucky Mackinnon's bonny face was black too, they were saying.

DR MULLION.

Yes, "black, but comely." I saw her a day or two afterwards—very like the print.

TICKLER.

Those infernal ideots, the Phrenologists, have been kicking up a dust about her skull, too, it appears. Will those fellows take no hint?

ODOHERTY.

They take a hint! Why you might as well preach to the Jumpers, or the Harmonists, or any other set of stupid fanatics. Don't let me hear them mentioned again.

DR MULLION.

They have survived the turnip. What more can be said?

HOGG.

The turnip, Doctor?

DR MULLION.

You haven't heard of it then? I thought all the world had. You must know, however, that a certain ingenious person of this town lately met with a turnip of more than common foziness in his field—he made a cast of it, clapped it to the cast of somebody's face, and sent the composition to the Phrenological, with his compliments, as a *fac-simile* of the head of a celebrated *Swede*, by name Professor Tornhippson. They bit—a committee was appointed—a report was drawn up—and the whole character of the professor was soon made out as completely *secundum artem*, as Haggart's had been under the same happy auspices a little before. In a word, they found out that the illustrious Dr Tornhippson had been distinguished for his Inhabitiveness, Constructiveness, Philoprogenitiveness, &c.—nay, even for "Tune," "Ideality," and "Veneration."

ODOHERTY.

I fear they have heard of the hoax, and cancelled that sheet of their Transactions. What a pity!

HOGG.

Hoh! hoh! hoh! The organization of a fozey turnip! Hoh! hoh! hoh! hoh! the like o' that! The Swedish turnip—the celebrated Swede!

ODOHERTY.

Le Glorieux himself never carried through a better quizz. The whole thing is perfect—*Fuit Ilium!*—The worst of the whole was, that a couple of the leading members had been disputing rather keenly, which of their own two organizations bore the greater resemblance to that of the enlightened defunct.

TICKLER.

Name, name.

HOGG.

Wha *were* the twa saps? Name them, name them.

ODOHERTY.

No, I shall spare their names; for I hear your New Novel is to be a deuced personal thing, and you would perhaps introduce them.

HOGG.

Here's my hand.

ODOHERTY.

Tush, tush. I'll tell you no more, but that the one of them belongs to the Stot's establishment, and the other jobs occasionally in the balaam line for the Crany Review. Really, they're not worth your libelling them, kind Shepherd.

HOGG.

We'll see—we'll see.

TICKLER.

And is it really to be a personal work, Hogg?

HOGG.

It sets you weel, hinney—but ha' done, ha' done. Ye'll a' read and judge for yourselves in the course of a week or twa; for, now that Quentin Durward's out o' his hands, Ballantyne will surely skelp on wi' me. His presses have been a' sae thrang this while, that I havena gotten aboon half the third volume set up. But I'll spur up the lad, noo. De'il mean him, I think he's no blate to keep me taiglin for ony Quentin Durward that ever cam out o' Glenhoulakin.

TICKLER.

Come now, Hogg, confess that Quentin Durward is a fine, a noble, a glorious thing.

HOGG.

Wait a wee.

ODOHERTY.

As your work is still *in secretis*, of course we can't institute any comparisons—but I, for one, shall say honestly, that I look upon Quentin Durward as the very best thing that has come out since Old Mortality.

HOGG.

Ay, man——? and div ye really think sae in earnest? Weel, I cannot but confess it, I'm muckle of the same opinion mysell, between friends. It's clean afore Peveril—aye, and Needgil too—clean afore them.

TICKLER.

It has all the novelty of another Ivanhoe—and yet all the ease and lightness of another Guy Mannering—and by the way, Hogg, the author seems to be as fond of hanging-matches as yourself—what capital characters those two ladder boys are—and then their never stirring without rope and pulley, any more than a parson without a corkscrew!

HOGG.

Gleg chields, faith. Ad! my flesh creepit whenever they cam on the boards—I just thought I saw the rape dangling in the wind before my very een. Yon tinkler Moograbbin—what a devil of a spurling yon daur-the-mischief would mak! I think I see him flung aff.

ODOHERTY.

Your imagination is lively, good shepherd. Have you introduced any similar scenes in your own work?

HOGG.

Ha! lad—wait a wee, again—pumping, pumping!

ODOHERTY.

You seem to think every body is on the *qui vive* for your bundle of balaam.

HOGG.

Balaam?—Gude have mercy on us! he's ca'in't balaam or e'er it's out!

MULLION.

Well, that's not so bad after all, as calling it balaam after it *is* out; which, however, I am sure nobody will do; at least, nobody but the Standard-bearer.

HOGG.

And *his* tongue's nae scandal, Doctor—Od! every thing's balaam wi' him, amaist. He ca'd the Brownie of Bodsbeck balaam, and yet it gaed through three editions.

ODOHERTY.

Three editions? Are you serious?

HOGG.

Dead serious—Od! does a new title-page not make a new edition?—If ye deny that, I'll hae ye afore The Three, and see how you'll like shoolin out your gowd—but to be sure your brass is mair plenty, my man.

ODOHERTY.

Mr Hogg, you and the Author of Waverley are beginning to give yourselves a confounded deal of airs upon your cash. I don't see what he had to do with blowing such a trumpet about his beeves, and muttons, and so forth, in that introduction of his. As for his sneers about garretteers, and chops, and Grub-street, I hope the gentlemen of the press will take the illiberality as it deserves. Upon honour, I don't think it was worthy of the Great Unknown to take such a fling at the innocent misfortunes of a set of gentlemen, who have all of them done their best to please the public—which is more than I opine any body will venture to say for him.

HOGG.

Come, come, Captain Odoherty, what's your drift?—Do you mean to say that I am a gentleman of the press, sir?

ODOHERTY.

Much may be said on both sides—But, however, you have beeves and muttons enough, I suppose, as well as Peveril; and you don't live in Grub-street.

HOGG.

I live in as decent a place as yoursell, Captain. I put up at Mackay's noo, when I'm in town—'tis a very comfortable house, and I can gang into the traveller's room, and get pleasant company whenever my fingers are dinnled wi' driving the pen.—And I'm a' in the heart o' business too—Mr Constable's grand new shop's just forment my window—Mr Blackwood's no a hap-stap-and-lowp amaist farrer west—and Ballantyne's deevils, they can come jinking back and forrit in no time by the playhouse stairs—and Ambrose's here, I can skelp ower, if it were a perfect steep, without weeting my shoon.

ODOHERTY.

Your top-boots you mean—but I beg your pardon, you are as sore about the boots as old Philip of Argenton himself.—I beg your pardon, good Monsieur Bête-bottée.

HOGG.

You needna be moushying me.—I ken naething ava about your parleyvouzing system—that's my apothegm.

ODOHERTY.

Hogg, I think I have heard you say, that you sometimes find things take in the ratio of their unintelligibility.

HOGG.

What's that now?—

ODOHERTY.

I mean to say, that you think people are at times best pleased with what they can't make either head or tail of.

HOGG.

'Tis as true a word as ever came out of a fause loon's cheese-trap.—I aye thocht weel of the non-comprehensible system—and there's a lang-nebbit word for you too, my braw Captain.

ODOHERTY.

Well then, just to please Hogg, Gentlemen of the Press, I shall tip the company a French chanson—new—original—unpublished—fresh from the pen of my good friend Beranger—the very last thing Beranger has done.

TICKLER.

Ha! I've seen very little of his works,—they say he's the Tommy Moore of France.

ODOHERTY.

Why, he wants Tommy's delicacy and bright fancy; but then he perhaps has more spirit with him than Tommy. He has written some abominable things in the licentious way; but so, to be sure, has Tom Moore.

TICKLER.

Ah! but has he repented, or at least refrained, like your amiable countryman?

ODOHERTY.

I don't wish to chatter about humbugs just now. I shall give you the chanson I spoke of, and you will see, that it at least is as pure as if Hogg himself had indited the goodly matter.

TICKLER.

The Edinburgh Reviewers, I think, say, that Beranger is "the Poet of the People."—Is he so very popular then?

ODOHERTY.

Popular he is; but not with *the People*, nor is he the least in their line. So far from that indeed, that he is far too deep in his allusions for the worshipful Reviewers themselves, seeing that they quoted as a specimen of a "Poet of the People," a verse with a most *indecent* allusion, touching the Jesuits—the which, it is right manifest, neither the critic himself, nor the editor, could have understood.

HOGG.

You may be sure, the lads just acted upon my principle.—

ODOHERTY.

Well, I wish they would act upon *your principle* only concerning our own books, and not make us a laughingstock among the outlandish—but now for the chanson. (*Sings*)

L'OMBRE D'ANACREON.

Air: de la Sentinelle.

Un jeune Grec s'ecrit à des tombeaux:
Victoire! il dit; l'écho redit: Victoire!
O demi-dieux, vous nos premiers flambeaux,
Trompez le Styx et voyez notre gloire.
Soudain sous un ciel enchanté
Une ombre apparait et s'écrie:
Doux enfant de la liberté, (*bis.*)
Le plaisir veut une patrie,
Une patrie.

O peuple Grec, c'est moi dont les destins
Furent si doux chez tes ayeux si braves;
Quand il chantait l' amour dans les festins
Anacreon en chassait les esclaves.
Jamais la tendre volupté
N' approcha d' une ame fletrie.
Doux enfant de la liberté, (*bis.*)
Le plaisir veut une patrié,
Une patrié.

De l'aigle encore l'aile rase les cieux,
Du rossignol les chants sont toujours tendres;
Toi, peuple Grec, tes arts, tes lois, tes dieux,
Qu'en as tu fait, qu'as-tu fait de nos cendres?
Tes fêtes passent sans gaieté,
Sur une rive encore fleurie.
Doux enfant de la liberté,
Le plaisir veut une patrie,
Une patrie.

Déjà vainqueur, chante et vole au danger,
Brise tes fers, tu le peux si tu l'oses:
Sur nos debris, quoi! le vil étranger
Dort enivré du parfum de tes roses!

Quoi! payer avec la beauté
Un tribut à la barbarie;
Doux enfant de la liberté,
Le plaisir veut une patrie,
Une patrie.

C'est trop rougir aux yeux du voyageur,
Qui d'Olympie évoque la memoire.
Frappe, et ces bords, au gré d'un ciel vengeur,
Reverdiront d'abondance et de gloire.
Des tyrans le sang detesté
Réchauffe une terre appauvrie;
Doux enfant de la liberté,
Le plaisir veut une patrie,
Une patrie.

A tes voisins n'emprunte que du fer,
Tout peuple esclave est allié perfide.
Mars va t'armer des feux de Jupiter,
Cher à Venus son étoile te guide.
Bacchus, dieu toujours indompté,
Remplira la coupe tarie.
Doux enfant de la liberté,
Le plaisir veut une patrie,
Une patrie.

Il se rendort, le sage de Theos . . . . . .
La Grèce enfin suspend ses funerailles
Thébes, Corinthe, Athène, Sparte, Argos,
Ivres d'espoir, exhumez vos murailles;
Vos vierges même ont répété
Ces mots d'une voix attendrie,
Doux enfant de la liberté,
Le plaisir veut une patrie,
Une patrie.

HOGG.

A bonny tune, and, I daursay, a bonny sang too. What was't a' aboot, sirs?

TICKLER.

Love and country, and so forth. The shade of——

HOGG.

I daursay it's just plunder't out o' my *Perils*.—Does it mention onything aboot a bonny lassie, and the flowers, and the gloaming?

TICKLER.

These are all alluded to, Mr Hogg.

HOGG.

And the birds singing?

TICKLER.

Yes, that too, I think.

ODOHERTY, (*Singing.*)

"Du Rossignol les chants sont toujours tendres,
Toi, peuple Grée!——"

HOGG.

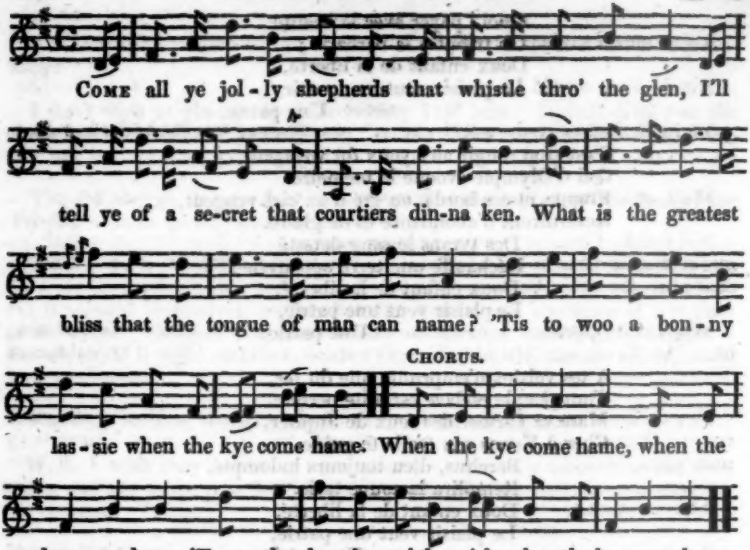
Na, na—time about's fair play, Captain. Ye've gien us the copy—I think I may be allood to gie you the original; for I'm sure the French thief has just been taking every idea I had frae me—I mean——

ODOHERTY.

Ha! a new light!—Beranger, too, robbing Hogg!—But begin, begin, dear Jamie.

HOGG.

Ae mair round of the bottles ere I begin—(*Drinks a bumper of toddy.*)—Ay, now—my whistle will do now.—(*Sings.*)



'Tis not beneath the burgonet, nor yet beneath the crown,
'Tis not on couch of velvet, nor yet in bed of down—
'Tis beneath the spreading birch, in the dell without the name,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie, when the kye come hame.
(*Chorus, lads.*) When the kye come hame, when the kye come hame,
'Tween the gloaming an' the mirk, when the kye come hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest for the mate he lo'es to see,
And up upon the topmost bough, oh, a happy bird is he!
There he pours his melting ditty, and love 'tis a' the theme,
And he'll woo his bonny lassie when the kye come hame.
When the kye come hame, &c.

When the bluart bears a pearl, and the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonny lucken gowan has fouldit up his ee,
Then the lavrock frae the blue lift drops down, and thinks nae shame
To woo his bonny lassie when the kye come hame.
When the kye come hame, &c.

Then the eye shines sae bright, the hale soul to beguile,
There's love in every whisper, and joy in every smile:
O wha wad choose a crown, wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss a bonny lassie when the kye come hame?
When the kye come hame, &c.

See yonder pawky shepherd, that lingers on the hill,
His ewes are in the fauld, and his lambs are lying still;
Yet he downa gang to bed, for his heart is in a flame,
To meet his bonny lassie when the kye come hame.
When the kye come hame, &c.

Away wi' fame and fortune, what comfort can they gie?
And a' the arts that prey on man's life and liberty:
Gie me the highest joy that the heart of man can frame,
My bonny, bonny lassie, when the kye come hame.
When the kye come hame, &c. (*Much applause.*)

ODOHERTY.

Upon my honour 'tis admirable—why, when did you make this, Hogg?—
You have done nothing so sweet these three years.

HOGG.

An' ye never saw nor heard it afore?

ODOHERTY.

Not I—how should I?—

HOGG.

Ye invincible ne'er-do-weel! and yet you reviewed my Three Perils o' Man for two reviews, and three newspapers forby.

ODOHERTY.

Well, and what is that to the purpose?

HOGG.

Not much, I confess,—only the next time ye're for reviewing an author, ye might maybe come as braw speed if ye began wi' reading his book.—Tak' ye that hint, my noble Captain.

ODOHERTY, (*a little confused.*)

Why, is it possible? I really can scarce swallow you, Hogg.—Is *that* song in "The Three Perils of Man?"—You are thinking of "The Three Perils of Woman,"—an't ye?

HOGG.

Fient a bit o' me.—In the book of "The Three Perils of Man"—the third volume thereof, and the 19th page, you will find it written as I have sung unto you.

ODOHERTY, (*aside to Tickler.*)

I never saw the book—hang it!

TICKLER, (*tipping the Adjutant the wink.*)

Come Hogg, don't be too severe upon Odoherty. The song is a good deal altered since then, and much for the better. As it stands in the novel, if I recollect right, it begins with some trash about "Tarry woo'," and "whistling at the plow."—The Standard-bearer might easily think the song a new one.

HOGG.

I'se no deny that,—for to tell you the plain fact, Christopher, I had clean forgotten't mysel'.—When the book was sent out a' printed to Yarrowside, od! I just read the maist feck on't as if I had never seen't afore; and as for that sang in particular, I'll gang before the Baillies the morn, and tak' my affidavy that I had no more mind o' *when* I wrote it, or *how* I wrote it, or onything whatever concerning it—no more than if it had been a screed of heathen Greek. I behoved to have written't sometime, and someway, since it was there—but that's a' I kent.—I maun surely hae flung't aff some night when I was a thought dazed, and just sent it in to the printer without looking at it in the morning. I declare I just had to learn the words or I could sing the sang, as if they had been Soothey's, Tam Muir's, or some other body's, and no my ain.

ODOHERTY.

Coleridge over again for all the world, and the Blackstone of Blarney,—"a psychological curiosity," Hogg!—Take one hint however, and henceforth always write your songs when you are *dazed*, as you call it,—*Hibernice*, when you are in a state of civilation.

HOGG, (*testily.*)

Thank ye, Captain;—I need scarcely be after bidding you *read* the songs I write, when you find yourself in that same honourable and praise-worthy condition.—

ODOHERTY, (*rings.*)

Hallo,—Champagne there!—Cool this fellow with something that has been in the ice-pail.—This eternal hot toddy is setting his bristles on edge.—(*Enter Ambrose.*)—Champagne there, Ambrose!

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

Champagner! champagner for Hogg—ha! that's your sort! what for a cork!

HOGG.

Eh! siccan a clunk as that chiel's loupit awa wi'! there—there—haud yer hand, Mr Ambrose,—eh! siccan a ream! (*drinks.*)

ODOHERTY, (*drinking.*)

I pledge you, Mr Chaldean Shepherd—well, the wine is prime.—Ferguson for ever, say I!

HOGG.

Oh dear! I never fand onything sae gude since ever I was born,—heh, me!

there's anither glassfu' there yet, Mr Ambrose.—This way, bring't this way, man,—oh dear!—what a 'wagang!—what may it come to the dozen now, Mr Ambrose?—(*Ambrose whispers the Shepherd.*)—Losh keep us a'!—Losh keep us!—heh me!

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

O, what for a groaning and sighing!—what is the wish to you, Herr Hogg?

HOGG.

Just that a body could get that same at three bawbees the bottle.

TICKLER.

I suppose you would never think of small beer with your porridge again?

HOGG.

Na, faith I,—nor tryacle neither—no, nor porter and sugar, which is better than tryacle ony day in the year.

ODOHERTY.

This fellow Champagne!—Come now, Hogg, tell me honestly what is your idea of a really luxurious dinner? describe—describe.

HOGG.

Come ye out our way i' the ha'rst, and I'll spare myself the fash of descriptions, Captain.—Let's see—let's see,—what suppose I set you down to a gaucy tureenfu' o' hotch-potch, or haresoup—remove that wi' a sawmon, just out o' Yarrow—a whacken fellow wi' his tail in his mouth—his flesh perfect curds,—and then a thumpin leg of blackface, maybe with gravy-juice enugh in him to drown a peck o' mealy potatoes—or what wad ye say to a tup's head and trotters?—that's the way we live in Yarrow,—Match us in Cork or Kilkenny, if ye can.

ODOHERTY, (*solemnly.*)

"And is this Yarrow? this the stream
Of which my fancy cherished
So beautiful a waking dream,
A vision which hath perished."

HOGG.

What says the lad?—

ODOHERTY.

Well, then I say with Mrs Wordsworth,—

"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
And see the braes of Yarrow."——

HOGG.

That's a man.—I thought I could busk a fly that wou'd please your e'e, you saucy ane,—but come, come, wha's ready wi' a stave?—Mr Kemperhausen, the call is for you.

KEMPFERHAUSEN. (*Sings.*)

Der wind geht durch die Baüme;
Aus grünen Schatten schwebt
Die milde schaar der traüme
Aus Luft und Lust gewebt.
"Was bringt ihr aus der ferne
Und locket mich zur Ruh?
Sprücht ihr von Leibgen, gerne
Drückt ich die Augen zu!"

HOGG.

Awfu' toothbreakers! wheesht, wheesht.—

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

Well, very well, mein Herr Hogg.—Ich sange nichts mehr—Potztausend!

ODOHERTY.

D— German!—Dr Mullion, what are you ruminating?—And you, Tickler, what book is that you are fumbling with?

TICKLER.

Only the last Edinburgh. I was thinking we should come the cat-o'-nine-tails across some of these scamps.

ODOHERTY.

With pleasure, Mr Tickler—hand me the pamphlet if you are agreeable—Aye, here it is! what a deuced piece of humbug is this opening article.

TICKLER.

Of course it is—but why are *you* so particularly moved, Adjutant?

ODOHERTY.

Hibernicus sum; nihil Hibernici a me alienum puto.—

TICKLER.

O, you expected something about your dear countrymen, and the Marquis of Wellesley—did you?

ODOHERTY.

Your ears for a moment, Mr Croupier—and you, good Gentlemen of the Press, your ears.—

HOGG.

The Captain's going to make a speech—fill a' your glasses.

TICKLER.

Hush!—hush!—out with it, then, Odoherty.

ODOHERTY.

We are told that there are tricks in all trades, so well understood by the public, as to take off all moral imputation of falsehood. We are told, for instance, that it is intolerable to accuse of low mendacity a man of letters, even though no tradesman, for palming off, as a second edition, the heavy remainder of a first impression, garnished by an additional half-sheet of superfluous stuff. Be it so; but of all the tricks of trade with which I happen to be acquainted, the trickery of the announcement of this leading article of No. 75, of the Edinburgh Review, is the most barefaced. For weeks before its appearance, the newspapers were filled with interesting paragraphs, headed with "We are able to announce the contents of the forthcoming Number," &c.—Such, gentlemen, such are the Day-and-Martin manœuvres to which this once famed Journal is reduced; and, in due course of time, this demi-official information was ratified by the more regular announce by advertisement, penned, of course, by the same hand that gave the important intelligence in the former shape. In all these, this first article was placarded as "Art. I.—Reflections on the state of Ireland in the nineteenth century."

TICKLER.

I remember well, that all this was as you have been saying.—Such were the advertisements.

ODOHERTY.

And what title could just now be more taking? I speak for myself.—Vast visions of bottles and rattles floated before my mental optics—my mind yearned to hear the Whig Oracle's opinion of *ex-officio* informations, after the Grand Inquest of the country had ignored the bills—I longed to hear how the staunch advocates of the Revolution of 1688 would treat the memory of William III.—I expected savoury remarks on the Beef-steaks—and, in general, looked for somewhat ingenious and piquant on Forbes, Standwich, Graham, Daniel O'Connell, Mr Plunkett, Major-General Sir John Rock, K.C.B.—*cum multis aliis.*

TICKLER.

So did the public.

ODOHERTY.

And what did the purchaser, who sported his six shillings, or, to speak Hibernically, his six and sixpence, on the strength of being "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a bottle," as Pope remarks, get for his money?

HOGG.

I wonder what it could be?—

ODOHERTY.

You need not waste your time in guessing, for you would not hit it in a thousand years. In fact, nothing more or less, than the "History and Settlement of Tithes in Scotland!" which is the running title at the head of the pages in the Review; but which, if announced before hand, would have most effectually damaged the sale.

HOGG.

I'm no that sure—I wad like to see the article for ane.

ODOHERTY.

You would like—pooh! pooh! Who, beyond the parties concerned—the poorly paid minister, the financial elder, the griping heritor, and the blethering advocate—cares the end of a fig about the history or the details of such an

affair? The Kirk of Scotland is a most excellent church beyond doubt, but it is also beyond doubt, that all this prate about rescissory statutes, teind records, Lords of Erections, laicke patrons, &c. &c. is altogether balaam, of most unquestioned description. To be sure, the scribe endeavours to connect the lumber, by a kind of *a-propos des bottes*, with the fraudulent title advertised in the newspapers, by means of a head and tail-piece; which have, however, all the appearance of coming from another hand. It appears, by his account, that the people who have a design upon the revenues of the English and Irish churches, wish for as much information as possible, on the most approved practical method of doing the business. "Their expectation," quoth the Balaamite, "is reasonable, and we hope the information may not be altogether without advantage!!!" Was there ever a more stupid piece of *make-believe* attempted to be played off? These worthy characters care little about the arrangements of the kirk, having a very pretty sweeping plan of their own already. Andrew Fairservice remarked long ago, that the Kirk of Scotland would not be the worse for it, if the dwellings of its clergy were made something more nearly equal to the dog-kennels of the fox-hunting squires of England. But the present radical church-reformers would take care to leave the parson no dwelling at all, which is a simplification of the system. In truth, as has been long ago observed by a better authority than mine, there are so many points of dissimilitude between the circumstances of the two countries, that analogies drawn between their Church Establishments stand on very insecure ground.

TICKLER.

The *true* history of the article is this,—Jeffrey had picked up a dull paper on Scotch tithes from some hum-drum contributor——

ODOHERTY.

Whom he should immediately present with a £5 note, a good character for sobriety, and his discharge.

TICKLER.

—— And Jeffrey thought he could make the young idiot go down by giving his effusion a catching name. That's all, Odoherty.

ODOHERTY.

Even so, Timotheus—nor is the trick a new one. We are often baulked in the same way in the newspapers, where you are seduced into reading a paragraph by the attracting heading of "A Great Personage not long ago remarked," or "It is strange that when Mr Canning so pointedly told Mr Brougham that his assertion was FALSE," or "SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH and Mr GERALD," &c. and find, after all, that its scope and tendency is to recommend Prince's Russian Oil, or Tom Bish's tickets and shares.

TICKLER.

What think you of the article on the two poems about the angels?

ODOHERTY.

This I beg leave to skip altogether. Jeffrey has certain reasons to be civil to both Moore and Byron; and here we have a little small criticism, puffing their last poems. It is the production of a fourth-rater. I have read critiques as deep in Ackermann's Repository.

TICKLER.

You won't say that of Brougham's article on Grattan?

ODOHERTY.

No, no—the article is full of talent—of such talent as Mr Brougham possesses—and, to say truth, I loved old Grattan, and I like very well to see him puffed, even by such a man as Brougham; for Brougham, though a Whig, is not a goose.

TICKLER.

How shabby is the notice of Croly!

ODOHERTY.

Right shabby certainly, and right shallow at the same time, as I shall show you. Brougham, if you observe, sets out with abusing my good friend young Grattan for publishing panegyrics on his father, written by men of various abilities, but particularly for giving to the world that by "*a certain Rev. Mr Croly, whoever he be.*" This little impertinence is in the same taste as the "Ricardus quidam Bentleius" of Alsop, a forgotten prig; but in his day, just as conceited as the pertest reviewer in the pack. It is with no pride I say it,

but it is undeniable that such will be the fate of the reviewing tribe in general; and in particular, when it will be altogether forgotten that such an article as this review of Grattan's speeches had ever existence, the genius and talents of this "certain Rev. Mr Croly, whoever he be," will have secured him an honourable place among the great names of English literature. But, lookye, the mock ignorance of the reviewer is rendered quite comical by the naiveté of the avowal in the next page. He was induced, he says, to cut up Mr Croly, not because he is an obscure and unknown scribbler, but because "*there has been shewn such a disposition to* PUFF *him in certain quarters.*" As it so happens that these "certain quarters" have ten times more circulation, and twenty times more weight among the literary world than the vehicle which contains the opinions of this sage critic, there is something irresistibly droll in his pretending not to know who the object of their panegyric, or puff—no matter about a word—can possibly be. As to his abuse of Croly's splendid character of Grattan, as it merely consists in tearing a brilliant sentence or two from their context, and, after garbling them, then venting some little absurdities at their expence—there is no more to be said on the occasion.

HOGG.

Croly need never fash his thumb about what the like o' them says. Will ony of them ever write a "Paris in 1815," or a "Catiline?"

ODOHERTY.

Some of them might be more likely to *act* a Paris in 1792, or to *act* a Catiline. But to proceed—"Even-handed justice returns the poisoned chalice to our own lips." According to Brougham, one of the chief excellencies of Grattan is, his tremendous power of invective: He is not less enraptured with the unsparing use he made of this foulmouthed faculty. Now I shall confess, that I, for one, rank fish-wife oratory somewhat low, but yet I do not object to other people's criticising according to their propensities. He quotes with delight Mr Grattan's celebrated reply to Mr Corry in 1800, and, in truth, it must be allowed to be most classical, and well turned Billingsgate. Corry, on the authority of a sworn evidence, before the Irish House of Lords, had stigmatized Grattan as being in some degree connected with the bloody rebellion of 1798, to which Grattan replied in a torrent of abuse, in which this sentence occurs,

"HE HAS CHARGED ME WITH BEING CONNECTED WITH THE REBELS,—THE CHARGE IS UTTERLY, TOTALLY, AND MEANLY FALSE."

For saying this, Mr Grattan is praised by Mr Brougham—I suppose so—but at least by one of Mr Brougham's coadjutors in preaching Whiggery through this review. Well, the book was scarcely in London before Mr Brougham made an attack on Mr Canning, for *truckling*, as he elegantly termed it, to the Lord Chancellor, from so mean a motive as desire of place; to which Mr Canning in reply, did not foam or rant like Grattan, but simply and quietly uttered the following brief sentence:

"I SAY THAT THAT IS FALSE!"

For my part, looking at the mere taste of the thing, I cannot help saying, that I think Canning's reply far superior. It goes straight forward to the point at once, and as a contradiction was all that either had to give, so every word that did not convey one was waste.

TICKLER.

I can't help thinking that both retorts were highly unparliamentary—shockingly so—quite wrong—But perhaps the reporters are alone to blame.

ODOHERTY.

It may be so—it may be that this last affair is newspaper fudge. But grant Grattan and Canning to have, both of them, really made these retorts—and grant both of them to have been highly unparliamentary retorts, still there is this marked and characteristic difference between the cases. No tumult was made about the circumstance in the Irish Parliament; the speech is reported in a regular edition of the orator's works; the Whig reviewer extols the eloquence of the retort coolly three-and-twenty years after it was given. There is, in short, no Tory angry, and no Whig undelighted.—In the other case, there is a row, the Whigs are indignant, their newspapers uproarious, and nothing can be more horrible in their eyes than Mr Canning's indecorum,

quite forgetting the panegyric pronounced on Grattan, for doing precisely the same thing, by their principal organ.

TICKLER.

You may just reverse your second last sentence—there is no Whig void of wrath, and no Tory—we mean of that base set among us, who are our greatest disgrace, the Pluckless—not in mourning.

HOGG.

Hoch! hoch! hoch! heegh! heegh! heegh! hogh! hoch! hoch!

ODOHERTY.

One word more—I, of course, know nothing of the facts of the case, nor pretend to pronounce an opinion which party was right. I am merely criticising the oratorical power displayed by Grattan and Canning. I know not whether Corry or Brougham was justifiable in the charge originally made.

TICKLER.

Perhaps the whole is an invention of the Gentlemen of the Press.

ODOHERTY.

Hogg, have you had any thing to do with this?

HOGG.

I'll tell you what it is, Hogg kens naething about the Edinburgh Review, nor Mr Brougham neither—I have not seen a paper this month—and as for the Review, that Number's the first I've seen of the blue and yellow these twa years, I believe.

ODOHERTY.

No great loss.—But choose your subject, Chairman; what have you seen of late?

HOGG.

There's for ae thing The Sextuple Alliance. Deevil o' siccan a poem ever I saw; but the dedication is capital.

ODOHERTY.

What is it?

HOGG.

See there, man.

TO
A MAN OF LETTERS,
A MERCHANT, POLITICIAN, AND ECONOMIST;
A GENTLEMAN
WHO MIGHT BE NAMED TO FOREIGNERS, AS A MODEL OF AN ENLIGHTENED AND LIBERAL
BRITISH TRADER;
A JUST AND ZEALOUS MAGISTRATE,
AN ESTIMABLE PRIVATE CITIZEN,
AN ABLE WRITER,
AND ORIGINAL THINKER;
TO THE ROSCOE AND RICARDO OF GLASGOW,
JAMES EWING, Esq.
THESE VERSES ARE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,
BY
THEIR AUTHORS.

ODOHERTY.

Very elegant, and most appropriate. Have you any thing else new?

HOGG.

Let me think—ay, there's, for ae thing, Miss Joanna Baillie's Collection of Poems.

TICKLER.

Ha! I had not heard of her being in the press.—Tragic, I hope.

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

You will find the book on the side-table, I believe, Tickler. Yes—that's it—that octavo in greenish—you will see that 'tis only edited by Miss Baillie, although there are several pieces of her's included.

HOGG.

And some very bonny pieces amang them—rax me the volume, Mr Tickler.

TICKLER.

With your leave, Mr Hogg—just let me look over the index—ha! "Macduff's Cross, a drama, by Sir Walter Scott." What's this, Hogg?

HOGG.

Oo, just a bit hasty sketch—but some grand bits in't, man. Od! ony body else could have keepit the story for a three volume job at the least—rax me the book—thank ye, Tickler—now, listen to this,—the twa priests are watching at the sanctuary of the Macduff's Cross, when twa horsemen are seen advancing—listen.

"See how they strain adown the opposing hill!
Yon grey steed bounding on the headlong path
As on the level meadow—and the black
Urged by the rider with his naked sword,
Stoops on his prey, as I have seen the falcon
Dashing upon the heron.—Thou dost frown,
And clench thy hand as if it grasped a weapon.
* * * * *
'Tis but for shame to see one man fly thus,
While only one pursues him! Coward! turn.

ODOHERTY.

Well spouted, Shepherd—and admirable lines indeed—but I'll read it for myself: what more is there?

HOGG.

Whoay, there's almost every name that's a name ava here, an be not mine ain and Byron's. There's Wordsworth—twa sair teugh sonnets o' his—and Soothey, Lord keep us a'! they're the maist daft like havers I ever met wi', the lines of his about a Linn.

ODOHERTY.

Pass the Laureate—does Coleridge figure?

HOGG.

No—no wi' his name at ony rate, (I had clean forgotten Coleridge.)—But there's Crabbe and Milman, and Mrs Grant, and General Dirom, and Miss Holford, and John Richardson.

TICKLER.

Ah! "Otho?"

HOGG.

And ane Sir George Beaumont, that Wordsworth dedicates ane of his poems to—the White Doe if I mind right—and Rogers, and Hooke.

ODOHERTY.

What! Theodore? let's hear his chaunt.

HOGG.

This Hooke's a minister—the Reverend——

ODOHERTY.

Ah! then pass him over, for I'm sure Theodore is not in orders.

HOGG.

And Bowles, and Lady Dacre, and Miss Anna Maria Porter, and Mrs Barbauld, and Mr Merivale.

TICKLER.

Let's hear Merivale's contribution.

HOGG.

It's ane o' the very best in the book—'tis really a most elegant poem, but rather ower lang may be for receetin just now. Take this for a specimen, now:—You are to know that the poem's all about the scenery on a water called the Axe, somewhere in England. Are not these equal to Smollett's Leven Water itself?

"Hail, modest streamlet, on whose bank
No willows grow, nor oziers dank;
Whose waters form no stagnant pool,
But ever sparkling, pure and cool,

Their snaky channel keep between
Soft swelling hills of tender green,
That freshens still as they descend,
In gradual slope of graceful bend,
And in the living emerald end.—
On whose soft turf, supinely laid,
Beneath the spreading beechen shade,
I trace, in Fancy's waking dream,
The current of thine infant stream."

And wi' that he's awa wi't at ance—celebrating a' the auld monasteries and castles.—Od! it maun be a bonny classical water. I could just have thought I was reading about Yarrow, and Newark, and Bowhill, and a' the lave o't.

ODOHERTY.

They seem to be graceful verses—I, however, should rather have likened them to the flow of Dyer, or Milton's Penseroso, than to Smollett's charming ode.—

HOGG.

Na, I'm nae critic. I only *feel* that Merivale has the soul of a poet, and that his verse is delicious music to my ear. I meant nae close comparisons.

ODOHERTY.

You read so nobly when the passage suits your taste, that you would make any thing appear beautiful.

HOGG.

Nane o' your quizzes, Captain,—but I'll tell ye what, I'm no gaun to read ony mair o't; but if ye like, I'se try to sing you a famous good song that's in this book—a real good song of Mr Marriott's—and though it's about a Devonshire Lane, it would just do as weel for an Ettrick Forest "Green Loaning."

OMNES.

Do—do—Sing away.—

HOGG. (*Sings to the tune of Derry down.*)

THE DEVONSHIRE LANE.

In a Devonshire lane, as I trotted along,
T'other day, much in want of a subject for song;
Thinks I to myself, I have hit on a strain,—
Sure marriage is much like a Devonshire lane.

In the first place, 'tis long, and when once you are in it,
It holds you as fast as the cage holds a linnet;
For howe'er rough and dirty the road may be found,
Drive forward you must, since there's no turning round.

But though 'tis so long, it is not very wide,
For two are the most that together can ride;
And even there 'tis a chance but they get in a pother,
And jostle and cross, and run foul of each other.

Oft Poverty greets them with mendicant looks,
And Care pushes by them o'erladen with crooks,
And Strife's grating wheels try between them to pass,
Or Stubbornness blocks up the way on her ass.

Then the banks are so high, both to left hand and right,
That they shut up the beauties around from the sight;
And hence you'll allow, 'tis an inference plain,
That Marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

But thinks I too, these banks within which we are pent,
With bud, blossom, and berry, are richly besprent;
And the conjugal fence which forbids us to roam,
Looks lovely, when deck'd with the comforts of home.

In the rock's gloomy crevice the bright holly grows,
The ivy waves fresh o'er the withering rose,
And the ever-green love of a virtuous wife
Smooths the roughness of care—cheers the winter of life.

Then long be the journey, and narrow the way;
I'll rejoice that I've seldom a turnpike to pay;
And whate'er others think, be the last to complain,
Though Marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

ODOHERTY.

Upon my word, Devonshire is up just now.—Is there much humour in the collection.

HOGG.

Some capital jeesting bits.—Particularly some riddles and the like.—What think you of this on a PILLION?

A RIDDLE.

Inscribed on many a learned page,
In mystic characters and sage,
Long time my *first* has stood:
And though its golden age be past,
In wooden walls it yet may last
Till clothed with flesh and blood.

My *second* is a glorious prize
For all who love their wondering eyes
With curious sights to pamper;
But 'tis a sight—which should they meet
All improviso in the street,
Ye gods! how they would scamper!

My *tout's* a sort of wandering throne,
To woman limited alone,
The Salique law reversing;
But while th' imaginary queen
Prepares to act this novel scene,
Her royal part rehearsing,
O'erturning her presumptuous plan,
Up climbs the old usurper—man,
And she jogs after as she can.

ODOHERTY.

"PILLION!" Well that's truly excellent.—Well, we're all much obliged to Mrs Baillie. Toss back old Kit's octavo, dear. I shall buy one of them for myself, to-morrow.

HOGG.

There, it's just lighted on the bunker!—

ODOHERTY.

Not among the Liberals, I hope.—Ah! tis safe. Have you seen the last Pisan, Hogg?

HOGG.

Peezan!—Pushion, say rather—It's a' dirt now. Lord Byron, I aye said, wadna put up wi' sic company lang—and ye laughed at me; but ye see I'm right after a'.

ODOHERTY.

Me laugh at you? I only wonder what the deuce it can have been, that made him countenance them even for the little time he did. His articles were libellous sometimes, (these fellows, by the way, can no more libel, than a tailor can ride) but they had no connection with, or resemblance to the sort of trash the Cockneys stuffed them in the heart of——The last Number contains *not one line* of Byron's.—Thank God! he has seen his error, and kicked them out.

HOGG.

I canna gie him up. I canna thole't. I aye think he'll turn ower a new leaf, and be himself ere lang.

ODOHERTY.

Quod felix faustumque!—But as to these drivellers, they are all in their old mire again.—Just Rimini Hunt, and three or four more ——

HOGG.

"Lewd fellows of the baser sort,"—to use scriptural language, touching a most unscriptural crew.

TICKLER.

And whether you take "lewd" in the old or the new sense, you could not have hit on a fitter epithet for the authors of some of these disgusting farragos. The fellow that reviews Apuleius would look at home upon the treadmill.—Filthy, dirty creature! Latin, forsooth!—and what think ye of King Leigh comparing Pope's face to a FAWN'S?

HOGG.

Which rhymes of course to THORNS or SCORNS.

TICKLER.

Of course, of course.—Have you seen the LIBER AMORIS?

ODOHERTY.

Not I,—what is it?—a Cockneyism?

TICKLER.

Ay, and a most profligate Cockneyism too. But wait a little, wait a little. I can a tale unfold. You shall hear the whole story in due time,—"the whole truth, and nothing but the truth;" and well know I at least ONE COCKNEY that would shake in his shoes if he heard what I am saying.

HOGG.

Ye gar me shake mysel', when ye speak with that groaning key, and lay out your leg that way.—O, Mr Tickler, ye're an awfu' auld carle when your birr's up. Sic an ee too! ye put me in mind, no offence, sir, of Galt's Archbishop.

TICKLER.

Hah! hah! the Archbishop of St Andrews? Old Hamilton?

HOGG.

Ay, just him.—I have Ringan in my maud here.—I coft him for our bit Yarrow Subscription Leebrary.

ODOHERTY.

Read the description of Timotheus.—

HOGG. (*Reading from Ringan Gilhaize.*)

"He used to depict him as a hale black-a-vised carl, of an o'ersea look, with a long dark beard inclining to grey: his abundant hair flowing down from his cowl, was also clouded and streaked with the kithings of the eranreuch of age—there was, however," (here's for you, Timothy!)—"there was, however, a youthy and luscious twinkling in his eyes, that shewed how little the passage of three and sixty winters had cooled the rampant'—

TICKLER.

Stop, you old Boar.—

HOGG.

A devilish weel sketched portrait in its style—very picturesque, 'faith—and I dare say, very like.

TICKLER.

Why, I profess to be tolerably read in the history of that period, and much as I detest the Covenanters, I must allow that Galt has authority for every fact he introduces.

HOGG.

There wad nane o' you believe me, when I said I had authority for the missage of that priest o' mine, in the Brownie.

TICKLER.

It did not signify, whether you had or not—but here the case is altered, quoth Plowden—This book is really something of a history.

ODOHERTY.

Faith I read it as a novel, and, though not quite so laughable as the Entail, I thought it a devilish good novel.

TICKLER.

And so it is—but mark my words, the Book will live when most Novels we see just now are forgotten, *as a history.*—'Tis really a very skilful, natural, easy, and amusing History of the Establishment of the Reformed and Presbyterian Religion in this kingdom—Very great art in the management, I assure you.

HOGG.

Oh, it's a braw book—it's a real book—I aye liked Galt, and I like him better than ever now. He has completely entered into the spirit of the Covenanters—

far better than The Unknown—clean aboon him—head and showthers—the real truth of the character——

ODOHERTY.

Who the devil cares about the Covenanters?—Confound the old bigotted idiots, say I! Have you seen Murray in Claverhouse?

TICKLER.

I have, and he plays it and looks it nobly. The drama is one of the best from those Novels. Mackay's Cuddie Headrigg, Mrs Nicol's Mause, and Mason's old Milnwood, are particularly excellent.

HOGG.

What for have they no had the sense to keep the one table with the salt-foot, as in the Novel? They've clean missed a fine point by that silly alteration.

TICKLER.

They have. Tell them of it, and they'll mend it.

HOGG.

I had a letter from an Ettrick lad that's settled in America, the other day, and he says they've made a play there out of my THREE PERILS already, and it takes prodigiously,—they've mair sense owerby there than here at hame, in some particulars. They turn a' my novells into plays;—Od! I cannot but say it makes me prood to think that I'm acting just now, at this very moment, in New York, maybe, and Boston, and half a dozen mair of their towns intill the bargain; and then, how they translate me in Germany; but Kempferhausen can tell you better aboot those things.

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

Pooh! they translate every thing in Germany; you need not take that as any very great compliment.—And in France too, faith I believe they translate any thing in Paris that's written in England.

HOGG.

I wad like to see mysell moushified. If ye have the French Brownie of Bodsbeck, let me hae a lend o't;—od! I would not wonder, if it garred me take to learning their lingo.

ODOHERTY.

And then, perhaps, we shall have you writing a book in French yourself, like a second Sir Wm. Jones, or Mr Beckford. By the way, was there ever such a failure as this new imitation of Beckford's Vathek, ADA REIS?

TICKLER.

I could not get through with it for one; wild and dull together won't do. Lady Caroline is a very clever person certainly, but she should really take a little time and thought. Graham Hamilton was bad, and this is worse. I wonder Murray took the trouble to publish it.

ODOHERTY.

Nevertheless, Tickler, there are some fine passages—some noble things after all. But to imitate VATHEK and to fail, were very nearly the same thing. Vathek, sir, is one of the most original works that our age has seen. It will live when Fonthill is in ruins—*ære perennius*.

HOGG.

I wish you would tell me your notion of some more of the *new* books, sirs; for I've gotten some of the Ettrick lads' siller yet, and I'm resolved to carry them out every thing that I can coff. Blackwood says, "The Monks of Leadenhall" is a good novel.

TICKLER.

It is very fair; the author has spirit and imagination, and knowledge too,—he will be a rising man yet, you will see—if he takes a little more time and consideration. By all means, export The Monks of Leadenhall to St Mary's. 'Tis a very promising work.

HOGG.

Thank ye,—I'll e'en buy't, then,—and "The Pioneers," that's a book of Murray's—I suppose it will be worth its price, since it comes out of his shop,—for John's no that keen o' novells now-a-days.

TICKLER.

Why, the author has very considerable talents—but "The Spy" was far bet-

ter. This is rather a heavy book;—but, however, it will go down on Yarrow and elsewhere;—any thing is valuable in so far that paints new manners,—and American manners are a rich mine—and this writer bids fair to dig to purpose in it.

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

Washington Irving is, I hear, busy with German manners now.—He has taken up his residence there,—and is determined to give us a German Sketch-book in the first place.—(What a present this will be!)—and then a series of works, all founded on German stories, and illustrative of the characters and customs of German life.

ODOHERTY.

Come, this is good news, Kempferhausen—I am truly happy to hear Geoffrey Crayon has got hold of so fine a field. In the meantime, do you stick to your tackle, and devil-a-fear but there's enough for you both.

HOGG.

I've bought D'Israeli's book, and Butler's Reminiscences.

TICKLER.

Right in both—Butler is a delightful writer—so calm, so sensible, so judicious, so thoroughly the scholar and the gentleman. I love Butler, and wish his Reminiscences had been five times as large. I read the book through at a sitting—and delightful reading it was.

ODOHERTY.

There's another new book has just come out, something between D'Israeli's manner and Butler's; but I don't know whether it will be in Hogg's way, the "Heraldic Anomalies."

TICKLER.

O, a very clever book—I mean to give North a review of it one of these days, and then Hogg will judge for himself. It is really quite full of information and amusement too.

ODOHERTY.

Who wrote it?

TICKLER.

God knows! some old pawky barrister—some venerable quizzer among the benchers, I should guess. There is a vast bunch of good legal jokes; and a sort of learning that nobody but a lawyer could have acquired. He is a good-natured, polite, and genuinely aristocratic writer—I wish we had more such. May'nt it be Butler himself?

KEMPFERHAUSEN.

I should have thought it possible, but he quotes and praises Butler's books, and of course Butler is above all that sort of trick. Somebody mentioned Dr Nares.

TICKLER.

Ah! a good guess too—Why, the man that can write both that Glossary of the Old English Tongue, and that admirable Novel of "Thinks I to Myself," may do any thing he pleases.—The Archdeacon is a first-rate man, or at least might be so if he chose to give himself the trouble.

ODOHERTY.

Well, I hope we shall have more both of him and of Butler. I shall be happy to see the review, Timothy; but you know you promised to do Allan's picture, and yet where is it? The article I mean.

TICKLER.

Upon my soul, I had quite forgot. I hope the picture is sold ere now.

ODOHERTY.

I see it is considerably lauded in the Literary Gazette and elsewhere. Raeburn and he always keep up our art at the exhibition.

TICKLER.

And Wilkie—but I shall say nothing of him, for I observe Hazlitt abuses us for being so proud of him.

ODOHERTY.

I think he might take to abuse of you for being so proud of Allan too—Really Allan rises every day.

TICKLER.

Yes, sir—that figure of John Knox is the finest effect his pencil has made. Heavens! to think of these rich people buying Teniers and Gerard Dows

at such prices, when they could get something so infinitely better—with all *their* merit, and something fifty times beyond them into the bargain, for, comparatively speaking, a mere trifle.

ODOHERTY.

Come, I don't know what you mean by *trifles*—and as for Allan, he can't complain, for devil a piece of his own handiwork has he upon his hands.

TICKLER.

That's right—so much genius united with so much industry always must command success. I am glad to hear he gets on so well, however.

ODOHERTY.

You'll see him in his chariot ere he is three years older.

HOGG.

Set him up wi' chariots! Deil mean him! I think if yon auld clattering ricklety of a gig does for a poet like me, a shelty may serve ony brushman amang them. Chariots!

ODOHERTY.

Pooh! I mean to sport a coach and six myself one of these days. What do you think I have been offered for my new work?

TICKLER.

"The West Country, a Novel?"

ODOHERTY.

The same. Guess, Timothy.

HOGG.

Five hundred?

TICKLER.

A cool thousand?

ODOHERTY.

Fifteen hundred guineas, by the holy poker! What think ye of that, Jamie Hogg?

HOGG.

Fifteen hundred guineas! hoh, sirs! What will this world come to! Thae booksellers are turned princes! It will be an awfu' book for selling though, Captain. Is it all about Glasgow?

ODOHERTY.

Glasgow, Paisley, and Greenock—these classical haunts are all included under this most rural title. It is to be my *chef-d'-œuvre*. I intend to take Galt, and annihilate him—I mean *his* "West Country," the old "West Country," the "Entail."

HOGG.

Do that, and you'll do something.

TICKLER.

Depict a living idiot equal to Wattie, and *eris mihi Magnus Apollo!*

ODOHERTY.

No want of idiots; but, as Hogg says, "wait a wee."—Have any of you seen the concluding Cantos of Don Juan?

TICKLER.

Oh! we have all seen them. North has had a copy of them these six weeks. I wonder if they're ever to get a publisher.

HOGG.

They're extraordinary clever—they're better even than the twa first; but that mischievous Constitutional Association will not let ony body daur to print them. And, after all, it's maybe as weel sae, for they're gay wicked, I must alloo; and yet, it's amaist a pity.

ODOHERTY.

I have a great mind to turn bookseller myself, just on purpose to put an end to all this nonsense. A pretty story, truly, that two Cantos of Byron's best poetry should be going a-begging for a midwife! Horrible barbarism!

TICKLER.

Just retribution——! How are the mighty fallen! "Credo Byron!!"

ODOHERTY.

Crede humbug! (*Left speaking.*)

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

The First Volume of Mr Stewart Rose's Translation of the Orlando Furioso, containing Six Books, will appear in a few days.

The Duke of Mercia; a Dramatic Poem. By Sir Aubrey de Vere Hunt, Bart. Author of "Julian the Apostate." 8vo.

Mr T. S. Peckston is engaged in preparing for publication a New Edition of his Work on Gas Lighting.

A New Edition of Vathek, by Mr Beckford, with a Frontispiece after Westall, is now in the press.

Mrs Hoffland is engaged on a Tale, entitled "Patience."

A Novel has been announced, under the title of "Edward Neville; or, the Memoirs of an Orphan."

Tradition of the Castle; or, Scenes in the Emerald Isle. By R. M. Roche.

Woman's Riddle; or, England for Ever.

Adele; or, the Tomb of my Mother.

Banker's Daughters of Bristol, is the title of a Novel now in the press.

Memoirs of the Life of Sir Robert Peel, are announced for publication.

The Author of "Domestic Scenes," will soon publish a Novel, entitled "Self-Delusion."

A Second Edition is preparing, of "A Picturesque Promenade round Dorking," with numerous Engravings.

An Essay on Liberalism, being an Examination of the Nature and Tendency of the Liberal Tenets; with a View of the State of Parties on the Continent of Europe. By the Author of Italy and the Italians in the Nineteenth Century.

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The Battle of the Bridge, or Pisa Defended, a Poem in Ten Cantos. By S. Maxwell, Esq. Second Edition. Foolscap 8vo. 8s. bds.

Observations on the Study of the Civil Law. By David Irving, LL.D. 8vo. 3s.

Isabel St Abbe, or Vice and Virtue, a Novel. By Miss Crumpe. 3 vols. 12mo. 18s.

Interesting Roman Antiquities recently discovered in Fife, &c. &c.; also, Observations regarding the ancient Palaces of the Pictish Kings in the town of Abernethy, &c. By the Rev. Andrew Small. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

EDINBURGH.—*May* 14.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease & Beans.
1st,.. 32s. 0d.	1st,...28s. 0d.	1st,.....23s. 6d.	1st,.....18s. 6d.
2d, ...29s. 0d.	2d, ...27s. 0d.	2d,.....20s. 0d.	2d,.....17s. 0d.
3d, ...25s. 0d.	3d, ...23s. 6d.	3d,.....17s. 6d.	3d, ...16s. 6d.

Average, £1, 8s. 10d. 10-12ths.

Tuesday, May 13.

Beef (17¼ oz. per lb.)	0s. 4d. to 0s. 6d.	Quartern Loaf . .	0s. 8½d. to 0s. 9d.
Mutton	0s. 5d. to 0s. 7d.	New Potatoes (28 lb.)	0s. 8d. to 0s. 0d.
Veal	0s. 6d. to 0s. 8d.	Fresh Butter, per lb.	1s. 5d. to 0s. 0d.
Pork	0s. 4d. to 0s. 6d.	Salt ditto, per stone	16s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Lamb, per quarter .	3s. 0d. to 4s. 6d.	Ditto, per lb. . .	1s. 0d. to 0s. 0d.
Tallow, per stone .	6s. 0d. to 6s. 6d.	Eggs, per dozen .	0s. 6d. to 0s. 0d.

HADDINGTON.—*May* 16.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ...31s. 6d.	1st, ...27s. 6d.	1st; ...23s. 0d.	1st, ... 18s. 0d.	1st, ... 18s. 0d.
2d, ...30s. 6d.	2d, ...25s. 0d.	2d,.....20s. 0d.	2d, ... 15s. 0d.	2d, ... 15s. 0d.
3d, ...28s. 0d.	3d, ...22s. 0d.	3d, ...17s. 6d.	3d, ... 13s. 0d.	3d, ... 13s. 0d.

Average, £1 : 9s. 3d. 9-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended May 3.

Wheat, 54s. 7d.—Barley, 33s. 2d.—Oats, 24s. 0d.—Rye, 29s. 4d.—Beans, 31s. 0d.—Pease, 36s. 1d.

London, Corn Exchange, May 5.

	s.	s.		s.	s.
Wheat, red, old	44 to 56	Maple, new		— to —	
Fine ditto . .	50 to 54	White pease .		32 to 36	
Superfine ditto	56 to 58	Ditto, boilers .		33 to 42	
Ditto, new . .	44 to 48	Small Beans,new		32 to 36	
White, new .	48 to 62	Ditto, old . .		37 to 33	
Fine ditto . .	52 to 56	Tick ditto, new		28 to 33	
Superfine ditto	60 to 64	Ditto, old . .		30 to 33	
Ditto, new . .	46 to 50	Feed oats . .		22 to 24	
Rye	26 to 32	Fine ditto . .		25 to 27	
Barley, new .	28 to 32	Poland ditto .		24 to 27	
Fine ditto . .	34 to 36	Fine ditto . .		27 to 30	
Superfine ditto	37 to 39	Potato ditto .		26 to 33	
Malt	44 to 50	Fine ditto . .		29 to 30	
Fine	54 to 60	Scotch . . .		31 to 34	
Hog Pease .	30 to 33	Flour, per sack		50 to 55	
Maple . . .	35 to 37	Ditto, seconds		44 to 48	

Seeds, &c.

	s.	s. d.		s.	s. d.
Must. White, .	8 to 12	0	Hempseed .	32 to 36	0
— Brown, new	13 to 16	0	Linseed, crush.	38 to 54	0
Tares, per bsh.	3 to 4	6	— Fine . .	46 to 54	0
Sanfoin,	28 to 36	0	Rye Grass, .	16 to 32	0
Turnips, bsh.	6 to 8	0	Ribgrass, . .	15 to 34	0
— Red & green	5 to 8	0	Clover, red cwt.	26 to 58	0
— Yellow,	6 to 9	0	— White . . .	35 to 70	0
Caraway, cwt.	56 to 63	0	Coriander . .	10 to 13	0
Canary, per qr.	30 to 34	0	Trefoil	6 to 21	0

Rape Seed, per last, £29 to £31. Linseed Oil Cake, £10 to £10. 10s. per thousand. Rape cake, £4 per ton.

Liverpool, April 11.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat, per 70 lb.				
Eng. Old	7	6 to 8	9	
New .	7	9 to 9	0	
Foreign . .	—	to —	0	
Waterford	6	10 to 7	6	
Limerick	—	0 to —	0	
Drogheda	7	6 to 8	6	
Dublin	7	0 to 7	6	
Scotch .	8	3 to 8	9	
Irish Old .	6	0 to 7	0	
Barley, per 60 lbs.				
Eng. . . .	4	0 to 4	9	
Scotch . .	4	0 to 4	3	
Irish . .	3	9 to 4	2	
Oats, per 45 lb.				
Eng. new	3	2 to 3	7	
Irish do. .	3	2 to 3	4	
Scotch do.	3	4 to 3	6	
Rye, per qr.	27	0 to 29	0	
Malt per b.	8	0 to 8	6	
Middling	7	6 to 8	0	
Beans, per q.				
English .	30	0 to 37	0	
Irish . .	30	0 to 35	0	
Rapeseed, p.l.	£26	to 28	0	
Pease, grey	28	0 to 36	0	
—White .	46	0 to 52	0	
Flour, English,				
p. 240lb. fine	36	0 to 40	0	
Irish, 2ds. .	35	to 38	0	

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Amer. p. 196 lb.				
Sweet, U.S.	—	0 to —	0	
Do. in bond	28	0 to 30	0	
Sour do: .	32	0 to 34	0	
Oatmeal, per 240 lb.				
English	27	0 to 30	0	
Scotch . .	27	0 to 31	0	
Irish . . .	25	0 to 30	0	
Bran, p. 24lb.	1	0 to 1	2	

Butter, Beef, &c.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
Butter, p. cwt.				
Belfast, new	85	0 to 86	0	
Newry .	85	0 to —	0	
Waterford .	90	0 to 92	0	
Cork, pic. 2d.	73	0 to 74	0	
3d dry	62	0 to —	0	
Beef, p. tierce.				
— Mess	85	0 to 92	0	
— p. barrel	62	0 to 66	0	
Pork, p. bl.	—	0 to —	0	
— Mess .	52	0 to 54	0	
— Middl. .	50	0 to —	0	
Bacon, p. cwt.				
Short mids.	56	0 to 57	0	
Sides . .	34	0 to 35	0	
Hams, dry,	50	0 to 56	0	
Green . .	32	0 to —	0	
Lard, rd. p.c.	—	0 to —	0	
Tongue, p. fir.	—	0 to —	0	

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1*st to* 22*d April* 1823.

	1st.	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	——	204¾	211	211½
3 per cent. reduced,	——	73⅜ ½	76⅛ ⅝	76¼ 6
3 per cent. consols,	74⅛ ¼	74 ⅛	76⅛ ¼	76⅛ ⅛
3½ per cent. consols,	——	85⅜	88	83⅜
4 per cent. consols,	——	92 ⅛	94⅛ 3¾	94¼ ⅜
New 4 per cent. consols,	——	——	——	——
Imper. 3 per cent.	74	——	——	——
India stock,	——	——	241¼ p.	243
—— bonds,	26 p.	30 p.	34 p.	38 p.
Long Annuities,	——	18¾	19½	19¾
Exchequer bills,	11 13 p.	12 14 p.	15 13 p.	16 18 p.
Exchequer bills, sm.	11 13 p.	12 14 p.	15 13 p.	16 18 p.
Consols for acc.	——	74⅛ ¼	76⅛ ⅛	76½ ⅛
French 5 per cents.	78f. 50c.	84f. 10c.	84f. 50c.	83f. 50c.
Span. 5 per cent.	34 5	36	38	33½

Course of Exchange, May 6.—Amsterdam, 12 : 10. *C. F.* Ditto at sight, 12 : 7. Rotterdam, 12 : 11. Antwerp, 12 : 11. Hamburgh, 38 : 5. Altona, 38 : 6. Paris, 3 d. sight, 25 : 90. Ditto 26 : 15. Bourdeaux, 26 : 15 Frankfort on the Maine, 159. Petersburgh, per rble. 8¾ : 3. *Us.* Berlin, 7 : 9. Vienna, 10 : 38 *Eff. flo.* Trieste, 10 : 38 *Eff. flo.* Madrid, 36¼. Cadiz, 36. Bilboa, 36. Barcelona, 35¾. Seville, 35¾. Gibraltar, 30½. Leghorn, 46¼. Genoa, 43. Venice, 28 : 10. Malta, 45. Naples, 38¼. Palermo, 114¼. Lisbon, 51. Oporto, 51¼. Rio Janeiro, —. Bahia, 46. Dublin, 9½ per cent. Cork, 9½ per cent.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 6d. New Doubloons, £3 : 15 : 0d. New Dollars, 4s. 9d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 10d¾.

PRICES CURRENT, *May* 10.—LONDON, 13.

	LEITH.	GLASGOW.	LIVERPOOL.	LONDON.
SUGAR, Muse.				
B. P. Dry Brown, cwt.	58 to 60	54 59	55 60	57 64
Mid. good, and fine mid.	63 76	59 68	61 71	65 77
Fine and very fine, . .	78 82	— —	— —	78 88
Refined Doub. Loaves, .	112 125	— —	— —	108 120
Powder ditto, . .	100 110	— —	— —	97 102
Single ditto, . .	92 104	— —	— —	— —
Small Lumps, . . .	90 98	— —	— —	86 98
Large ditto, ...	88 90	— —	— —	— —
Crushed Lumps, . .	35 52	— —	— —	— —
MOLASSES, British, cwt.	30 31	29 6 31	— —	28 30
COFFEE, Jamaica, . cwt.				
Ord. good, and fine ord.	100 110	— —	85 108	90 110
Mid. good, and fine mid.	120 130	115 132	110 130	122 128
Dutch Triage and very ord.	— —	65 90	50 90	— —
Ord. good, and fine ord.	— —	102 115	94 111	— —
Mid. good, and fine mid.	— —	120 132	116 130	— —
St Domingo, ...	122 126	— —	100 106	— —
Pimento (in Bond,) . . .	— —	— —	9½ 10	— —
SPIRITS,				
Jam. Rum, 16 O. P. gall.	2s 3d 2s 4d	2s 0d 2s 2d	1s 11d 2s 3d	1s 11d 2s —
Brandy, ...	3 4 3 6	— —	— —	2 — 3 6
Geneva, ...	2 3 2 5	— —	— —	1 3 2 2
Grain Whisky, . .	6 7 6 10	— —	— —	— —
WINES,				
Claret, 1st Growths, hhd.	40 55	— —	— —	£20 £50
Portugal Red, pipe.	32 44	— —	— —	29 34
Spanish White, butt.	31 55	— —	— —	— —
Teneriffe, pipe.	27 29	— —	— —	— —
Madeira, ...	40 60	— —	— —	— —
LOGWOOD, Jam. ton.	£10 11 0	— —	£10 0 — —	£10 10 10 10
Honduras, ...	— —	— —	10 5 10 10	10 15 0 0
Campeachy, ...	8 —	— —	10 10 11 0	13 0 0 0
FUSTIC, Jamaica, . .	7 8	— —	11 0 11 10	10 10 11 0
Cuba, ...	9 11	— —	13 0 13 10	— — 14 0
INDIGO, Caraccas fine, lb.	11s 0d 12s 0	— —	9 10 6 0	10 0 11 0
TIMBER, Amer. Pine, foot.	2 3 2 6	— —	— —	— —
Ditto Oak, ...	2 9 3 3	— —	— —	— —
Christiansand (dut. paid.)	2 2 2 7	— —	— —	— —
Honduras Mahogany, .	1 0 1 6	0 10 0 11	0 11 1 0	9½ 1 3
St Domingo, ditto, . .	1 6 2 8	1 8 2 6	1 7 1 11	1 6 1 9
TAR, American, brl.	19 20	13 14	14 6 16 0	— —
Archangel, ...	0 0	19 20	— —	21 0 — —
PITCH, Foreign, cwt.	10 11	— —	— —	— —
TALLOW, Rus. Yel. Cand.	36 37	40 42	36 0	— —
Home melted, ...	— —	— —	— —	— —
HEMP, Riga Rhine, ton.	45 47	— —	— —	£42 —
Petersburgh, Clean, . .	41 41 10	— —	46 —	— —
FLAX,				
Riga Thics. & Druj. Rak.	63 64	— —	— —	£70 —
Dutch, ...	60 90	— —	— —	55 65
Irish, ...	43 60	12 13	— —	— —
MATS, Archangel, . .	95 100	— —	— —	— —
BRISTLES,				
Petersburgh Firsts, cwt.	— 16	— —	— —	17 0 —
ASHES, Peters. Pearl, . .	54 58	— —	— —	58 —
Montreal, ditto, . .	58 —	56 58	53 6 54 0	— —
Pot, . .	65 70	65 68	64 0 — 0	68 —
OIL, Whale, . tun.	24 25	24 —	— —	— —
Cod, ...	— —	23 —	— —	— —
TOBACCO, Virgin. fine, lb.	7 7½	8 8½	0 6 0 7½	0 7 7½
Middling, ...	5½ 6	5 5½	0 4½ 0 5½	0 5 —
Inferior, ...	4 5	3 4	0 2½ 0 2¾	0 3 —
COTTONS, Bowed Georg.	— —	0 6½ 0 8½	0 6½ 0 8½	7 9
Sea Island, fine, .	— —	1 5½ 1 6	1 2 1 5	0 11 1 8
Good, . .	— —	1 1½ 1 3	11½ 1 1	— —
Middling, . .	— —	0 12 0 13	0 11½ 1 1	— —
Demerara and Berbice,	— —	0 9½ 0 11½	0 9½ 0 11½	0 9 0 11
West India, . . .	— —	0 8 0 8½	6½ 0 8½	0 8 0 10
Pernambuco, . .	— —	0 11½ 12½	10½ 1 0	11 1 0
Maranham, . . .	— —	0 10½ 0 11½	10 11	10 11

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at nine o'clock, forenoon, and four o'clock, afternoon.—The second Observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Apr. 1.	M. 37	29.472	M. 50	W.	Rain morn.
	A. 51	.450	A. 51		fair day
2	M. 42	28.999	M. 51	Cble.	Fair day,
	A. 49	.804	A. 47		rain night.
3	M. 32	.996	M. 47	NW.	Fair day,
	A. 41	.996	A. 45		sn. on hills.
4	M. 32	.940	M. 46	Cble.	Sh. hail day,
	A. 42	.901	A. 46		night sleet.
5	M. 30½	.825	M. 46	Cble.	Fair, cold,
	A. 39	.954	A. 45		sn. on hills.
6	M. 33	29.168	M. 45	N.	Fair, sunsh.
	A. 40	.455	A. 43		but cold.
7	M. 32	.632	M. 47	NE.	Fair, dull,
	A. 43	.655	A. 47		and cold.
8	M. 28	.702	M. 47	NE.	Frost morn.
	A. 43	.790	A. 49		warm day.
9	M. 34	.752	M. 44	E.	Dull, and
	A. 39	.750	A. 45		very cold.
10	M. 31	.930	M. 48	E.	Cold morn.
	A. 42	.968	A. 47		sunsh. day.
11	M. 32½	.994	M. 49	E.	Fair, but cold
	A. 43	.999	A. 46		and dull.
12	M. 30½	.956	M. 46	E.	Cold morn.
	A. 42	.916	A. 46		sunsh. day.
13	M. 32	.807	M. 46	E.	Fair, but
	A. 42	.762	A. 45		dull.
14	M. 34	.857	M. 46	Cble.	Sunsh. foren.
	A. 42	.960	A. 49		dull aftern.
15	M. 37½	.999	M. 50	W.	Sunsh. foren.
	A. 44	.816	A. 51		aftern cold.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Apr. 16	M. 39	29.517	M. 53	NW.	Morn. hail,
	A. 51	.532	A. 52		day dull.
17	M. 40	.453	M. 53	Cble.	Morn. hail,
	A. 47	.256	A. 48		very cold day
18	M. 30	28.998	M. 48	Cble.	Snow and
	A. 41	29.102	A. 48		hail.
19	M. 30	.256	M. 43	Cble.	Day cold,
	A. 37	.320	A. 45		sh. hail.
20	M. 27	.608	M. 45	Cble.	Frost morn.
	A. 38	.610	A. 45		fair day, cold.
21	M. 30	.610	M. 47	Cble.	Ditto.
	A. 40	.591	A. 46		
22	M. 27	.496	M. 44	Cble.	snow and
	A. 47	.425	A. 41		sleet, cold.
23	M. 33	.232	M. 45	SE.	Sunsh. forn.
	A. 44	.272	A. 45		dull cold aft.
24	M. 32	.464	M. 44	Cble.	Rain morn.
	A. 43	.416	A. 46		hail aftern.
25	M. 33	.580	M. 48	E.	Fair, with
	A. 43	.542	A. 47		sunsh. cold.
26	M. 30	.615	M. 48	E.	Frost morn.
	A. 39	.702	A. 47		sunshn. day.
27	M. 30	.842	M. 49	SW.	Fair, with
	A. 44	.842	A. 43		sunshine.
28	M. 35	.635	M. 46	W.	Frost morn.
	A. 43	.798	A. 48		day sunshn.
29	M. 32	.925	M. 50	W.	Ditto.
	A. 46	.999	A. 51		
30	M. 38	.995	M. 53	NW.	Dull, and
	A. 49	.992	A. 52		very cold.

Average of Rain, 1.073 inches.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENGLISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 20th of March and the 20th of April, 1823, extracted from the London Gazette.

Abbott, F. cooper, Stocklinch, Ottersay, Somersetshire.
Alderson, J. K. Norwich, plumber and glazier.
Banbury, C. H. Wood-street, Cheapside, silk-manufacturer.
Barry, H. Minories, chart-seller.
Barker, J. Crane-court, Fleet-street, shoe-factor.
Bedford, R. St Martin's-le-grand, plumber.
Berthoud, H. jun. Regent's Quadrant, Piccadilly, bookseller.
Bignold, W. Colchester-street, Savage-gardens, wine and porter merchant.
Bird, J. and H. Poultry, and Bartlett's-buildings, jewellers.
Binsoe, J. Edward-street, Portman-square, ironmonger.
Brown, P. Warton, Lancashire, dealer.
Brandt, C. L. Jermyn-street, watchmaker
Brown, W. Cannock, Staffordshire, miller.
Carpenter, J. Wellington, Somersetshire, banker.
Chabaud, H. Plumtree-street, Bloomsbury-square, jeweller and engraver.
Clements, F. Norwich, coach-maker.
Clement, J. T. Broad-street, insurance-broker.
Colvin, J. Abchurch-lane, merchant.
Cout, R. and W. Haigh, Leeds, dyers.
Crawford, T. Liverpool, ship-chandler.
Crowther, W. Charles-street, Middlesex-hospital, coach-maker.
Cunningham, Birmingham, linen-draper.
Darbon, S. Mary-le-bone-street, Golden-square, wine-cooper.
Dicken, J. Burslem, Staffordshire, hatter.
Dickinson, S. Great Driffield, Yorkshire, money-scrivener.
Dryden, J. Rathbone-place, haberdasher.
Evans, H. P. Birmingham, broker.
Flack, R. Shepherd-street, Oxford-street, cabinet-maker.
Frost, J. Newport, Monmouthshire, grocer.
Freelove, W. Brighton, grocer.
Fredericks, F. Crickhowell, Breconshire, banker.
Garnons, J. H. Newgate-street, silversmith.
Gooch, W. Harlow, Essex, wine-merchant.
Graham, D. Lothbury, cotton-manufacturer.
Grant, J. G. Oxford, bookseller.
Green, J. and J. Warminster, brewers and grocers.
Gunston, W. and T. St John's-street, Clerkenwell, cheesemongers.
Hardern, P. and J. Macclesfield, silk-manufacturers.
Hayward, J. W. Bread-street, coal-merchant.
Hedgers, J. Bristol, grocer.
Hellicar, J. Andover, linen-draper.
Hensell, E. W. White Lion wharf, Upper-Thames-street, corn-dealer.
Hewitt, H. Prince's-street, Drury-lane, printer.
Hill, B. Bath, furniture-broker.
Hilder, W. New Windsor, saddler.
Holt, T. Arnold, Nottinghamshire, dealer.
Hodgson, S. Dover-street, Piccadilly, hotel-keeper.
Hopkins, J. jun. Cholsey, Berkshire, farmer.
Huntington, T. Gilsland, Cumberland, innkeeper.
Isaacs, T. Chatham, slopseller and silversmith.
Jackson, J. Holborn-hill, wine-merchant.
Johnson, B. Tardibeg, Worcestershire, farmer.
Jones, D. Brighton, stone-mason.
Kirby, J. Chelsea, linen-draper.
Levitt, Q. Hull, merchant.
Leonard, W. Norfolk-place, Newington-butts, tea-dealer.
Lewis, L. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, milliner.
Lloyd, T. Ross, Herefordshire, grocer.
Lyney, R. L. Fore-street, Limehouse, coal-merchant.
Maxfield, T. Salisbury, linen-draper.
Miller, H. F. T. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, scrivener.
Mitchell, W. Wansted, Essex, butcher.
Morris, J. Claines, Worcestershire, carpenter.
Moss, C. Cheltenham, fishmonger.
Mundell, J. Liverpool, draper.
Nail, W. Lisson-street, Lisson-grove, ironmonger.
Nash, D. Finsbury-place, livery-stable keeper.
Newhouse, R. Huddersfield, plumber.
Oliver, J. L. Broad-street, Golden-square, woollen-draper.
Petit, R. College-hill, packer.

Piper, W. Hammersmith, barge-maker.
Pinckley, W. H. Charing, Kent, smith.
Powell, J. and T. Bristol, maltsters.
Pratt, R. Archer-street, Westminster, ironfounder.
Purley, J. Old Kent-road, egg-salesman.
Rigby, A. T. Liverpool, porter-dealer.
Sage, G. W. Walcot, Somersetshire, timber-merchant.
Scotts, W. and J. Smith, Ashford, Kent, grocers.
Shields, A. W. St John's-street, cheesemonger.
Sheriff, M. A. Duke-street, St James's, dress-maker
Sinclair, J. Bow-lane, warehouseman.
Smallwood, T. Drayton-in-Hales, Shropshire, banker.
Smith, J. Bath, grocer.
Smith, J. Newbury, baker.
Southbrook, E. C. Covent-Garden Chambers, merchant.
Sowden, J. jun. Wakefield, corn-factor.
Spillers, C. Bethnal-green, bookseller.
Squire, J. Kendal, watchmaker.
Tahbernee, S. City-road, linen-draper.
Taylor, J. Leominster, skinner.
Tucker, W. H. High Holborn, window-glass cutter.
Watson, A. Warwick-place, Bedford-row, carpet-dealer.
Wainwright, H. and J. Liverpool, timber-merchants.
Whiddon, J. Exeter, grocer.
Wood, B. Liverpool, mathematical-instrument maker.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of SCOTCH BANKRUPTCIES, announced between the 1st and 30th April, 1823, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Aitken, John, merchant in Ayr.
Baird, Robert of Duncanrigg, in the parish of East Kilbride, Lanarkshire, victualler and cattle-dealer.
Christie, William, spirit-dealer, Edinburgh.
The Dalmarnock Dye-Work Company, and the Greenhead Foundry Company, and George Brown and Thomas Buchanan, the individual partners of these Companies.
MacEwan, James, rope-maker, Perth.
MacLauchlan, Charles, merchant, Greenock, and John Young and Company, merchants in the Island of St Vincent, in the West Indies.
Hannah, Anthony, and Co. merchants in Ayr.
Paton, George, and Co. brush-makers and wood-merchants in Glasgow.
Rait, James, merchant, draper, and haberdasher in Glasgow, partner of James Rait and Co. there.
Robertson, William, lately in Dunkeld, now distiller, Gillybanks, near Perth.
Sloan, Robert, merchant, Penpont, Dumfries-shire.
Stephen, John, jun. cabinet-maker, upholsterer, and undertaker, Dundee.
Stewart, John, merchant, Inverness.
Tweddle, John, grocer and spirit-dealer, Hamilton.
Watson, James, wright and builder in Primrose-street, near Leith.
Willis, Hugh, hard-ware merchant in Glasgow.

DIVIDENDS.

Cotton, Elijah, china-merchant in Edinburgh; a final dividend after 16th May.
Cowan, Robert, and Sons, grain-merchants, Glasgow; a dividend after 29th May.
Cushney, William, merchant in Aberdeen; a first dividend on 15th August.
Gordon, William, sometime corn-merchant in St Andrews; a first dividend after 16th May.
Hill, Peter, and Company, booksellers, publishers, and stationers in Edinburgh; a dividend after 23d May.
M'Kellar and Company, merchants and drapers in Greenock; a dividend after 1st June.
M'Nee, Duncan, druggist in Glasgow; a first and final dividend after 20th May.
Newham, Thomas, dealer in cotton wool in Glasgow, and farmer and cattle-dealer at Cardonald, in the Abbey parish of Paisley; a first dividend after 10th May.
Renny, Samuel, merchant in Arbroath; a final dividend on 4th June.
Welsh, William, bookseller in Aberdeen; a dividend.
Wright, Francis, jeweller in Edinburgh; a second dividend after 15th May.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

Brevet.	M. Gen. *Sir* E. Barnes, *K. C. B.* Local Rank of Lt. Gen. in Ceylon 20 Mar. 1823	11	Cor. Bishop, Lt. vice Brisco, dead 30 July, 1822
1 Life G.	Cor. and Sub-Lt. Fletcher, Lt. by purch. vice Gore, ret. 4 Apr.		Ens. Lawrie, from 46 F. Cor. do.
	Cor. *Hon.* H. T. Leeson, from h. p. 1 Dr. Cor. and Sub-Lt. by purch. vice Hall, prom. 3 do.	12	Serj. Maj. Bull, Quar. Mast. vice Sidley, dead 20 Mar. 1823
	Hon. H. S. Lawe, Cor. and Sub-Lt. by purch. vice Fletcher 4 do.	Coldst. Gds.	Maj. Wedderburn, Capt. and Lt. Col. by purch. vice Sowerby, ret. 17 Apr.
2 Dr. Gds.	R. Craufurd, Corn. by purch. vice Cha. Craufurd, ret. 17 Apr. 1823		Lt. Short, Lt. and Capt. by purch. do.
4	Lt. Ravenhill, Capt. by purch. vice King, ret. 27 Mar.		Capt. Beaufoy, Adjut. vice Wedderburn do.
	Cor. Brooke, Lt. by purch. do.	6 F.	Lt. Bonamy, Capt. by purch. vice Sandys, ret. 24 Jan.
	G. M. Keane, Cor. by purch. do.		Ens. Yelverton, Lt. by purch. 17 Apr.
5	Capt. Cane, Major, vice Walker, dead 20 do.		W. Eyre, Ens. by purch. do.
	Lt. and Adj. Jackson, Capt. do.	14	Quar. Mast. Serj. Goddard, Quar. Mast. vice Harris, ret. full pay do.
	Lt. Griffith, (Quar. Mast.) Adj. and Lt. vice Jackson 10 Apr.	15	Lt. Bannister, Adj. vice Hutchinson, res. Adj. only. 27 do.
	Serj. Maj. Atkinson, Quar. Mast. do.	17	Ens. Grindlay, from 43 F. Lt. by purch. vice Cary 89 F. 20 do.
2 Dr.	J. Carnegie, Corn. by purch. vice Lindsey, prom 57 F. do.	21	Serj. Maj. Young, Adj. with rank of 2d Lt. vice Keane, dead 13 do.
3	Lt. Baker, Adj. vice Crabtree, res. Adj. only do.	31	Capt. Waller, from 1 Vet. Bn. Capt. vice Knox, h. p. 2 Gar. Bn. 10 Apr.
7	Capt. Fraser, Major by purch. vice Williams, ret. 27 Feb.	32	F. D. Hodges, Ens. by purch. vice Power, prom. 88 F. 17 Apr.
	Lt. *Hon.* G. D. R. F. Strangways, Capt. by purch. do.	36	Ens. Montgomery, Lt. vice Dowman, dead 20 Mar.
	Cor. Smyth, Lt. by purch. do.		F. Paget, Ens. do.
	John, *Lord* Hope, Cor. by purch. 20 Mar.	38	Ens. Power, from 32 F. Lt. by purch. vice Moncton, prom. 45 F. 17 Apr.
10	Cor. Brandling, Lt. by purch. vice *Lord* Yarmouth, do. Cape Corps. 25 Mar.	39	Lt. Smyth, Capt. by purch. vice Campbell, ret. do.
	Geo. L. L. Kaye, Cor. by purch. do.		

39 Ens. Start, Lt. by purch. do.
J. D. Forbes, Ens. by purch. do.
40 Lt. Hibbert, Capt. by purch. vice Bowen, ret. 6 do.
Ens. Master, Lt. by purch. do.
J. A. Robertson, Ens. by purch. do.
41 Capt. Macleod, from 1 Vet. Bn. Capt. vice *Lord* G. Bentick, h. p.
W. I. Regt. do.
Ens. Gossip, Lt. vice Home, dead 23 July, 1822
43 Gent. Cadet, *Sir* R. J. Fletcher, *Bt.* from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. vice Grindlay, 17 F. 20 Mar. 1823.
45 Lt. *Hon.* C. T. Monckton, from 38 F. Capt. by purch. vice Gordon, ret. 27 do.
46 Ens. Stuart, Lt. vice Hamilton, Ceylon R. 26 do.
R. Swetenham, Ens. vice Lawrie, 11 Dr. 30 July, 1822
C. C. Taylor, do. vice Stuart 26 Mar. 1823
47 Ens. W. T. R. Smith, Lt. by purch. vice *Lord* Loughborough, prom. Cape Cav. 17 Apr.
Edm. T. Smith, Ens. by purch. do.
48 Gent. Cadet, C. D. O'Brien, from R. Mill. Coll. Ens. vice Haggerstone, Ceylon R. do.
49 Lt. Maxwell, Capt. by purch. vice Bt. Major Williams, ret. 10 Apr.
53 2d Lt. *Hon.* C. Grey, from Rifle Brig. Lt. by purch. vice Bristow, 66 F. do.
57 Lt. Logan, Capt. by purch. vice M'Lachlan, ret. 5 do.
Ens. Bainbrigge, Lt. 8y purch. do.
J. Mitchell, Ens. by purch. do.
Cor. G. H. Lindsay, from 2 Dr. Lt. by purch. vice Ferrier, ret. 10 do.
58 Lt. Harding, from 66 F. Capt. by purch. vice East, ret. 13 Mar.
61 Ens. Macdonnell, Lt. vice Campbell, Ceylon R. 27 do.
R. Blunt, Ens. do.
66 Lt. Bristow, from 53 F. Capt. by purch. vice Richards, ret. 13 do.
Ens. Gould, Lt. by purch. vice Harding, 58 F. do.
Gent. Cadet, J. H. Anstruther, from R. Mill. Coll. Ens. by purch. do.
67 Capt. Hore, Major by purch. vice James, ret. 27 do.
Lt. Cassidy, Captain by purch. do.
69 Hosp. As. Muir, As. Surg. vice Brown, dead 10 Apr.
71 Major Mein, Lt. Col. vice Trench, dead 20 Mar.
Bt. Major Moore, Major. do.
Lt. Patterson, Capt. do.
81 Arthur, *Marquis of* Douro, Ens. by purch. vice Hammond, Ceylon R. do.
83 Capt. Law, from 1 W. I. R. Capt. vice Fraser, 93 F. do.
Ens. Johnson, from h. p. 98 F. Ens. vice Smith, dead do.
As. Surg. M'Queen, from h. p. 2 Ceylon R. As. Surg. vice Tonnere, Staff As. Surg. do.
Lt. Greig, from h. p. 81 F. Paym. vice Harrison, dead 10 Apr.
87 Hosp. As. Birmingham, As. Surg. vice Owen, dead 23 Sept. 1822
89 Lt. Gen. *Sir* R. Macfarlane, *K. C. B. & G. C. H.* Colonel, vice Gen. *Sir* G. Beckwith, dead 24 Mar.
Lt. Cary, from 17 F. vice Campbell, ret. 20 do.
Rifle Brig. Gent. Cadet, H. Stewart, from R. Mill. Coll. 2d Lt. by purch. vice Grey, 53 F. 10 Apr.
R. Staff, C. Lt. Harriott, Capt. 13 Mar.
Ens. Cole, Lt. do.
—— Wilford, Lt. 14 do.
Lt. Cleather, from h. p. Lt. 15 do.
R. M. Westmacott, Ens. 13 do.
F. Shearman, do. 14 do.
Gent. Cadet, C. Stoddart, from Mill. Coll. do. 15 do.
1 W. I. R. Capt. Macdonald, from h. p. 93 F. Capt. vice Law, 83 F. 20 do.
2 W. I. R. Lt. Cartwright, from h. p. R. African C. Lt. 25 Apr. 1822
Ceylon R. —— Braybrooke, Capt. by purch. vice Bt. Major Abbey, ret. 6 Mar. 1823
Capt. Antill, from 2 Ceylon R. Capt. 25 June, 1822
—— Parker from do. do. do.
—— Dunne, from h. p. 66 F. do. 25 Mar. 1823
Lt. Hamilton, from 46 F. do. 26 do.
—— Campbell, from 61 F. do. 27 do.
—— Burke, from 2 Ceylon R. Lt. 25 June, 1822
—— Smith, from do. do. do.
—— Fretz, from do. do. do.
Ens. Hammond, from 81 F. do. by purch. vice Braybrooke 20 Mar. 1823
Lt. Auber, from h. p. 75 F. do. 25 do.
Ens. Haggerstone, from 48 F. do. 26 do.
2d Lt. Warburton, from 2 Ceylon R. 2d Lt. 25 June, 1822
—— Maden, from do. do. do.
J. S. Rodney, do. 25 Mar. 1823
H. Van Kempen, do. 26 do.
Capt. Bolton, from h. p. 14 F. Capt. 3 Apr.
Cape C. Cav. —— H. Somerset, Major by purch. 25 Mar.
Lt. R. S. C. *Earl of* Yarmouth, from 10 Dr. Capt. do.
Lt. *Lord* Loughborough, from 47 F. Capt. by purch. do.
Cor. Heathcote, Lt. by purch. do.
J. Jervis, Cor. by purch. 10 Apr.
Capt. Molesworth, from h. p. 20 Dr. Capt. vice *Lord* Loughborough, exch. 15 do.
1. Vet. Bn. Capt. Hyde, from h. p. W. I. R. Capt. vice Macleod, 41 F. 6 Mar.
—— Fawcett, from h. p. 2 Gar. Bn. Capt. vice Waller, 31 F. 10 Apr.

Staff.

Col. Gardiner, 6 F. Dep. Adj. Gen. Ireland, vice Col. Thornton, res. 25 Mar. 1823

Garrisons.

J. Frost, Adj. at Fort Wellington, Town Maj. at Quebec, vice Lewin, dead 6 Dec. 1822
Capt. Fraser, from 83 F. Fort Maj. and Adj. at Jersey, vice Lister, res. 25 Mar. 1823

Medical Department.

Tho. Rose Picton, Hosp. As. 10 Oct. 1822
Staff Surg. Hartle, Dep. Insp. of Hospitals by Brevet, 6 Mar. 1823
As. Surg. Tonnere, from 83 F. As. Surg. 20 do.
Hosp. As. Mullarky, from h. p. Hosp. As. vice Barry, superseded 6 do.
———— Carter, from h. p. do. vice Dempster, res. do.
———— O'Donnell, from h. p. do. vice Butler, canc. do.
———— Munkitterick, from h. p. do. vice Dixon, res. do.
———— Jer. Simcoes, from h. p. do. vice Cannon, h. p. 25 Apr.
———— J. Stuart, upon h. p. resigned 7 do.

Memoranda.

The appointment of Maj. Gorrequer, 18 F. to be Lt. Col. in the Army, should have been dated 5th of August, 1819, instead of 5th of July, 1821.

The exchange between Captain Ford, of 1 F. and Captain Deane, h. p. 24 Dr. is *without* the difference, Capt. Ford having repaid the sum received by him to the Half-pay fund.

The application of Lt. Macpherson of late 5 W. I. R. to be Lt. in 2 W. I. R. vice Williams, exch. is not to take place.

Exchanges.

Bt. Lt. Col. Fitz-Gerald, from 7 F. with Major Carter, 72 F.
——— Couper, from 92 F. with Bt. Lt. Col. Fulton, h. p. Canad. Fencs.
Capt. White, from 11 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Barlow, h. p. 40 F.
——— Ward, from 14 Dr. with *Sir* T. Ormsby, Cape Corps.
——— Page, from 7 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Prosser, h. p. Gren. Gds.
——— Castill, from 22 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Campbell, h. p. 92 F.
——— Wilson, from 24 F. with Capt. Franklyn, 38 F.
——— Milles, from 31 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Hall, h. p. 55 F.
——— Furnace, from 61 F. rec. diff. with Capt Burnside, h. p. 60 F.
——— Coleman, from 81 F. with Capt. Cradock, 93 F.
——— Ward, from Cape Corps, rec. diff. with Capt. *Hon.* C. T. Monckton, h. p. 45 F.
Lieut. *Lord* F. Conyngham, from 1 Life Gds. with Lieut. Hall, 17 Dr.
Lieut. Locke, from 5 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Lieut. Westenra, h. p.
——— Crabtree, from 3 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Baker, h. p. 5 Dr. G.
——— Poundon, from 1 F. with Lieut. Nicholson, h. p. 42 F.
——— Bruce, from 1 F. with Lieut. Gray, 53 F.
——— Nunn, from 2 F. with Lieut. Jones, 59 F.
——— O'Kelly, from 11 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Mitchell, h. p. 4 F.
——— O'Halloran, from 17 F. with Lieut. Trimmer, 38 F.
——— Robinson, from 32 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Reoch, h. p. 50 F.
——— Dunkvie, from 44 F. with Lieut. Donnithorne, 55 F.
——— Macdonell, from 47 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Peach, h. p. 84 F.
Cornet Knox, from 4 Dr. with Cornet Bromwich, 17 Dr.
Ensign Robbins, from 20 F. with Ensign Knox, 67 F.
——— Stewart, from 28 F. with Ensign Berkeley, h. p. 62 F.
Paym. Wildey, from 19 F. with Capt. Farewell, h. p. 40 F.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Oct. 9, 1822.—At Sincapore, Mrs D. Napier, of a daughter.

Nov. 14. At Gorruckpore, the Lady of Lieutenant Archibald Dickson, Bengal Infantry, of a son.

Jan. 3, 1823.—At Calcutta, the Lady of Henry L. Worrall, Esq. of a son.

March 13. At Florence, the Lady of Captain Charles Montagu Walker, Royal Navy, of a son.

24. At No. 8, Royal Circus, Mrs Drysdale, of a daughter.

— In Northumberland Street, Mrs Crosbie, of a son.

26. At Anniston, Lady Anne Cruickshank, of a son.

27. At Edinburgh, Mrs Kerr of Chatto, of a son.

— In George Square, Edinburgh, Mrs Touch Maderty, of a son.

28. At New Garden, near Queensferry, Mrs Ramage Liston, of a daughter.

29. The Lady of Frederick William Campbell, Esq. of Barbeck, of a daughter.

30. At 57, George Street, Mrs C. B. Scott, of a daughter.

April 2. At Bellevue Crescent, the Lady of Major James Dennistoun Brown, of a son.

3. At Stead Place, Leith Walk, Mrs Paterson, of a son.

5. At Camis Eskan, Mrs Dennistoun, of Colgrain, of a son.

6. At Comiston, Mrs Forrest, of a son.

8. At his house, at the Admiralty, London, the Lady of Sir George Clerk, Bart. M. P. of a son.

9. At 132, George Street, Mrs Dickson, of a son.

10. At 21, Hill Street, Mrs Bell, of a son.

— At Jedburgh, Mrs William Renwick, post-office, of a seventh son.

11. At 47, Queen Street, Mrs Hunter, of a son.

12. At Glasgow, the Lady of Mr Keith Macdonald Macalister, East India Company's service, of a son.

13. At Mary's Place, Mrs John Linning, of a son.

14. At Portobello, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel Macneill, 91st regiment, of a daughter.

16. At 9, St John Street, Mrs Macallan, of a son.

18. At Moncreiffe House, Lady Moncreiffe, of a son, still-born.

— At Walton Park, Galloway, Mrs Major Campbell, of a daughter.

18. Mrs Jackson, aged *fifteen*, wife of Mr Jackson, of Algarkirk, near Boston, of a son and daughter.

22. At Saham, Norfolk, the Lady of the Hon. and Rev. A. Turnour, of a son.

22. At Dublin, the Right Hon. Lady Greenock, of a daughter.

— In St Andrew's Square, the Lady of William D. Gillon, Esq. younger of Wallhouse, of a son.

23. At Tenby, the Lady of Charles Kinloch, of Gourdie, Esq. of a daughter.

— At Altrive Lake, Mrs Hogg, of a daughter.

25. At No. 6, Roxburgh Street, Mrs H. Alexander, of a daughter.

30. At Ardincaple Castle, Lady John Campbell, of a son.

— At Laura Place, Bath, the Lady of Captain William Macadam, 75th regiment, of a daughter.

— Mrs Simpson, 33, Northumberland Street, of a daughter.

Lately, At 62, Great King Street, Mrs Graham, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Nov. 1822.—At Matoonga, near Bombay, Dandeson C. Bell, Esq. surgeon in the East India Company's service, to Jane, daughter of Mr Smyttan, Haughend, Perthshire.

Dec. 10. At Darwar, Captain M. Kemble, of the 1st Regiment of Cavalry, and Assistant Adjutant-General to the field force in the province of Belgaum, to Miss Catherine Molle, daughter of William Molle, Esq. of Maines.

13. At Bombay, Captain William Millar, of the Hon. Company's Artillery, to Katharine Sarah, daughter of James Graves Russell, Esq. of Clifton, in the county of Gloucester.

31. At Malta, William de la Condamine, Esq. Commissariat of Accounts, to Matilda, daughter of John Hennen, Esq. M.D. Deputy Inspector of Hospitals in the Mediterranean.

March 25, 1823.—Mr William Howden, jeweller, to Ann, daughter of Mr John Crombie, Lauriston Place.

— At Jessfield, Mr James Wishart, merchant, Leith, to Martha, second daughter of the late Mr William Strachan, writer in Leith.

26. At St John's Chapel, Edinburgh, the Right Hon. Lord Dunsany, to the Hon. Eliza Kinnaird, daughter of the late, and sister to the present, Lord Kinnaird.

31. At Cupar, the Rev. Thomas Gillespie, minister of Cults, to Janet, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr Campbell, one of the ministers of Cupar.

— At St Pancras New Church, London, Sir James Dalrymple Hay, of Park Place, Bart. to Ann, the eldest daughter of George Hathorn, Esq. of Brunswick Square, youngest son of the late Hugh Hathorn, Esq. of Castlewigg.

— At Craig Lodge, Haddington, Lieutenant D. Sherriff, Bengal service, to Catherine, only daughter of the late Mr Ker Richardson.

— Charles Calvert, Esq. M.P. to Jane, youngest daughter of Sir William Rowley, Bart. M.P. for Suffolk.

April 1. At Ardwell, in Kirkholm, by Stranraer, Mr Andrew Agnew, High Portencalzie, to Jane, daughter of Andrew Agnew, Esq. Ardwell.

2. At St George's Church, Hanover Square, London, Captain James Lindsay, of the Grenadier Guards, eldest son of the Hon. Robert Lindsay of

Balcarres, to Anne, daughter of Sir Coutts Trotter, of Grosvenor Square, Bart.

5. At Edinburgh, Captain William Murray, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, Madras Establishment, to Mrs Campbell, widow of Colonel Alexander Campbell of Ballocayle, Argyllshire.

4. At Eweford, Mr Thomas Aitchison, surgeon, Dunbar, to Margaret, daughter of the late Mr Watterston, Eweford.

9. At Edinburgh, James Robert Scott, Esq. of Coud-house, Roxburghshire, and Thirlestane-house, Glocestershire, to Harriet, daughter of Thomas Gray, Esq. Cheltenham.

12. At London, Captain Archibald Crawfurd, of the Hon. Company's Artillery, to Octavia, daughter of the late James Phelp, Esq. of Coston House, Leicestershire.

— At London, James Edmund Leslie, eldest son of James Leslie, of Leslie Hall, county of Antrim, Esq. to Sarah, youngest daughter of the Right Rev. Bishop Sandford, Edinburgh.

15. At Glendaruel House, Lieut.-Colonel Alexander Limond, of the Madras Establishment, to Elizabeth, third daughter of Neil Campbell, Esq.

17. At London, William Barwell Carter, M.D. of the 8th Hussars, to Margaret, daughter of Robert Downie, of Appin, Esq. M.P.

20. In London, the Hon. William Keppel Barrington, eldest son of Viscount Barrington, to the Hon. Jane Elizabeth Liddell.

22. At Edinburgh, James Nisbett, Esq. writer, Tobermory, to Margaret, daughter of William Brown, Esq. of Linkens, Kirkcudbright, and widow of David Irving of the Hon. East India Company's Service.

— At Restalrig House, Captain the Hon. Henry Duncan, Royal Navy, C.B. to Mary Simpson, daughter of Captain James Coutts Crawford, Royal Navy, and grand-daughter of the late Alexander Duncan, Esq. of Restalrig.

23. At Merchiston House, Captain James Peckett, of the corps of Engineers on the Bengal Establishment, to Catherine Gordon, second daughter of Robert Hepburn, Esq. of Clarkington.

24. At Kelso, Richard Turner, Esq. of the Ordnance Department, to Mrs Walker, relict of George Walker, Esq. of Edinburgh.

28. At Templand, Aberdeenshire, James Barclay, Esq. younger of Templand, to Miss Mary Ann Barclay, fourth daughter of the Rev. Dr Barclay, minister at Kettle.

— At Ferrybank House, Fifeshire, George Campbell, Esq. of Edenwood, to Margaret, daughter of A. Christie, of Ferrybank.

— At Dysart, the Rev. James Spence, of the Relief Church there, to Grace, youngest daughter of the late Mr W. Fleming, of the same place.

29. At Edinburgh, George Fullarton Carnegie of Pitarrow, Esq. to Madaline, eldest daughter of Sir John Connell, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty.

30. At Airly Castle, John Wedderburn, Esq. to the Hon. Lady Helen Ogilvy, youngest daughter of the late, and sister of the present, Earl of Airly.

— Mr John Norie, to Ann, daughter of the late Mr James Harper, builder, James's Square.

— In Coates' Crescent, Captain M. C. W. Aytoun, Royal Artillery, to Eliza, only child of the late Henry Miller, Esq. of Purin.

— William Fraser, Esq. Writer to the Signet, to Bethia, daughter of Francis Taylor, Bonnington Place.

DEATHS.

Aug. 3, 1822.—At Bhangulpoor, John Glas, Esq. of that Ilk and Sauchie, M.D. aged 82 years, surgeon to the station and corps of Hill Rangers.

Sept. 4. The Rev. Henry Lloyd Loring, D.D. Archdeacon of Calcutta.

Oct. At Jubbulpore, East Indies, J. L. Irving, Esq. surgeon in the Hon. East India Company's service.

Jan. 27, 1823.—At Falmouth, Jamaica, Mr Francis Bell, of Caruthers, eldest son of the late Mr John Bell, writer in Lockerbie.

— At Lee, in Kent, aged 20, Catherine Anna, eldest daughter of the late Adam Baildon, M.D. of the Honourable East India Company's service, St Helena.

Feb. 6. At Malta, Mr Robert Adam, merchant.

March 19. At Edinburgh, Mrs Baillie, widow of James Baillie, Esq. of Olivebank.

19. At Happisburgh, in the county of Norfolk, on his way to Scotland, Major Alexander Gibson, of the 5th regiment of native infantry on the Bombay establishment.

20. In Half-Moon Street, London, the Right Hon. Sir George Beckwith, G.C.B. colonel of the 89th regiment.

— At Slipperfield, William Burton, of Nether Stewarton.

— At Dunfermline, Lieutenant Thomas Thomson, late of his Majesty's 97th regiment.

21. At Edinburgh, Isobel, youngest daughter of the deceased Mr Robert Pearson, late merchant in Dunfermline.

— At the Earl of Liverpool's house, Whitehall, Lieutenant-Colonel Jenkinson.

— At Taap Hall, near Leith, Mr Alexander Cameron of Invergasseran.

— Hugh Turnbull, Esq. of Brankston.

22. In Berkeley Square, London, Lady Marriane Smith, wife of Abel Smith, Esq. M. P. and sister to the Earl of Leven and Melville.

23. At Warriston House, Mrs Ruth Hall, wife of Alexander Henderson, Esq. banker in Edinburgh.

— At Aberdeen, Robert Charles Grant, Esq. of Balgowan, advocate in Aberdeen.

— At Allangrange, Mrs M'Kenzie of Allangrange.

— At Lisburn, Catherine, only daughter of the Rev. Archdeacon Trail.

— At Edinburgh, Charles Murdoch Adair, Esq. W. S.

24. At 25, Gayfield Square, James Buchan, Esq. W. S.

— In Keir Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Fleming.

25. At Peebles, Catherine, eldest daughter of Mr James Cairns, writer.

26. At Manse of Ordequhill, the Rev. Alexander Gray, minister of that parish.

27. At Edinburgh, aged 71, Alexander Renton, of Lamberton, Esq. late Lieutenant-Colonel of the Berwickshire light dragoons.

— At London, Major Macleod of Attadale, second son of the late John Macleod, Esq. of Rasay.

— In St Andrew's Square, Elizabeth, infant daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Wauchope.

28. At Cheltenham, in consequence of her clothes taking fire, Elizabeth Grant Hart, eldest daughter of Lieutenant-General George Vaughan Hart, of Kilderry, M.P. for the county of Donegal.

29. In Downing College, Cambridge, Edward Christian, Esq. Professor of the Laws of England, and Chief Justice of the isle of Ely.

— At Pirbright Lodge, Surrey, Andrew Stirling, Esq. of Drumpellier.

— At St Andrews, in the 17th year of his age, Mr Andrew Morrison, eldest son of Dr Alexander Morrison, Edinburgh.

29. At Kirkaldy, Miss Morgan, eldest daughter of Mr George Morgan, sen.

— At Brighton, Sir J. Eamer, Alderman of London.

30. At his seat, Leap Castle, King's County, Ireland, Admiral Sir Henry D'Esterre Darby, K.C.B.

31. At the Manse of Haddington, Jane, second daughter of the Rev. Dr Lorimer.

April 1. Mr William Roberton, writer in Dalkeith. This gentleman met his premature fate by falling from his horse, during the darkness of the night, into a coal pit near Dalkeith.

— At Braehead, Mrs Elizabeth Howison Crawfurd, of Braehead and Crawfurdland, wife of the Rev. James Howison Moody Crawfurd, of Braehead. She was the representative of the ancient families of Howison and Braehead of Crawfurd of Crawfurdland.

— At Kiln Croft, parish of Holywood, Dumfries-shire, Edward Elton, Esq. of Kiln Croft.

— Adam Crooks, Esq. merchant in Glasgow.

— At Lauriston, James Stewart, Esq. Royal Navy.

2. At Woodcotte, Dollar, Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Dr John Gordon, physician, Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Barbara Sivright, daughter of the deceased John Sivwright, Esq. of South House.

3. At Leith Walk, Mr John Anderson, eldest son of John Anderson, Esq. of Gladswood.

4. At Niddrie, Andrew Wauchope, Esq. of Niddrie, Marischall.

5. At Musselburgh, Mrs Stuart, widow of James Stuart, Esq. of Blairhall.

— At Glasgow, William Calderhead, Esq. merchant, formerly of Virginia.

6. At Edinburgh, James Kennedy Heriot, aged 17, only son of the late James Heriot, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's service.

— At Greenock, Mrs Greig, wife of Captain John Greig, R.N.

— At Lauriston Place, Mrs Alexander, wife of Thomas Alexander, Esq. surgeon.

7. At Turf-hills, Michael Henderson, Esq. of Turf-hills, convener of the county of Kinross, in the 80th year of his age.

— At Peebles, Mrs Marion Davidson, wife of the Rev. Duncan Stalker.

8. At Glasgow, Mrs Hutcheson, relict of David Hutcheson, Esq. Sheriff-Substitute of Renfrewshire.

— At St Andrews, Robert Meldrum, Esq. late Provost of that city.

— In Albemarle Street, London, Charles Chisholme, Esq. of Chisholme, in the county of Roxburgh.

— At Haddington, Mrs Barbara Henderson, aged 84, relict of William Marshall, Esq. Chillingham Barns, Northumberland.

9. At Edinburgh, Mrs Katherine Manson, relict of Mr John Innes, Woodhall.

— At Brompton, aged 19, Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Sir James Mackintosh.

— At 69, Queen Street, Margaret Ann, youngest daughter of Francis Walker, Esq.

— At Headwell, near Dunfermline, William Campbell, Esq. in the 43d year of his age.

— Eliza, fourth daughter of the late Mr William Dickie, Secretary to the Caledonian Insurance Company.

10. In Elder Street, Mr Alexander Davidson, late surveyor of taxes.

— At London, Lieut.-Colonel David Lumsden, late in the Hon. East India Company's Service.

— At Dunfermline, the Rev. James Macfarlane, in the 64th year of his age, and 39th of his ministry.

11. At Edinburgh, John Macdonald, Esq. late of Kintyre, Berbice.

12. At Inverness, Matthew Townsend Bethune, Esq. M.D. surgeon.

— At her seat in Wales, the Right Hon. Diana Baroness Barham, wife of Sir Gerard Noel, Bart. M.P.

— At Lockerbie, Mr John Haliday, surgeon.

— At Inverness, James Cochrane, Esq. Collector of Excise.

13. At his house, 57, Prince's Street, Edinburgh, Mr Thomas Duncan.

— At his house, Commercial Road, London, William Drysdale, Esq. of the India House.

— At Chelsea, William Henry Moseley, M.D. many years physician to his Majesty's forces in Egypt, the Peninsula, &c.

— At the Manse of Luss, Mrs Isabella Lyle, wife of the Rev. Robert Carr, and on the 12th their infant son.

14. In St James's Square, Mr John Fraser, teacher.

— At Maybole, the Rev. Charles Logan, minister of that parish.

— At Courtown House, the Countess of Courtown. Her Ladyship was the daughter of the Duke of Buccleugh, by Mary, the present Duchess of Buccleugh, and co-heiress of the late Duke of Montague.

15. In Queen Street, Louis Charles, youngest son of L. H. Ferrier, Esq.

— Mrs Charlotte Helen Cumming, relict of Pelham Maitland, Esq.

— In South Audley Street, London, Captain Keith Maxwell, R.N.

16. Mrs Agnes Lockhart, wife of Mr Archibald Ponton, Grove Street, Musselburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Walter, youngest son of Mr William Cargill, wine merchant.

17. At St John's Well, parish of Fyvie, Mr George Williamson.

18. At Edinburgh, William Forbes, Esq. late keeper of the city's records.

— At Edinburgh, Major-General Archibald Steuart, eldest son of David Steuart, Esq. of Steuarthall.

18. At the house of Sir William Fettes, Bart. Susan, only daughter of the late Major Lloyd Hill, of his Majesty's 1st Regiment of Guards.

— At Brighton, Thomas Smith, Esq. one of the Aldermen of the city of London.

19. In Montagu Square, London, Sir Charles Warwick Bampfylde, Bart.

— At Manse of Petercultre, Patrick, son of the late Mr Patrick Stirling, writer in Dumblane.

20. At Montrose, Miss Elizabeth Jolly, aged 73.

21. At Ayr, John Taylor, Esq. of Blackhouse.

— At Fortrose, Captain William Baillie, 92d Regiment.

— At the house of Mrs Evatt, on the East Hill, Wandsworth, Charles Warren, Esq. of Constitution-row, Gray's Inn-road, an eminent engraver. He was conversing cheerfully a moment previous; fell on his desk, and instantly expired.

21. At Edinburgh, Douglas, daughter of Mr Robert Ainslie, W.S. after an illness of only two days; and on the 30th, John, his fifth and last surviving son.

— In Broughton Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Henrietta Fullerton.

— At London, Peter Macnaughton, Esq. Manager for the Leith and Glasgow Shipping Company.

22. At London, A. Arrowsmith, Esq. the celebrated geographer, whose fame as a constructor of maps and charts is well known.

— Mr John Somervaill, merchant, Leith, aged 72.

— At London, General Richard Grenville, in the 80th year of his age.

23. At London, Joseph Nollekins, Esq. R.A. in the 86th year of his age.

— At Doonholm, John Hunter, of Bonytoun, Esq.

— At his house, West Nicholson Street, Mr John Watt, tobacconist.

— At London, Charles Grant, Esq. youngest brother of the Right Hon. Sir William Grant.

24. At No. 3, Gayfield Place, Mrs Janet Wight.

— At her house, in Park Street, London, in the 88th year of her age, Katherine, Countess Dowager of Morton, widow of Sholto Charles, late Earl of Morton. Her Ladyship was daughter of the Hon. John Hamilton, and grand-daughter of Charles, Earl of Haddington.

— At Brahan Castle, the Hon. Caroline Eliza Mackenzie, third daughter of the late Lord Seaforth.

— At Leith, Mrs Hutchinson, wife of Mr Thomas Hutchinson, timber-merchant there.

25. At his seat in Himley-hall, Staffordshire, William Viscount Dudley and Ward, in the 74th year of his age.

— At Hairule, Alexander Wilson, only son of John Wilson, Esq. of Hairule.

26. At 9, Hill Street, Mr David Tennant, formerly of the Academy, Ayr.

Lately, At Manchester, Mr R. Mallillieu. He was with some friends at a tavern, and died on his chair, in the midst of a violent fit of laughter, excited by the relation of a droll Irish anecdote.

— At Paris, Alexander, youngest son of the Hon. L. G. E. Murray, youngest brother of the present Earl of Dunmore.

— At his house, Charing Cross, London, Charles Drummond, Esq. banker.

— At Liverpool, Mr John Horrocks, whose charitable disposition was unbounded, and who, in the course of seventeen years, bestowed upwards of L.3000 on the Blue Coat School.

— At Blackburn, Mary and Elizabeth, daughters of Mr T. Tomlinson. The eldest daughter being unwell, her mother intended to administer magnesia, but it proved to be arsenic; and the younger daughter tasting it out of curiosity, both died in a few hours.

— At Lochgilphead, John Maccallum, in the 106th year of his age. He enjoyed good health from his infancy till within a few weeks of his death, and, within these few years, he frequently walked to Inverary from Lochgilphead, and returned the same day, a distance of 44 miles.

— At Chester House, Colonel the Hon. Sir Robert Le Poer French, K.C.B. Lieutenant-Colonel of the 74th Regiment, youngest son of the late Lord Clancarty.

Printed by James Ballantyne and Co. Edinburgh.